
fall 2002
TASCHEN
"...THE MOST EXQUISITE BOOKS
ON THE PLANET."—wallpaper*, London
©. ANDRE DE Dienes

Cologne, June 2002

Dear reader,
Here at TASCHEN we always try to find new ways to please you, our customer—and now our newest and most brilliant campaign should do just that.

Find Faulpelz !

... and win $ 1000 plus a personal invitation to attend an all expense paid trip to a **Faulpelz-Fest in Los Angeles.**
This is how it works:

Beginning with this catalog Faulpelz will appear monthly somewhere on our website, and from now on, in all new TASCHEN titles.

A monthly drawing starting in the fall will be held to determine which TASCHEN reader has found Faulpelz in TASCHEN books and the TASCHEN website.

Faulpelz, who prefers to stay anonymous, is a TASCHEN editor who looks like this:



He is hiding within these pages, chameleon-like and ageless. Your test is to spot him, then e-mail us at contact@taschen.com or send the enclosed self-addressed postcard.

What else is new?

a new **TASCHEN-shop** will open on **Beverly Drive** in the **heart of Beverly Hills** in the near future. And our NY-office will go west as well.

after six years of preparation we finally have the **most beautiful and exciting Marilyn book ever.** This killer book features the photography of André de Dienes, one of the great 20th century photographers, whose work was lost and preserved in a time capsule waiting to be discovered.

Enjoy, Peace

Benedikt Taschen

What's new ?

 Adults only  Publisher's darling  Bestseller

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"...TASCHEN, probably the sexiest graphic book publisher in



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"...TASCHEN est l'éditeur qui a révolutionné le

The complete photographs and memoirs of Marilyn Monroe's first photographer, André de Dienes

A most rare and unbelievable treasure

After sitting in storage since his death in 1984, André de Dienes's complete Marilyn archives have finally been gathered together for this exclusive publication!



* **Worldwide limited edition of 20,000 individually numbered copies**

* **Tucked into an enlarged facsimile of de Dienes's Kodak film box are:**
  —an extra-large format, 240-page hardcover book featuring a vast selection of sumptuous photographs and excerpts from de Dienes's memoirs, printed on 150g matte stock
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  —a brochure containing all 24 of Marilyn's magazine covers shot by de Dienes

* **With some notable exceptions, the vast majority of these images—especially those in color—have never been seen before**

Monroe Ed. Steve Crist and Shirley T. Ellis de Dienes
English, German, French and Spanish editions / Included in a presentation box: Hardcover, format: 31.2 x 39 cm (12.3 x 15.4 in.), 240 pp. / Softcover, format: 17.1 x 22 cm (6.7 x 8.7 in.), 608 pp. / US$ 200 / £ 135 / € 200 / ¥ 25.000

Photographer André de Dienes's life was changed forever one day in 1945 when he met an aspiring young model named Norma Jeane Baker. They immediately took off on the road together so that André could photograph her in natural settings across the West; during their travels, they fell in love and were briefly engaged. After their romance ended, they remained friends and de Dienes continued to photograph her. His unique, loving photographs of Norma Jeane helped to launch her model career and, a few years later, the film career that was to make her a legend. His entire relationship with the star, including many private moments never before revealed, is detailed in de Dienes's memoirs, which were written shortly before his death in 1984. Recently uncovered and published here for the first time, these unknown memoirs tell a bittersweet story of love and friendship, tracing the evolution of a sensitive, ambitious girl into a deeply troubled megastar. From their trip to see Norma Jeane's mother in an Oregon mental hospital to Marilyn's visit to his home the year before her death, de Dienes recounts all of the emotional moments they shared. This special edition, combining de Dienes's memoirs and photographs, is at once a touching autobiography and an exclusive personal exploration into the psychology, history, and iconography of Marilyn Monroe.

marché du livre illustré." ***—Le Monde*, Paris**

















“The name TASCHEN signifies beauty, culture, and modernity. Each

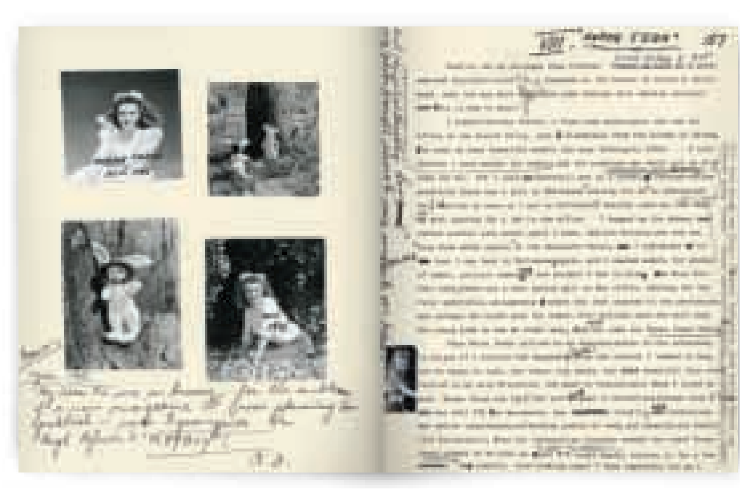




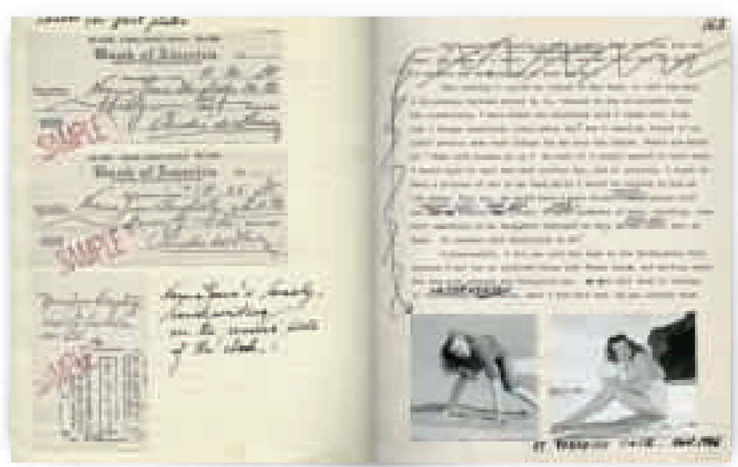










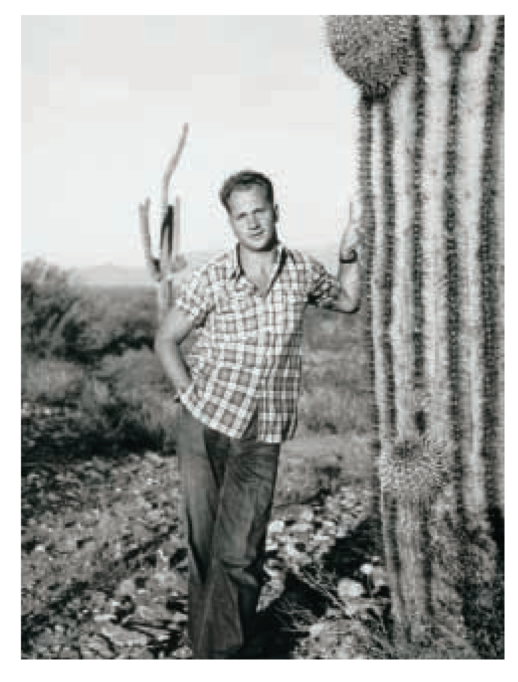


of their books is an object of desire and a world event." —*Madame Figaro*, Paris



 “TASCHEN books are beautiful, original, un-

Reality can be stranger than fiction



Late in 1999, I had the opportunity to see the documentary film "Let's Get Lost" by photographer Bruce Weber. Somewhere in the film, Bruce showed a book of nude photographs to the musician Chet Baker, remarking how beautiful the unnamed artist's work was. Intrigued, I slowed down the videotape many times until I caught a brief glimpse of the photos and the name André de Dienes on the spine. Who was this unknown photographer? Why had his work slipped past me? I began to search. What had become of this photographer and his pictures? Perhaps I could purchase a print or an old book for my collection.

Eventually, with patience and a lot of luck, I tracked down André's widow less than a few hours away from my home. She reluctantly agreed to meet me, and we had our first encounter at a roadside diner in the middle of the California desert. She wore dark glasses and asked to see my driver's license to verify my identity. Satisfied, she produced a small box of André's photographs from underneath the table. Instead of the nudes I expected, she told a tale of Marilyn Monroe... lost images... and unpublished diaries. Right then, I knew I had stumbled upon a treasure and there was much more to this story than I ever imagined.

The weeks and months that followed were a blur of unboxing photographs, reading scribbled notes, and unfolding the actual umbrellas that a young Marilyn had held on the beach all those years before. In one box lay André's camera, with the letters MM inscribed on the case. Carefully tucked away in a bedroom closet were André's original diaries. I began to read, and the story started to come together...

Unknown to me at the time was the fact that Benedikt Taschen had been seeking out André's work in hopes of publishing it. Our mutual friend, the noted photographer William Claxton, had just introduced us around the time I was tracking down André—just another of the many coincidences in this project. I suppose now that all of this was simply fate unfolding before our eyes. Clearly, the resurrection of these photographs and diaries has been a series of strange coincidences and connections. Collecting, archiving, and piecing together this long overdue book has been a wonderful experience—equal parts photography, history, and mystery. Finally, the whole story can now be told as I know André would have wanted. It just may be the last untold story in the life of Marilyn Monroe, published exactly forty years after her death.

Steve Crist

Selected excerpts from André de Dienes's memoirs

Norma Jeane

Reality can be stranger than fiction. Soon after I got myself installed in a bungalow at the Garden of Allah in Hollywood, I phoned Emiline Snively, who had the Blue Book Model Agency at the Ambassador Hotel, and I explained to her that I was back in Hollywood again and that I needed models for photos of nudes, artistic nudes for a new project I had in mind. And Miss Snively said there was a very pretty girl in her office, waiting for her first modeling assignment, a model who just started in the profession, and perhaps she would pose for nudes. Miss Snively said she would send the young lady to see me right away and that her name was Norma Jeane Baker.

When Norma Jeane arrived at my bungalow later in the afternoon, it was as if a miracle had happened to me. Norma Jeane seemed to be like an angel. I could hardly believe it for a few moments. An earthly, sexy-looking angel! Sent expressly for me! The impact Norma Jeane had on me was tremendous. As minutes passed, I fell more and more in love with Norma Jeane; there was an immediate rapport between us. She responded to everything I said. She started to look around in my room examining all the pictures I put on the walls and began asking questions. I had the immediate feeling that she was something special, something different from most girls and models I had met before her, mainly because she was so eager to ask questions about me and the pictures I put on the walls. She wanted to know many things right away, she was interested in me! She was utterly sincere; she did not wish to speak about herself, except when I asked her my own questions. She was sincere in wanting to know who I was and what I was doing with my life, and I began to amuse her exceedingly with all sorts of stories that ran through my mind and I just kept dishing them out to her. I still remember it as clearly as if it happened just recently.



Norma Jeane wore a pale pink sweater, tight to her body, and her curly ash-blonde hair was tied around her head with pink ribbon; her rosy pinkish face and her blue eyes reminded me of a pretty Easter bunny. I told her I had bought two large rabbit dolls in a toy shop in New York, which I intended to photograph for a new magazine I was planning to start (to be financed by a wealthy literary agent), and how sorry I was not to have brought them with me to Hollywood, because I would have loved to photograph her with the rabbits for my new magazine. Norma Jeane loved the idea, and laughed heartily. (Thinking back to all that, I find it a bizarre coincidence, or a premonition, that I told Norma Jeane in 1945 about wanting to start a new kind of magazine, the picture of the rabbit as the emblem of the magazine and pictures of her nude inside the magazine. Eight years later, Hugh Hefner, a genius businessman, made it a reality! Norma Jeane was going to be the cover star of the first issue of my magazine; correspondingly, the first issue of Playboy featured my darling Norma Jeane, but as Marilyn Monroe, on the cover and nude on the inside.)

I noticed Norma Jeane had a wedding ring on her finger. She informed me she was married, but separated from her husband and no longer in love with him. He was a merchant marine away at sea, and she was free and modeling was her new goal. She mentioned nothing about wanting to become an actress. The few words of explanation she gave me freed my mind from inhibition. The truth was that I wanted to photograph her very much, but I wanted her more than anything else in the world! I was completely love struck from the moment she appeared at the door.



While we were talking, Norma Jeane took a good look at one of several old engravings I had on the wall—a nude Indian girl sitting on a rock, surrounded by mountainous scenery and animals, sort of an allegorical representation of the vision of America, the way Europeans figured life was like in America a few centuries ago. Norma Jeane was very interested in the picture and I told her I brought the pictures with me all the way from Transylvania. I went into a long story, telling her that in Spain in the 16th century, it was believed that California was an island inhabited by beautiful and strong native women—who lived nude. And that the entire continent of the west was rumored to be rich with gold, so Cortes, the famous Spanish explorer, outfitted ships and came to explore and conquer California, driven by the lust for gold and women. She laughed like crazy when I told her that I had the same thing in mind coming here to Hollywood, and my intentions were to photograph beautiful girls in the nude all throughout the west, but at the same time to explore old forgotten gold mines and look for gold in the mountains too. I came straight to the point in our conversation, asking her whether she would like to come to travel with me. We would go by car to explore the vast west and take pictures everywhere—glamour photos for magazine covers, and nudes too!

I had a stack of large enlargements of photos I took of movie stars the year before, and some nudes, and Norma Jeane looked through them with great approval. She was excited and wanted to pose for me. She asked, "Would you like to see my figure?" In a jiffy, she grabbed her hatbox, went to the adjoining room (the bedroom), put on a bathing suit, and, smiling, beaming with happiness, she swirled around the center of the living room, happy to be able to show me her beautiful figure.

The last untold story in the life of Marilyn Monroe, published exactly forty years after her death

A day later, I took her to the beach to take pictures of her. Again and again, I photographed her each day. My mind was made up for sure—I wanted to take her away from Hollywood right away on a long trip. Just go with her, everywhere! I felt completely enamored by her!

I offered to pay her 100 dollars per week for posing plus all expenses, and that I would buy all sorts of things for her to wear for pictures (Jeanes, blouses, sweaters, bathing suits) and promised she could eat as much and as well as she pleased, because I noticed she loved food. She was young and she had a good appetite!

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The journey begins

In the days that followed, I bought Norma Jeane various clothes to wear for my pictures and to keep her warm because it was December and my plans were to visit the desert, the mountains, everywhere in California, Nevada, Arizona, anywhere my fancy would dictate going. I removed the back seat of my big Buick Roadmaster automobile and laid down a sheet of thick foam rubber with blankets on top and pillows all around, so Norma Jeane could sleep whenever she wished to lie down to rest during the long drives I was planning to do. That was her little "cage" as I called it. She laughed like crazy when I told her she would become my little slave and prisoner, that I might even buy a long thin chain to attach to one end of her ankle and the other end to the car! Her hatbox full of her things and a small suitcase were also placed in her "cage," plus a basketful of food and thermos bottles for milk and coffee, etc. The trunk of the car was for my equipment and the front seat was also for her, with pillows against the door to give her as much comfort as possible. And thus the long journey began.



We were hardly in the outskirts of Los Angeles when the police patrol stopped me for faulty driving. Norma Jeane was sitting close to me and the policeman might have felt jealous! She felt very indignant. In her sweet voice she riposted to the policeman that he was a crook and that we had done nothing wrong. The man, part seriously and part joking, said to Norma Jeane that if she cared to stay there for the night he would not make us pay the fine. I paid twenty dollars and we continued the trip. That was only the first proposal she got on that trip. Amazingly, at various places we stopped, people began proposing something to her. A garage mechanic said he would give his left arm if she would stay and become his wife. A miner in the mountains said he wanted her and would give her everything he had. A young farmer said he was looking for a woman of her beauty! The owner of a motel proposed to her! And the haberdasher where I stopped to buy her jeans went nearly out of his mind wanting to see Norma Jeane try on various garments in the little dressing closet.

Like a magnet, she attracted all men! I became reluctant, even cautious, stopping wherever there were men around. She good-humoredly laughed every time and gently apologized to the men that she was unable to stay.… She did not tell me so, but I knew she was very pleased. So that's how the legend of Marilyn Monroe began right away—every man was crazy about her!

After we left the police station, I asked her to stand on the highway, barefoot, fixing her hair in pigtails. While taking her picture like that, in a sudden, strange, psychic revelation, I began pointing at the small white stars on her red skirt, prognosticating that those stars meant that some day she would become a very famous movie star! For a while I was talking, babbling about a future fabulous life, foretelling almost incoherently that the road behind her symbolized life, and that those were the first photos of her future successes to come!

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Marry me!

It was raining while we drove to Mount Hood, Oregon, and the rain turned into snow when we got to the Timberline Lodge. I went to inquire for accommodations and there was only one room available, with a double bed. I went out to the car where Norma Jeane was waiting; she was in a rather serious mood. She said she could prefer it if we would drive on and find cabins somewhere in the woods… separate cabins. I felt disappointed, because I liked that hotel and wanted the comfort there. The opportunity would have been extraordinary to take pictures of Mount Hood—a beautiful, extinct volcano—and it's a fantastic place for good skiing. But I obeyed Norma Jeane and drove down on the narrow, curving road while it was snowing really hard and dusk was coming. At the junction of that narrow road and the main highway, there was a place called Government Lodge. The snow was already too deep and my car could not go any further. We got stuck right in front of the hotel, as if fate's hand had guided us there purposefully. And in that hotel, too, there was only one room left available—a room with one double bed and a bathroom at the end of a long corridor. I came out to inform Norma Jeane that we had to stay there! It was already darkening. Norma Jeane smiled at me. She said, "Okay, let's take the room. Let's not worry anymore about anything!"

A funny thing happened there almost as soon as I registered. On the ground floor there were slot machines everywhere. I pointed at one slot machine out of the many and told Norma Jeane in a loud voice that she needed pocket money for Jergen's lotion (that she loved for her skin) and I commanded the slot machine to provide a jackpot for it. The bartender and everybody at the bar were staring at us, perhaps thinking I had gone nuts. I told Norma Jeane to stretch out the bottom of her sweater under the machine. I put the quarter in and pulled the handle, and out gushed a flood of quarters! Everybody cheered.

We had a good dinner and afterward we flipped a coin to decide who would occupy the bathroom first. It wasn't much of a bathroom, just a lousy shower and a toilet. Then we went to bed without the slightest nervousness, as if what was happening was the most natural thing in the world. It was a strange contrast to all the days of amorous emotions I had to fight, and the frustration I went through every night. Finally, we spent the night together, in the same bed! When the lovemaking was over with, Norma Jeane cried in my arms. She was happy, satisfied. And I was holding her, and she was holding me as if I were her child.

You might say, "André, let's hear what it was really like to make love with the future Marilyn Monroe!" But to respect Marilyn's memory, I prefer not to discuss sex. She was a divine, lovely young woman. And said she was never as happy before! She was crying.

It was a fantastic, almost supernatural feeling when I fell asleep in bed with Norma Jeane. She was hugging me, I was kissing her tears; she said she had never had an orgasm before in her life. And I felt greatly satisfied also, having waited for at least two weeks to make love with her—more than I could possibly endure! Why didn't or couldn't I have made her pregnant? I've asked myself ever since.…

Next, when we went down for lunch, it was still snowing hard, and my car was covered with snow. The wife of the owner of the hotel



took us for honeymooners, and offered us the best room they had, on the first floor—a wood-paneled wonderful cozy room. We stayed in there for two days while it was still snowing relentlessly. Our short stay there was like being in paradise!

A bizarre event happened there in that room during the first day of our stay. Norma Jeane was manicuring and putting nail polish on her toenails and she lifted her hands in the air to show me her palms, observing how curious it was that in each palm there was a large M. Somewhat childishly, we compared out palms, looking at the lines in them. And there, I told Norma Jeane the story of an old bell-ringer in Transylvania who, in my childhood, had predicted that the two letters "MM" would mean a great deal to me when I grew up. And I told Norma Jeane the story of about my meeting the old man while reading a strange old book, and how the old man was preoccupied with one of the pages where the writing began with the two words "memento mori." Norma Jeane was fascinated by my story, and we discussed again and again the two Ms in our palms. I told her jovially that the Ms had nothing to do with death—to the contrary, they meant "marry me!" And we pressed our palms together. We hugged and kissed and decided we shall get married as soon as she would get a divorce from her husband. We decided she would go to Las Vegas to get the divorce and we would get married there, right after. From those moments onward, we felt we were engaged. I told Norma Jeane about my wanderings through Transylvania on foot, and having carved many times in the bark of trees the two initials "M.M." I promised her that when we got married, I would buy her a thick, heavy gold wedding ring, and I shall have the two initials engraved inside the ring and a memento to remember the prediction of the old bell-ringer. I even took a picture of her palm.

While it was snowing, we stayed in the room all day long, except for a brief hour when I took her out to photograph her in the snow, reading. She was pampering herself, combing her curly hair out again and again at the mirror, and draping herself in the bed sheet, while examining the results in the mirror. A sexy little "vampire" she was, glamorizing herself with the bed sheet, as if it were an expensive evening gown! If only I had the foresight to photograph her in that room as she was glamorizing herself on the bed naked, quite uninhibited. The future Marilyn Monroe was there, in that room! A sex symbol was incubating that afternoon!

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MM

During the summer of 1946, just at the onset of Labor Day, again, Norma Jeane called me to say she had important news to tell me, and she asked me to come to her apartment. When I got there, she

 "Quel catalogue offre aussi bien art, architecture,



design, photo, déco, pop culture, cinéma...?" —*Ideat*, Paris



 “Another delicious and luxuriously presented addition to the expanding

The making of Marilyn

came right to the subject: "Guess what, I have a new name!" With a pencil, slowly, carefully, she wrote her new name on a sheet of paper: MARILYN MONROE. And she emphasized the two M initials in an almost calligraphic way! I have never forgotten, through all these years, my big surprise when I stood there, behind her, watching her writing her name…. There was something almost supernatural about how beautifully she wrote the large capital Ms. How much I've regretted since that day when Norma Jeane, or rather Marilyn, wrote down her name for me, that I did not have the foresight to keep that sheet of paper.

From now on, I shall refer to Norma Jeane as Marilyn. I had to get used to her new name right away. After she signed her new name, the conversation went on for a while about the certain mysteries of life one cannot explain, like she, so cleverly finding a name with two Ms, especially the name "Marilyn," because in Portland, Oregon, just a half year previously, I'd told her that the two large Ms in her palm meant "Marry Me," and now, even that resembles her new name—"Marry" became "Marilyn!" We were discussing how amazingly the subconscious mind goes to work and concocts decisions, because of previous impressions or suggestions!

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The end of everything

Soon after that day in the cemetery, I entered a second-hand bookshop I passed by. I suppose I reacted to Marilyn's suggestion that I ought to bring an unusual kind of book! I was browsing from shelf to shelf, having absolutely no fixed idea of what I wanted. I was about to leave when my eyes fell on an old leather-bound volume. I pulled it out. The cover looked worn and torn, and handwritten pages were loose and about to fall out. There were small, very old engravings pasted on the pages here and there of famous people, like Pascal, Boccaccio, Tennyson, Edgar Allen Poe, and small engravings of landscapes from Italy and Germany and Scotland. The book dealer, with a gesture of nonchalance and lack of concern, said that I could have the book for fifteen dollars. I paid and hurriedly left, fearing he might change his mind, declaring he had made a mistake; the book was worth far more!

I went to a restaurant to sit and sit and study what I had bought. I read the beautiful, handwritten poems and studied the pictures. It was an album a lady started in Scotland around 1830. In it, she wrote her thoughts, her own poems, and poems she'd copied of famous people. I called Marilyn to tell her I'd found something very unusual, a book I must show her, share with her, so we can read it together. That agreement we had made in the cemetery that we would go out to the seashore and read some more could come through, due to the book I'd found. A few days later, Marilyn and I were far out at the seashore, north of Malibu on a deserted beach, where we read the pages of the book with a magnifier to decipher the small but beautiful handwriting.

I remember so well which poems Marilyn loved. She was nearly in tears several times. Marilyn wasn't the kind of person who would have tears in her eyes easily, no matter how deep the emotion. But the poems touched her immensely. She was holding herself back from bursting into sobs while she was reading a poem entitled, "Lines on the Death of Mary." She told me that it fit her, but the lady who wrote it forgot to put the "lyn" after the name "Mary!" I remarked that a few days before in the cemetery she told me she preferred a long, happy life and now she was saying she would not live long…. The poem we were reading about the death of Mary was a prediction for her that she would die young!

The reading ended and I began taking pictures of her, one by one, depicting the moods she interpreted for me. An entire spectrum of life, depicting happiness, pensiveness, introspection, serenity, sadness, torment, distress—I even asked her to show me what "death" looked like in her imagination. She threw a blanket over hear head; that was how she interpreted it.

The photo that followed was her own idea. She told me to get ready with my camera because she was going to show me what her own death would look like—some day. She looked down with a very sordid expression, pointing out to me that the picture's meaning would be "THE END OF EVERYTHING." I quickly snapped the photo. I asked her why she pictured her death so sordid, so gloomy, instead of giving me an expression of calm smile as if dying was nothing more than going from one world into another, a beautiful transfiguration. But Marilyn insisted that was the way she imagined her death. The next photo was my idea. I asked her to lie down on the ground to show me what she would look like when dead and again, I snapped the photo. It was already late afternoon; we were taking photos on the top of a cliff, overlooking the ocean. The scenery and the light of the setting sun was magnificent; I was in the mood to take many more poetic photos of her, but after I took the photo of her face simulating death, suddenly she sprang to her feet and, part seriously, part wittily, she began shouting, screaming at me, "Hell's bells, look what you've made me do to my hair! I have a date tonight!" And she was shaking her head and taking out the pieces of straw that stuck in her hair. I calmed her down by promising that someday I would do a beautiful album with her pictures, accompanied by all kinds of lovely quotations from my book, and even some of the poems she liked in that album we'd just read together. She made a strange remark, saying, "André, do not publish those photos now, wait until I die!" And I asked her, how does she know she will die before me? After all, I was 12 years older than her. And in a sad, low-toned voice, she said she thought she would die before me. But that took only moments; soon she was gay and cheerful again, looking forward to her dinner date, and she was urging me to hurry, hurry, pack everything into the car and leave!

I can't forget how sad I felt that evening while driving back to Hollywood—to be on time for her dinner date. Marilyn was no longer the lovely Norma Jeane I once knew, only a few months before! She was going out to have dinner at Romanoff in Beverly Hills, and I felt terribly, terribly put down, belittled, and left behind.

I was packing my bags that night to return to New York, when the phone rang. It was her! She said she had a miserable evening with a lousy guy—a swindler, someone who wanted her to pay for the dinner! But we reasoned that since she had exposed herself to a career in Hollywood, she ought to be strong enough to cope with everything that comes along—good or bad. But I did not inquire as to what happened. Instead, she suggested we ought to go out the following night and that I ought to photograph her during the night. In a vindictive mood, I told her, "No. I am leaving for New York," and that I wasn't interested any more in her! I did go back to New York the next day.

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The Bel Air Hotel

In 1949, Marilyn had posed nude for photographer Tom Kelley, because she needed the fifty dollars he paid for it. She never told me about it, but the truth came out three years later, in 1952. Ironically, I was with her when the story appeared in the newspapers that Marilyn had posed in the nude. Here I shall reminisce about it:
By late 1952, Marilyn had become an extremely successful actress. She was making one picture after another. I got a phone call from my agent in New York that Pageant magazine wanted a photo layout of the "Blonde Heat," as they called her. Roy Craft, the clever publicity man who had done a great deal to make Marilyn's fame an immense phenomenon, arranged for the sitting. Marilyn told him she and I were bosom friends and we wanted to be alone the day I would photograph her, that we didn't want any hairdressers, wardrobe ladies, or make-up men around us while we photographed. Marilyn's wish was a command—we had our privacy. I went to her bungalow at the Bel Air Hotel in Stone Canyon, an exclusive, beautiful place in a secluded canyon west of Beverly Hills. We started photographing about ten in the morning. Marilyn looked extremely lovely. She was in the happiest mood I had ever seen her. Then the phone rang.

I rushed to it and asked Marilyn not to touch it. We were going to take photographs all day and didn't want to be disturbed by anybody. I took many photos of her all morning and the phone kept ringing but she did not answer. She was extremely cooperative and greatly stimulated. I had a delightful time photographing her and it was a rather unusual experience for me and for her, too, I guess, because she knew she was a great movie star and no longer my little Norma Jeane, not a girl whom I almost married! Yet we felt excessively comfortable with each other. She knew I respected and admired her and



she had complete faith in my photography. No matter how I wished to pose her, she obeyed and all the pictures we took were delightful. There was absolutely no nervousness for any reason whatsoever. Only the phone's ringing bugged me, but I ordered her not to touch it!

I took pictures of her inside the bungalow and out in the patio, and by late afternoon she was taking a bubble bath. Afterward I began photographing her with a towel at the fireplace. She was in a bewitching mood! She had nothing on under the white towel, and mischievously she was opening and closing the towel, letting me see her nude for a split second, as if signaling to me that this was the occasion for me to photograph her nude—if I wanted to. These photos at the fireplace were to be the last photos of the day and we were planning to go out afterward to the most fancy restaurant, the most expensive place in Hollywood—Chasens. Marilyn began insisting that she pay for dinner and for once I should let her be the boss! I told her we'd flip a coin. The phone rang again and rang and rang, and finally Marilyn picked it up. She kept listening and listening and gradually her expression turned frightened, practically horrified. She said something like, "Yes, I will, I will," and hung up the receiver. The change in her mood was incredible. She was staggering away from the phone like someone who is ill, dizzy, ready to faint. She sat in an armchair; she looked sick and she could hardly talk. I asked her what was wrong and she said she couldn't tell me. She said I had to leave her alone as she had to go to the studio at once to explain something. Even in those moments of distress she was so nice to me, she said I ought to order drinks for myself, and dinner, and charge it to her. I felt sad for her, and confused. I packed my equipment and left.

Days later, I found out what was the cause of her great distress. It was her studio that had called all afternoon, and when she had finally picked up the phone, it was one of the executives at Fox who wanted her to come in at once, to explain the nude calendar which she had posed for. The story had just come out in the newspapers that she had posed nude and the executives at Fox were worried her career might be totally ruined! A few evenings later, she came over to my house to look over the photos and I showed her all the lovely shots I had taken that day. She loved all the photos, she crossed out only one, and to reassure her I took the scissors and cut that negative to bits.

The nude calendar did not ruin her career. To the contrary! The write-ups about it in the newspapers coast-to-coast gave her even more publicity! And the public sympathized with her, thus her future fame was even more assured. In fact, I always suspected that all the brouhaha about the nude photo was a clever publicity stunt; Marilyn's publicity was always a stunning thing.





Featured Art Newspaper information on Jeff Koons

Representation
Gagosian Gallery
555 West 24th Street
USA – New York, NY 10111
tel: +1 212 741-1111
fax: +1 212 741-9611
www.gagosian.com

Galerie Max Hetzler
Zimmerstraße 90/91
D – 10117 Berlin
tel: +49 (0)30 229-2437
fax: +49 (0)30 229-2417
www.maxhetzler.com

Sonnabend Gallery
532 West, 22nd Street
USA – New York, NY 10011
tel: +1 212 627-1018
fax: +1 212 627-0489

Collections
Baltimore Museum of Art, USA
capcMusee d' Art Contemporain, Bordeaux, France
Des Moines Art Center, USA
Deutsche Guggenheim Berlin, Germany
Groninger Museum, Groningen, The Netherlands
Guggenheim Museum, Bilbao, Spain
Hirschhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington D.C., USA
Kunstmuseum Wolfsburg, Germany
Metropolitan Museum, Tokyo, Japan
Milwaukee Art Museum, USA
Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen, Rotterdam, The Netherlands
Museum Ludwig, Cologne, Germany
Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, USA
Nationalgalerie im Hamburger Bahnhof, Museum für Gegenwart, Berlin, Germany
San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, USA
Staatsgalerie Stuttgart, Germany
Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
Tate Gallery, London, UK
The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, USA
The Museum of Modern Art, New York, USA
The National Gallery, Washington D.C., USA
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, USA
Wright State University Art Museum, Dayton, USA

Price Range
$10,000 (multiples); $150,000 – $3,000,000 (other works); several million for monumental sculpture

Auction Sales
Price: $5,100,000
Michael Jackson and Bubbles, 1988
porcelain ceramic blend, num. 3/3, 107 x 179 x 83 cm
Date Sold: 15-May-01
Auction House: Sotheby's, New York

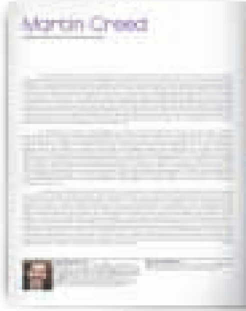
Price: $2,600,000
Woman in tub, 1988
porcelain, num. 1/3, 62 x 91 x 69 cm
Date Sold: 17-May-01
Auction House: Christie's, Rockefeller NY

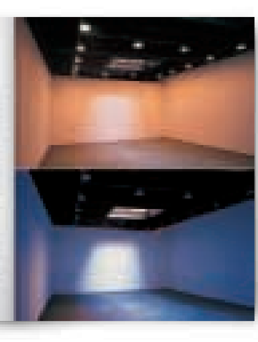
Price: $1,700,000
Ushering in banality
polychromed wood, num. 2 of 3, 96 x 157 x 76 cm
Date Sold: 14-Nov-01
Auction House: Sotheby's, New York

Price: $1,650,000
Pink Panther, 1988
porcelain, num. 3/3, 104 x 52 x 48 cm
Date Sold: 16-Nov-99
Auction House: Christie's, Rockefeller NY

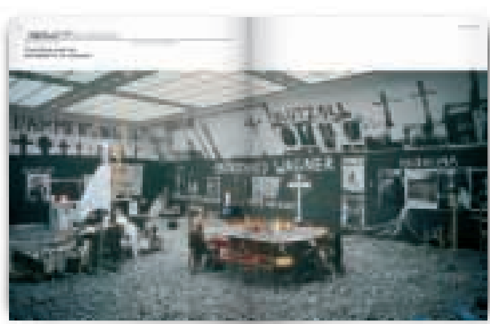
Price: $1,550,000
Woman in tub, 1988
Porcelain, num. 3/3, 157 x 23 x 175 cm
Date Sold: 16-May-00
Auction House: Christie's, Rockefeller NY

Franz Ackermann
Doug Aitken
Darren Almond
Pavel Althamer
Kai Althoff
Francis Alÿs
Ghada Amer
Miriam Bäckström
Matthew Barney
John Bock
Cosima von Bonin
Monica Bonvicini
Candice Breitz
Olaf Breuning
Glenn Brown
Daniele Buetti
Angela Bulloch
Janet Cardiff
Merlin Carpenter
Maurizio Cattelan
Jake & Dinos Chapman
Martin Creed
John Currin
Björn Dahlem
Tacita Dean
Thomas Demand
Rineke Dijkstra
Mark Dion
Peter Doig
Keith Edmier
Olafur Eliasson
Elmgreen & Dragset
Tracey Emin
Ayse Erkmen
Malachi Farrell
Sylvie Fleury
Ceal Floyer
Tom Friedman
Ellen Gallagher
Kendell Geers
Liam Gillick
Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster
Felix Gonzalez-Torres
Douglas Gordon
Andreas Gursky
Fabrice Gygi
Thomas Hirschhorn
Damien Hirst
Carsten Höller
Jonathan Horowitz
Gary Hume
Pierre Huyghe
Christian Jankowski
Mike Kelley
Rachel Khedoori
Karen Kilimnik
Bodys Isek Kingelez
Martin Kippenberger
Jeff Koons
Udomsak Krisanamis
Elke Krystufek
Oleg Kulik
Jim Lambie
Zoe Leonard
Atelier van Lieshout
Won Ju Lim
Sharon Lockhart
Sarah Lucas
Michel Majerus
Paul McCarthy
Jonathan Meese
Aernout Mik
Jonathan Monk
Mariko Mori
Sarah Morris
Vik Muniz
Muntean/Rosenblum
Takashi Murakami
Yoshitomo Nara
Mike Nelson
Shirin Neshat
Ernesto Neto
Rivane
Neuenschwander
Olaf Nicolai
Manuel Ocampo
Albert Oehlen
Chris Ofili
Henrik Olesen
Gabriel Orozco
Laura Owens
Jorge Pardo
Philippe Parreno
Manfred Pernice
Dan Peterman
Elizabeth Peyton
Paul Pfeiffer
Daniel Pflumm
Richard Phillips
Paola Pivi
Peter Pommerer
Neo Rauch
Navin Rawanchaikul
Tobias Rehberger
Jason Rhoades
Daniel Richter
de Rijke/de Rooij
Pipilotti Rist
Ugo Rondinone
Thomas Ruff
Gregor Schneider
Cindy Sherman
David Shrigley
Santiago Sierra
Dirk Skreber
Andreas Slominski
Yutaka Sone
Eliezer Sonnenschein
Simon Starling
Thomas Struth
Superflex
Fiona Tan
Vibeke Tandberg
Wolfgang Tillmans
Rirkrit Tiravanija
Grazia Toderi
Luc Tuymans
Piotr Uklanski
Kara Walker
Jeff Wall
Franz West
Pae White
T. J. Wilcox
Johannes Wohnseifer
Richard Wright
Cerith Wyn Evans
Andrea Zittel
Heimo Zobernig

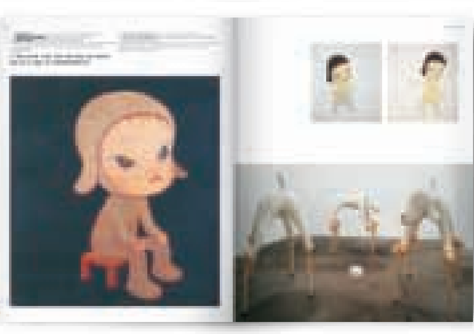














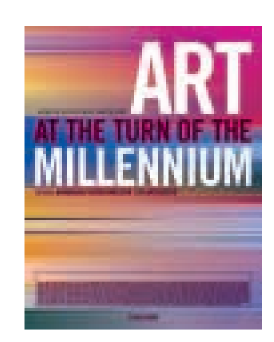
country idyll in us all and showing how individuals, partly through skill,

Who, what, when, where, and how much $$$

Contemporary art in a nutshell

"Buy this book by all means."

Contemporary Visual Arts, London, on *Art at the Turn of the Millennium*



Dear Taschen,
I love your book *Art at the Turn of the Millennium* but it's been a few years now and the art scene changes so fast these days. How about an updated and expanded version? I would like to learn not only who are the hottest artists working today, but also how to work the art scene like a pro, and how to shop for art without looking like a novice. Could you make a new book like this, just for me?
Thanks,
Harry L.

Dear Harry,
We've been working hard on your request and think you'll be pleased with the result. Enclosed is the spanking-new *Art Now*, in which you'll find the most recent work and updated biographical information for our revised selection of today's 150 most influential artists. *Art Now* also includes a completely new section—a sort of "service guide"—produced in collaboration with *The Art Newspaper* which lists museums, restaurants, and hotels we recommend you check out while you're cruising the global art scene, and even gives the scoop on how much one can expect to pay for a Damien Hirst or a Sharon Lockhart and whom to contact if you decide to buy. We also let you know useful details like how many prints Wolfgang Tillmans made for a certain edition and what sorts of sums big players like Koons, Sherman, and Struth bring in at auction. **Think of it as an indispensable reference book, travel guide, and art market directory all rolled into one**.
We hope you like it, and thanks for writing!
Love, TASCHEN

P.S. This book actually turned out quite good, so we've decided to publish it. We hope you don't mind.

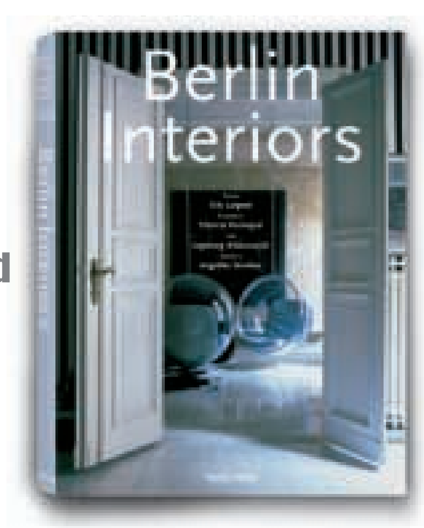
Art Now Ed. Burkhard Riemschneider / Uta Grosenick
English/German/French edition / Japanese/English/French edition / Italian/Spanish/Portuguese edition / Flexi-cover, format: 19.6 x 24.9 cm (7.6 x 9.8 in.), 640 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500

partly by luck, have managed to make that dream come true." —*Your New Home*, London

"Many Danish, American, and Italian television viewers surely think Germany looks just like it did in the scenes from 'Derrick,' the long-running German crime series. In the same vein, many Germans were convinced for quite a while that all American cities really do have sunny 'Dallas' facades. Sure, we can try to battle these silly stereotypes, but we can also embrace them. TASCHEN has decided to take the latter approach.... *Berlin Interiors* will impress upon the world images of a modern Berlin.... We see Berlin as it really is. It might even be the Berlin the world will expect to see from now on."
—*Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, Frankfurt a. M.

"Another delicious and luxuriously presented addition to the expanding *Interiors* canon by TASCHEN."

—Your New Home*, London, on *Country Interiors



Where East meets West

The best of both worlds

Berlin is an enchanting city with an incredible and turbulent history. Its Western half once an island in a sea behind the iron curtain, Berlin still bears the marks of a once-divided city—they have become an integral part of its personality. Since the reunification, the city has experienced an extraordinary rebirth and developed into a veritable cultural and political melting-pot, making it one of the most diverse and exceptional cities in the world. Full of creative types, and with a bustling international community, Berlin is naturally home to a unique range of interiors which reflect the city's mix of Eastern and Western influences. **From the home of the Love Parade's founder to a Turkish cafe, via a garden house, hotel, house boat, bordello, artist's loft, rabbi's home, and much more,** *Berlin Interiors* offers an inspiring view of the city and its inhabitants.

The editor:
Angelika Taschen studied art history and German literature in Heidelberg, gaining her doctorate in 1986. Working for TASCHEN since 1987 she has published numerous titles on the themes of architecture, photography, design and contemporary art. She conceived TASCHEN's *Interiors* series in 1994 and the *Country Houses* series in 1999.

The author:
Ingeborg Wiensowski studied architecture at the Technical University of Braunschweig. Since 1987, she has worked as a freelance journalist for *art*, *kulturSpiegel*, and *Reporter*, as well as magazines such as *Vogue* and *Image*. She has also worked on exhibitions, including "American Art in the 20th Century," "Images of Germany," the first "Berlin Biennale," and the "National Gallery Prize for New Art," and organized exhibitions by young artists in Berlin.

Forthcoming *Interiors* titles include *Africa* and *Miami*.

Berlin Interiors Ed. Angelika Taschen / Ingeborg Wiensowski / Eric Laignel / Patricia Parinejad / English/German/French edition / Italian/Spanish/Portuguese edition / Hardcover, format: 24 x 31.6 cm (9.5 x 12.5 in.), 320 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000

This page: Below left *Dining room in the apartment of Olaf Lemke, dealer of antique frames* **Below right** *Living in trucks in Kreuzberg* **Opposite page: Top** *The hall of mirrors in the Russian Embassy* **Bottom** *The "Poem Room" in the apartment of film-maker Ralf Schmerberg in Berlin Mitte*





 "These are the sorts of hotels where you bag a Prussian Prince and retire to

some hilltop palace to herd goats for the rest of your life." —*Attitude*, London, on *Great Escapes Europe*



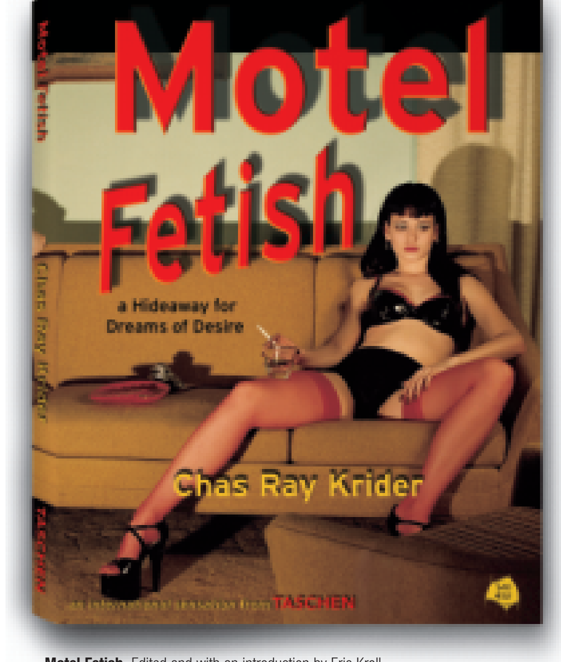
 “Benedikt Taschen has merged the sensibility of a small



imprint with sure-fire commercial ideas, while managing to remain

Lustful places, luscious women

Behind closed doors with Krider's vixens



Motel Fetish Edited and with an introduction by Eric Kroll
English/German/French edition /Japanese/English/French edition / Hardcover, format: 22.5 x 30 cm (8.9 x 19.6 in.), 240 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.000

"The Art Vampire TASCHEN has struck again. His latest victim is Chas Ray Krider. Chas Ray's photography will have Art Immortality." —*Carlos Messer, The Buenos Aires Times*, Buenos Aires

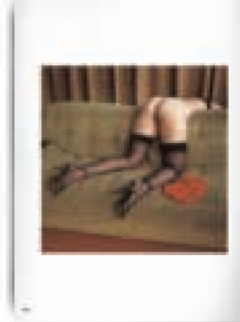
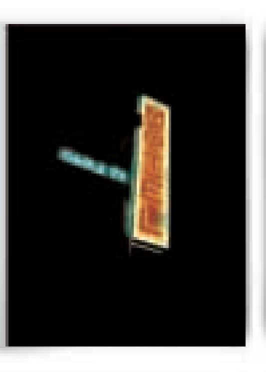
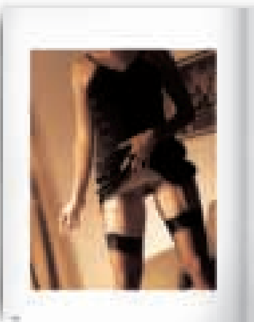
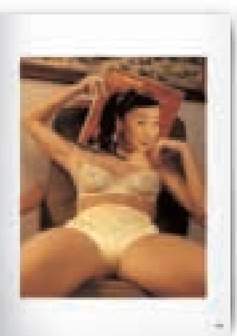
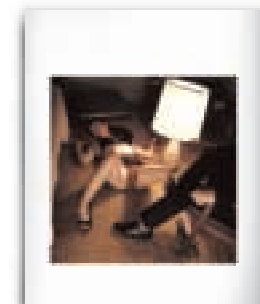
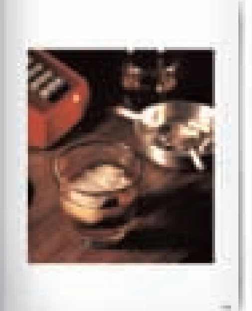
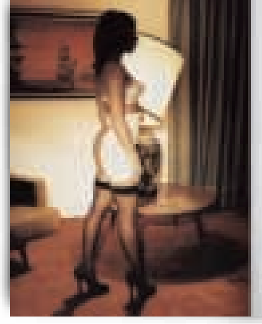
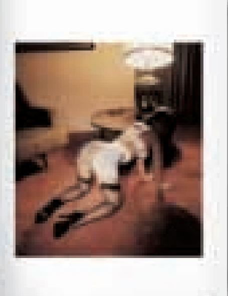
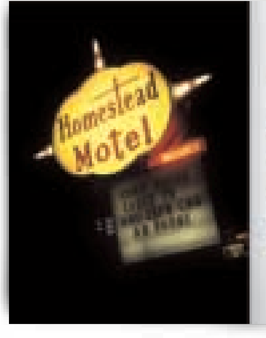
A number of years ago I began to see distinctive layouts in Hustler's *Leg Glamour* that got me nervous. The photographs were that *good*. Whoever it was had style and made the women *his* women. Krider women. Women I began to desire on a monthly basis. In the world of professional golf there is an expression "the world's greatest golfer not to win a major tournament." Chas Ray Krider was the world's greatest erotic photographer not to have a book.

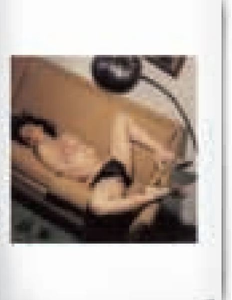
Thanks to TASCHEN we now have over 160 Krider images to pore over. To salivate over. Like a good film noir, he takes us to lustful places. Is it a crime scene or a sea of lust? These beautiful, languid women wait for whom? For me. For you. They play the 'waiting game' beautifully. An ass in the air, a pair of crossed legs in nylons, all bathed in warm tones. A still life unstuck in time. So this is what goes on behind closed doors?

Oh, I almost forgot. Alongside these many Midwest femme fatales is Dita, raven-haired icon. Not since Betty Page has a woman fleshed out so correctly a vintage girdle and bra ensemble.
Enjoy. He takes you to places where you only vaguely think you have been.

—Eric Kroll, editor and pupil

The editor:
In 1994, TASCHEN published **Eric Kroll**'s *Fetish Girls*, followed in 1997 by *Beauty Parade*. For the same publisher Kroll has edited *John Willie's Bizarre*, *The Art of Eric Stanton*, and *Elmer Batters*, and in 1999 he worked with Natacha Merritt on her book *Digital Diaries*.



 independent, transgressive and viable. And he doesn't print



cookery books. For this alone, he should be revered." *—The Observer Life Magazine*, London

A hideway for dreams of love and desire

Excerpts from Eric Kroll's interview with Chas Ray Krider



I'm walking around Chas' studio seeing stuff and asking questions. The large open room has two desks near the wide front windows and a small kitchen area in the back followed by a bathroom and across from that, a backroom work area filled with stuff. Downstairs is a dark and dank basement with more stuff—albums, furniture, games, etc.

EK: "Why are you in Columbus, Ohio?"
CRK: "I don't live here. I live in my imagination."

EK: "This place seems like it's stuck in time and not necessarily a good time. So I'm confused."
CRK: "In my twenties I hitch-hiked around the country. I lived in Florida. Lived on the West coast. Lived on the East coast. I traveled and tried to relocate but I always drifted back here because I never had to hold a job. I haven't had a job in thirty years. Plus I'm from here."

EK: "When did you take your first 'girlie' photo?"
CRK: "I moved into photography, after I graduated from college. I did street photography. I thought I was on an exhibition gallery career. I survived on part time jobs...photo assistant, gas station attendant...freelance photography. I don't really do any commercial photography now. Once I got into this motel thing, I just ignored it. I used to do work for advertising agencies. Sexy pictures were always in everything I did. When I was into my street photography stage, no matter what city I was in, I found myself gravitating to the low-life section of town. Where they would still have burlesque theaters and marquees and I was always shooting lingerie windows and panties. I was just sort of drifting in that direction. Umm. Then I had the studio and I could bring women in and do Gustav Klimt with sort of romantic crap. Around 1980, when the punk and new wave thing was happening, I did a series of photographs based on a pin-up calendar. It was just another art thing, exhibit orientated."

I see an open staircase leading to a dark pit.

EK: "What's that?"
CRK: "That's to the Land That Time Forgot."

We go down a dark staircase.

EK: "Holy shit fuck! Are there rats down here?"
CRK: "No," laughing. "I've never seen a rat in my life."

EK: Picking up a stack of old albums I ask, "What are these?"
CRK: "I collect all these things because I'm in love with the images. I have a whole other series of photographs called Bachelor Pad Pop Art, where I took record cover albums, put them together to get these strange sexual juxtapositions. I put objects on top of them."

I begin to laugh at his joy of creativity. This guy doesn't stop. I'm looking around and I'm worried about the potential damage to the records from the dampness in the cellar.

EK: "Where are your negatives kept?"
CRK: "At my home. Everything is kept at my residence."

Chas has a clear delineation between his home life and his studio. He stops work in the studio when it gets dark. He then goes home and works on his computer.

CRK: "I don't do any printing here. I don't do any actual work...I only shoot here. I store everything at the residence."

EK: "Is mortality important to you?"
CRK: Yeah. I think about mortality all the time.

EK: "Do you feel your photographs will survive?"
CRK: "Now that I have this thing with TASCHEN. (Benedikt) Taschen is this art vampire. He's going to bite me on the neck and my art is going to have immortality. People ask me if I'm excited about doing the book and I say I'm not really excited. I'm relieved that the work will be seen in a wider world."

EK: "How does your wife, Ellen, feel about your girlie photography?"
CRK: "She's a graphic designer and I met her when she worked for an art magazine. She always knew what I was up to. I think if I wasn't turning it into a career, rather than my total obsession, it might get to be trying...You know you want your art to spill out of the frame and sometimes it gets a little messy."

I walk his studio seeing more and more work.

EK: "I get it now. Lots of work. Nonstop. Always shooting. Always creating. How did this pattern evolve into the 'motel' series?"
CRK: "It started about '95. I completely abandoned the art gallery track and decided I was just going to make images that I was personally interested in. Some very sexual images. The thing is, I shoot in a studio and I didn't want to shoot women in the studio with that nebulous nothing body form. It wasn't about form or the body. It was about this context you might encounter a person in. I was very interested in the background. The surface the person is on. I wanted to make images that would be believable as really could possibly happen. So I put it in a context that all viewers are familiar with which is a room that is in a motel. Light and lamps. So the viewers, when they look at my photos, have been there."

EK: "But the images have an earlier era feeling. 1950s and 1960s? Harking back to another time."



CRK: "In a way, yes, because that is the kind of crap I can pick up at thrift stores. I'm not really creating the 1950s. There is nothing in my photos from the 1950s other than the sense of color, some of the lingerie. Most of it as you can see is '70s and bad '80s furniture."

EK: "But nothing is from the new now. Why is that?"
CRK: "Because this is what I can buy cheap."

EK: "Why are you in Columbus, Ohio?"

CRK: "I don't live here. I live in my imagination."

EK: "I don't believe that. I think there is more there than what you are able to buy. My photos refer back to the woman that I lost my virginity to—high heels, vintage girdles, teased hair."
CRK: "Yeah, I have an affinity for these panties and girdles, coming in as I did at the end of the girdle world."

EK: "I don't see ANY pantyhose."
CRK: "No I've never been interested in pantyhose...I guess I'm really drawing on the sixties. Here in the Midwest, going to a thrift store is like a recreation. I've done it for thirty years and twenties years ago I started collecting girdles and panties for no particular reason and somehow when I got to this motel stuff I had this whole wardrobe."

EK: "And did it click for you?"
CRK: "In the wider world? It was the first thing that I had actually done where all of a sudden, people outside this city, were interested in. And that's because the code of seduction and fetish is an international language."

EK: "How did you hook up with Taboo magazine?"
CRK: "A former Columbus person, Cynthia Patterson, is from Columbus. She knew my work and knew I had this motel thing and they said they wanted to run it in Leg World and went through everything and picked anything that might appeal to that crowd. And then they did it later and ran it in Taboo and that really sort of started it off."

EK: "And then you started to be flown out there to be photographed?"
CRK: "No, you know the whole thing out there is strictly a speculative thing. They liked my style and it looked like the logical digestion for me to go out and shoot something for the industry. I wanted the action. I wanted the models and the talent and to talk to people about fetish and photography. To talk shop. You can't talk shop here. So I went out and said 'you book the talent and I'll pay the talent, make-up artist and studio fee and everything and if you buy it, cool.' First time out we shot in a motel and then a studio."

EK: "How did you create the sense of a motel in a studio out there?"
CRK: "At first we thought we'd shoot in a motel and we scouted 20 or 30 motels in LA and they all sucked. Not good color, not good anything. We ended up shooting in one with beige carpets and beige lamps. It had nothing. No color. You know. Later we bought a hunk of rug and went to the thrift stores and got some lamps and did what I did here."

EK: "What are some of the photographers that influenced you. Obviously, Paul Outerbridge."
CRK: "Yeah, (Ralph) Gibson, Helmut Newton, Man Ray, all the surrealist painters. I think you study all that art history and then one day you don't. It's in there and it comes out. If I'm shooting the figure in the studio and it's not in a motel, then it's very Horst, very Man Ray."

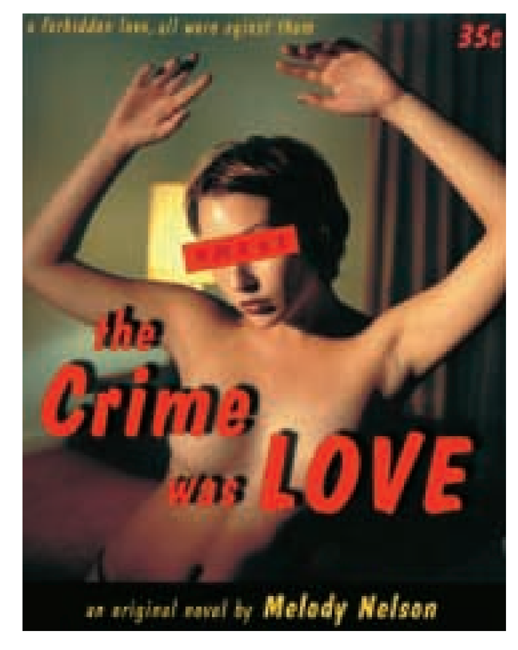
Technically since he is shooting under low light conditions, the exposures are long and therefore the models must hold very still, which contributes to the frozen moment. Beautiful women as still life.

CRK: "A curious thing that happens going through the process is if I don't tell them anything or try and make them project, they start to

 "...a catalog so hip, so huge that you see people at Barnes

come down to what I call their lowest level, personality wise. Pretty soon they're not projecting who they were, and that's the moment I really like."

EK: "Does that give them personality or take away their personality?"
CRK: "It neutralizes it. It creates an ambiguous quality for the viewer. It's that psychological and sexual tension that a lot of people will pick up on when they see my work. The body language and demeanor of the model. She doesn't really seem to be really giving it, so it's a



question—who is she? What? What? What? People will say my work looks like still photographs lifted from a movie of impending action or action that has just happened. That de Chirico or that Edward Hopperesque stillness and isolation which is maybe a greater reflec-

Eric Kroll: "What's your favorite line?"

Chas Ray Krider: "'OK, let's lose the bra.'"

tion of my being here (in Columbus, Ohio) in this environment. That I am alienated and isolated."

I asked about the few photos that show a disembodied man's legs or hands near a woman.

CRK: "Many viewers think that the women are in the motel room alone, doing it with no motivation. They can't figure out that there is obviously another person in the room sharing that moment. Is it the invisible photographer asking the model to do private things made public or you, the viewer, sharing this private moment with this woman?"

Krider produces another "hobby" of work. It is a series of imaginary pulp fiction covers that Chas entitles "Faux Fiction." They are images he has taken and then added titles and remarks to. I'm looking at photographs of various models he's shot and I ask him where a particularly striking brunette model came from.

I'm looking at a photo of a woman dressed only in underwear.

EK: "This is a panty masterpiece."

CRK: "It is a panty masterpiece. Here is the routine. I don't have an idea in my head. I don't know what I'm going to do. This woman is coming over. All that I want is a little hock to hang the photo shoot on. So I go down to K-Mart and I get a six pack of panties. When she gets here, what I'm going to tell her is to change her panties periodically so, throughout the routine, it goes from flowered to pink to blue. Just keep it moving."

EK: "When you started photographing women in this manner you did more girls in stockings...."
CRK: "Yeah. In the beginning it was all stockings and girdles and high heels that really attracted me and then in the process I discovered sheer panties that seemed to be more interesting to me. I like this veiling. This seeing and not seeing. It gives the models a little sense of dignity or modesty. And I'm more into bare-leggedness. Maybe I'm getting lazy and I don't want to style and dress them up."

EK: "How do you treat a situation when a model brings her boyfriend?"
CRK: "If it helps their comfort level it's fine. Usually the guy is going to be bored and falling asleep by the time we finish a shoot. I discourage it because really I find that they (the models) will actually go a little further and a little more distance if they don't have another controlling influence."

Miss K has arrived to be shot. He's shot her before.

CRK: "I start out looking for the lighting solution. It varies from time to time. Do I use this? Do I want it to be up-lighting? What works with this model?"

EK: "And is the music always on?"
CRK: "Yeah. I'm going to put the right music on in a moment."

EK: "How do you know what the right music is?"
CRK: "I've got my motelesque thing. It's this sound track music from all these films. Undertones. Real trance music. I try and hypnotize them (the models)."

Out from the bathroom/dressing room comes Miss K, about to be photographed.

Miss K: "Hi."

EK: "Whose underwear are those?"

Miss K: "His."

EK: "That cigarette butt. Did you, Chas, put it there or did she put it there?"
CRK: "It's been there. Usually if my models smoke, I encourage them to smoke."

The model is undressed, or rather dressed, in panties and make-up. The set is in place.

CRK: (speaking to the model): "OK. The general thing is I suggest a pose, you hold this till I say to move, because I move the camera around to shoot different perspectives then edit to the one that works."

He's speaking to me, having returned from changing the music.

CRK: "OK, it starts out slow then, sometimes, it picks up a little speed until we figure out where it's going."

I hear a jazz beat coming from the speakers. The vibraphone is bringing the mood back in time, a brush runs across the cymbals, a cascading piano riff adds and subtracts. I see the warm tones on the lady's large breasts. She isn't moving. Chas drops to his knees to adjust the model's feet, then back to the camera. He is lowering the tripod but keeps the tripod legs uneven so the camera is at an odd angle. He changes perspective. He is not far from his model. He is constantly eyeing her form, the message her body position is giving off. He lowers a thrift store lamp to the rug, so that that light is from below and her head is bent towards it.

Chas begins to move the lamp around and watches how the movement of the light changes her look. The vibraphone muffles most of what he is saying to the model. I hear "one, two, three." But Chas is directing a constant flow of words at the model. Easy noire. Easy drama. The mood is set. Languid, easy. The sax is prominent. Low light. Jazz in the background.

The daylight fading into dusk at the other end of the room.

Chas is shooting and he says something to Miss K and then turns to me and says "that's my favorite line." I missed it through the blues (music) haze.

EK: "What's your favorite line?"
CRK: "'OK, let's lose the bra.'"



Photos of Chas Ray Krider by Eric Kroll



Leave stress behind

Get away in style

“This book is captivating. It’s hard not to be made curious by this kind of crazy, real, theatrical



pain, and of course when it involves naked people (well, girls) that adds another dimension.





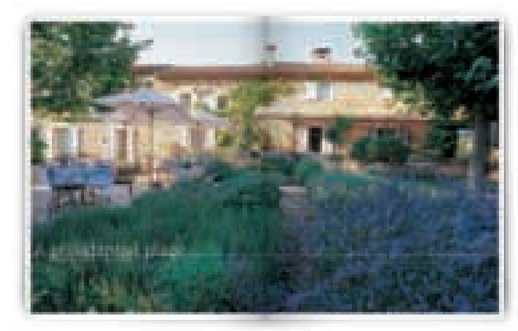
Somewhere in time
In the 1920s, this was a splendid new hotel. One of the last grand Art Nouveau buildings in Europe, it was quite the most stylish place when it first welcomed guests through its doors. It was set in magnificent gardens, in an elegant Portuguese spa town; one to which high-society people came to take the so-called healing waters. Luckily, the Palace Hotel da Curia is as lovely now as it was back then. Time seems to have stood still here. The atmosphere is much as it used to be. Although it has been restored, you can see what it must have been like over half a century ago. Wisely, little has been changed; it has been kept looking much as it did in the old days. New comforts have been added, but all the chic of that golden era remains. Yet this stately old hotel is still a new landmark in a region that is steeped in history.
The Beiras by the Atlantic Coast is a less well-known part of Portugal, a part that is "off the beaten track". On the western coast, it is one of the most varied areas of the country. Its boundaries range from the mountains to the lush valleys, and from quiet villages to long curves of beach.
Book to pack: "Journey to Portugal. In Pursuit of Portugal's History and Culture" by Jose Saramago

Icehotel, Jukkasjärvi, Sweden
Roisheim Hotel, Lom, Norway
Amhuinnsuidhe Castle, Isle of Harris, Scotland
Belle Isle Estate, Fermanagh, Ireland
Iskeroon, Kerry, Ireland
The Lighthouse, Llandudno, England
The Old Railway Station, West Sussex, England
Charlton House Hotel, Somerset, England
Spaarne 8, Haarlem, The Netherlands
Domein Scholteshof, Vlaanderen, Belgium
Seehotel am Neuklostersee, Mecklenburg, Germany
Landhaus Börmoos, Schleswig-Holstein, Germany
Parkhotel Wasserburg Anholt, Nordrhein-Westfalen, Germany
Hotel Kaiserin Elisabeth, Bayern, Germany
Hotel Schlossgut Oberambach, Bayern, Germany
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Marco Polo Mansion, Rhodos, Greece
Ada Hotel, Bodrum, Turkey
Les Maisons de Cappadoce, Uçhisar, Turkey

Above *Palace Hotel da Curia, Portugal* **Previous pages:** *Hotel Parco dei Principi, Sorrent* **Opposite page: Left** *Icehotel, Jukkasjärvi, Sweden* **Right** *Sitting area in the hotel The Lighthouse, Wales*

The Hotelbook. Great Escapes Europe Shelley-Maree Cassidy / Ed. Angelika Taschen / English/German/French edition / Spanish/Italian/Portuguese edition / Hardcover, format: 23.8 x 30.2 cm (9.4 x 11.9 in.), 400 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000

The 43 most extraordinary hotels and guesthouses from Sweden to Turkey









Also it could not be denied that some of the photographs can only be described as well... damn



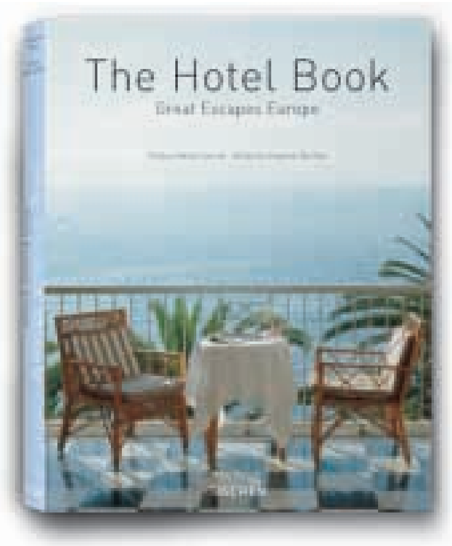


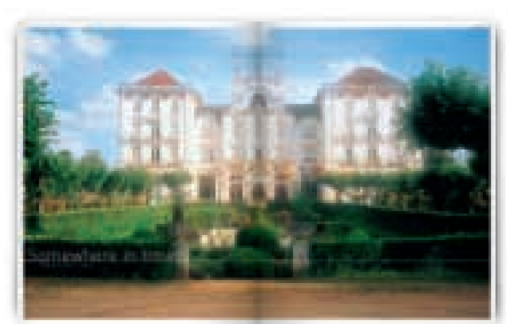
The first installment in our new *Hotel Book* series, this is both a luscious picture-book of interiors and a guide to some of the most spectacular getaways in Europe. Featuring a selection of the most extraordinary hotels and guesthouses from Sweden to Turkey—all places where you can melt away from the problems of the 'real world'—the book mixes **gorgeous color photographs with directions, pricing, and contact information**. Since reading is a requisite part of your relaxing escape, we also suggest books for you to take along to each destination. **From a lighthouse in Wales to a former monastery in Spain**, these are the sorts of hotels that will open up your senses and just might change your whole perspective on life.

The editor:
Angelika Taschen studied art history and German literature in Heidelberg, gaining her doctorate in 1986. Working for TASCHEN since 1987 she has published numerous titles on the themes of architecture, photography, design and contemporary art. She conceived TASCHEN's *Interiors* series in 1994 and the *Country Houses* series in 1999.

The author:
Shelley-Maree Cassidy is a writer and marketing specialist who has written two books on hotels around the world and contributes travel articles to magazines and journals. Her particular interest in hotels stems from her family background, as her great-grandparents owned several of the first hotels in New Zealand, where she lives.

Forthcoming titles in the *Hotel Book* series include *Great Escapes Africa* and *Great Escapes Asia*.

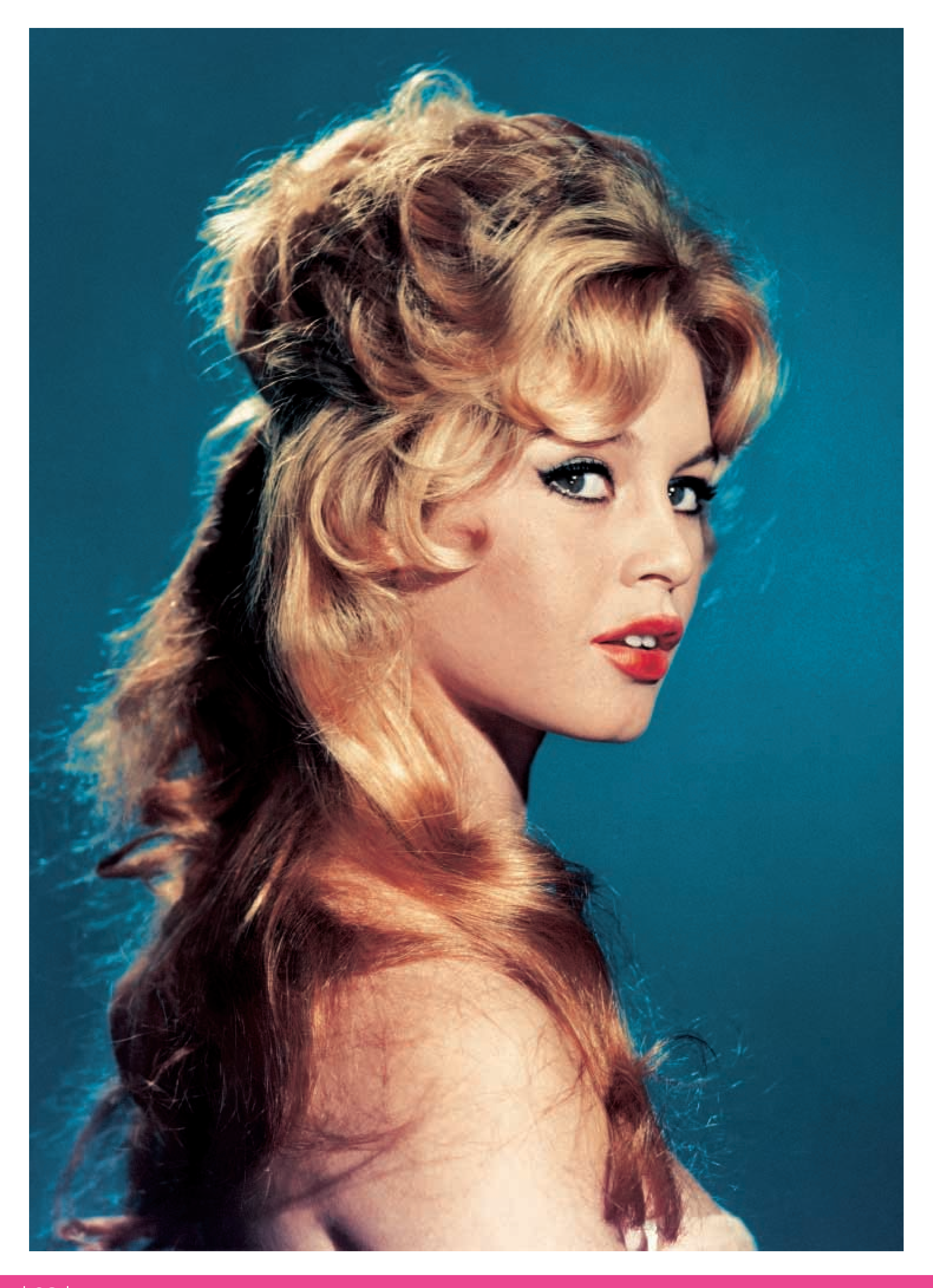








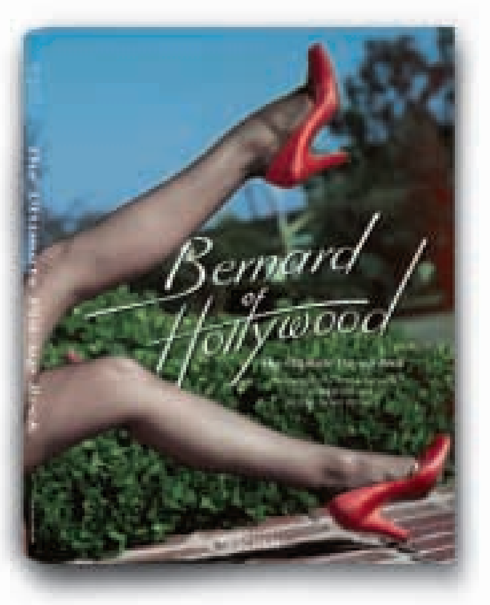
goodphotographs. Plus the contrast between the writings, and of the writings (especially that of their



creator) to the pictures themselves does clash in a thrilling sort of way." —*The London Student*, London, on

Glamour, glitter, and gorgeous girls

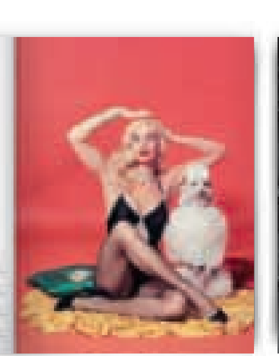
Bernard's star-studded repertoire

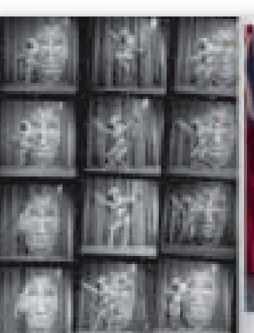


Bernard of Hollywood: The Ultimate Pin-Up Book Photo editorial and text by Susan Bernard
English/German/French edition / Japanese/English/French edition / Hardcover, format: 24 x 31.6 cm (9.4 x 12.2 in.), 360 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000

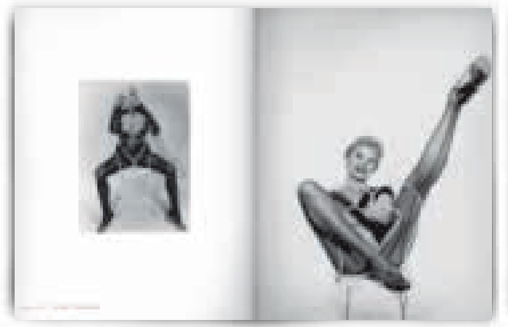






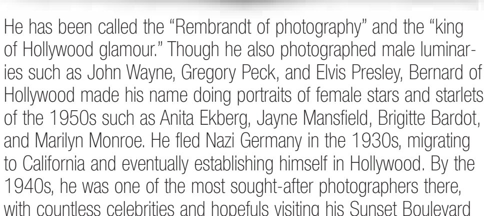












He has been called the "Rembrandt of photography" and the "king of Hollywood glamour." Though he also photographed male luminaries such as John Wayne, Gregory Peck, and Elvis Presley, Bernard of Hollywood made his name doing portraits of female stars and starlets of the 1950s such as Anita Ekberg, Jayne Mansfield, Brigitte Bardot, and Marilyn Monroe. He fled Nazi Germany in the 1930s, migrating to California and eventually establishing himself in Hollywood. By the 1940s, he was one of the most sought-after photographers there, with countless celebrities and hopefuls visiting his Sunset Boulevard studio to have their portraits taken. Bernard is remembered as the man who immortalized some of the century's greatest stars and mastered the art of pin-up photography better than any one else. This book is a testament to his long and illustrious career.

The author: **Susan Bernard** is the author of six books, including the best-selling *Bernard of Hollywood's Marilyn* and *Joyous Motherhood.* President of Bernard of Hollywood Publishing, she preserves, exhibits and publishes her late father's work. She is also an actress and a producer. At 16, she starred in the cult classic *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* With Whoopi Goldberg, she co-produced *The Mao Game*, a film based on her son Joshua Miller's first novel. A resident of Los Angeles and New York, she is working on a novel and a film about her father's life.

Opposite page: *Brigitte Bardot*

Couture: then and now

Three centuries of women’s clothing



 “Benedikt Taschen is a man who has his finger on













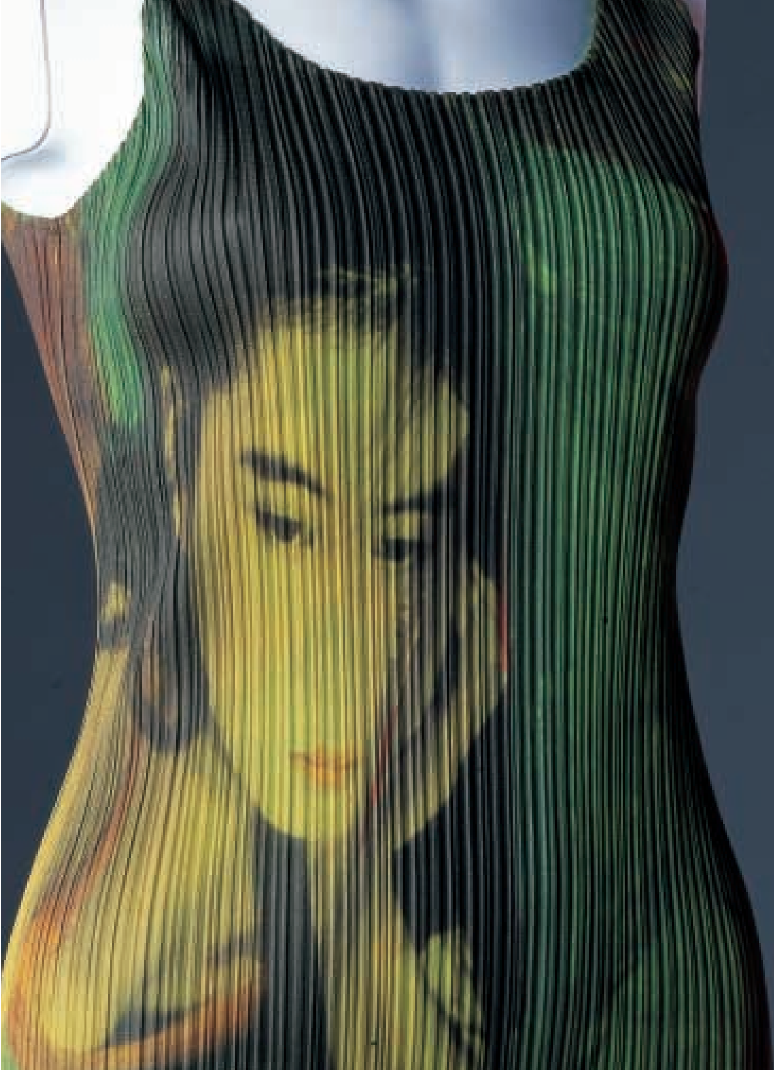
Clothes define people. A person's clothing, whether it's a sari, kimono, or business suit, is an essential key to his or her culture, class, personality, or even religion. The Kyoto Costume Institute recognizes the importance of understanding clothing sociologically, historically, and artistically. Founded in 1978, the KCI holds one of the world's most extensive clothing collections and has curated many exhibitions worldwide. With an emphasis on Western women's clothing, the KCI has amassed a wide range of historical garments, underwear, shoes, and fashion accessories dating from the 18th century to the present day. Showcasing a vast selection from the Institute's archives of skilled photographs depicting the clothing expertly displayed and arranged on custom-made mannequins, *Fashion* is a fascinating excursion through the last three centuries of clothing trends. The KCI believes that "clothing is an essential manifestation of our very being" and their passion and dedication positively radiate from every page of this book.

The authors:
Akiko Fukai (Chief Curator of The Kyoto Costume Institute), **Tamami Suoh** (Curator of The Kyoto Costume Institute), **Miki Iwagami** (Lecturer of fashion history at Sugino Fashion College (Tokyo)), **Reiko Koga** (Professor of fashion history at Bunka Women's University), and **Rii Nie** (Assistant Curator of The Kyoto Costume Institute).

Opposite page: Left *Dress, Turner (1870s, English)* **Right** *Jacket and skirt, Junya Watanabe (2000)*
Below left *Gloves, anonymous (1925–1929, Chilean)* **Right** *Dress, Issey Miyake (Guest artist series no. 2: Nobuyoshi Araki on Pleats Please, 1997, Japanese)*

Fashion Ed. The Kyoto Costume Institute
English, German, French and Japanese editions / Flexi-cover, format: 19.6 x 27.3 cm (7.7 x 10.7 in.), 736 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500





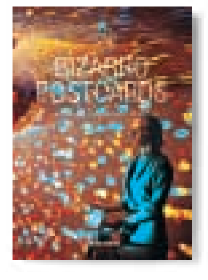
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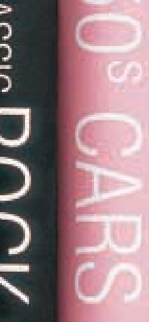




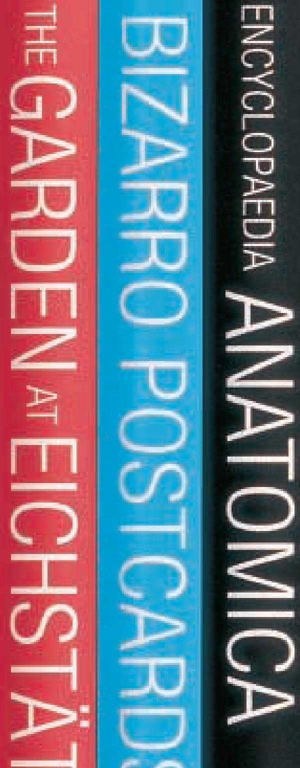


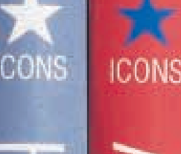




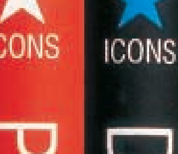


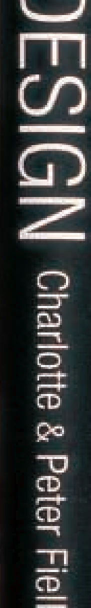









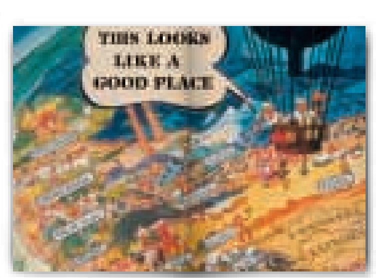





"TASCHEN are children of the revolution." *—reader's comment,* taschen.com

California, Here I Come







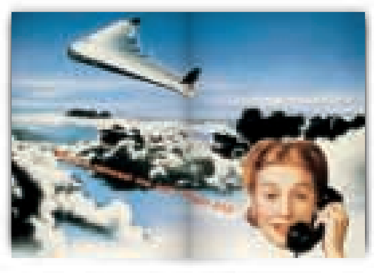




Future Perfect



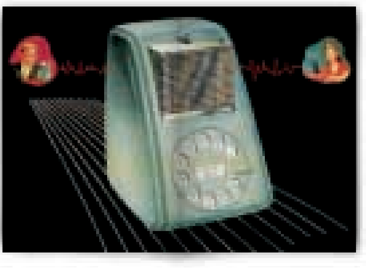


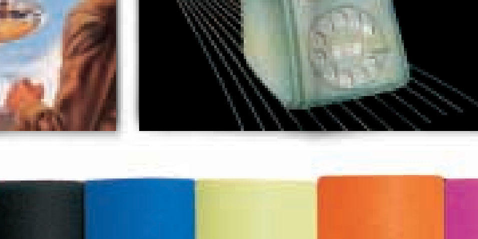




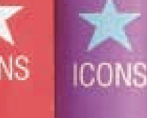






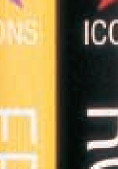










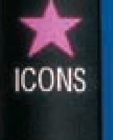


























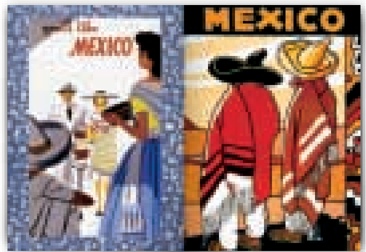


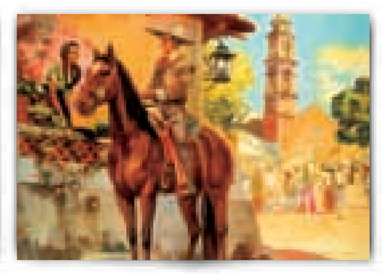


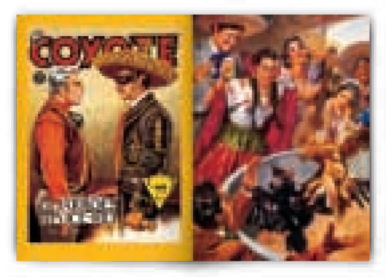
"Luxury for less." —*art*, Hamburg

Mexicana



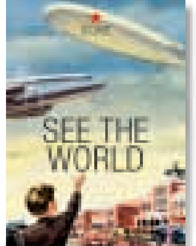








See the World







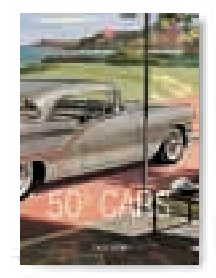


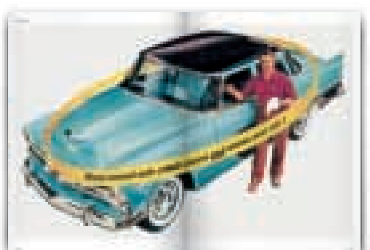


"These books are beautiful objects, well-designed and lucid."

—*Le Monde*, Paris

50s Cars

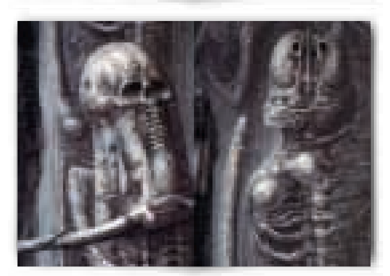












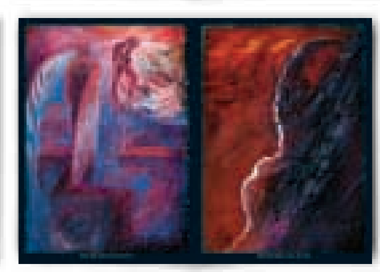




"A huge pictorial punch in tiny packages."

—*New York Magazine*, New York

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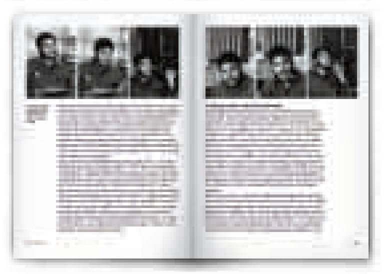


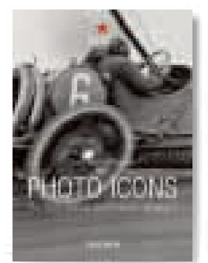
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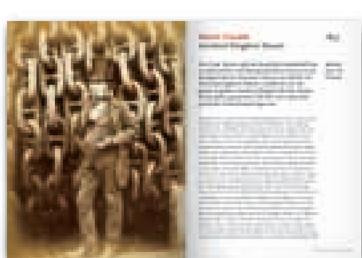






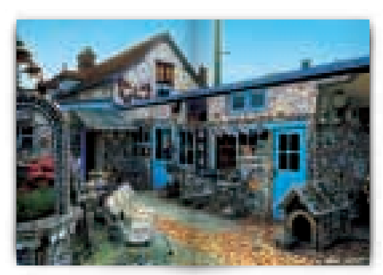
Photo Icons 1827-1926



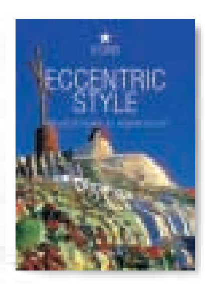


Photo Icons 1928-1991







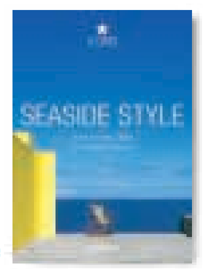


Eccentric Style

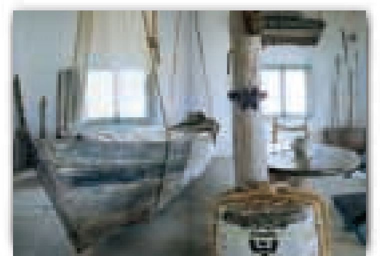


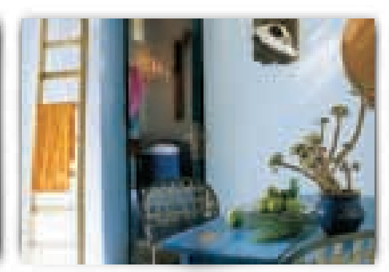
"These seductive little books have slick production values, excellent illustrations, and smart texts. Each one is a fast-food, high-energy fix on the topic at hand."

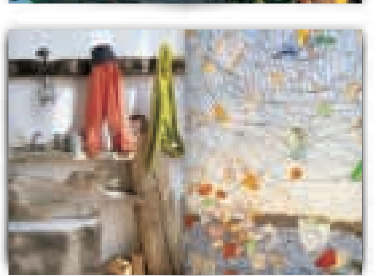
—*The New York Times Book Review*, New York



Seaside Style







"L'art qui fait l'impression." —*Elle*, Paris

No comment

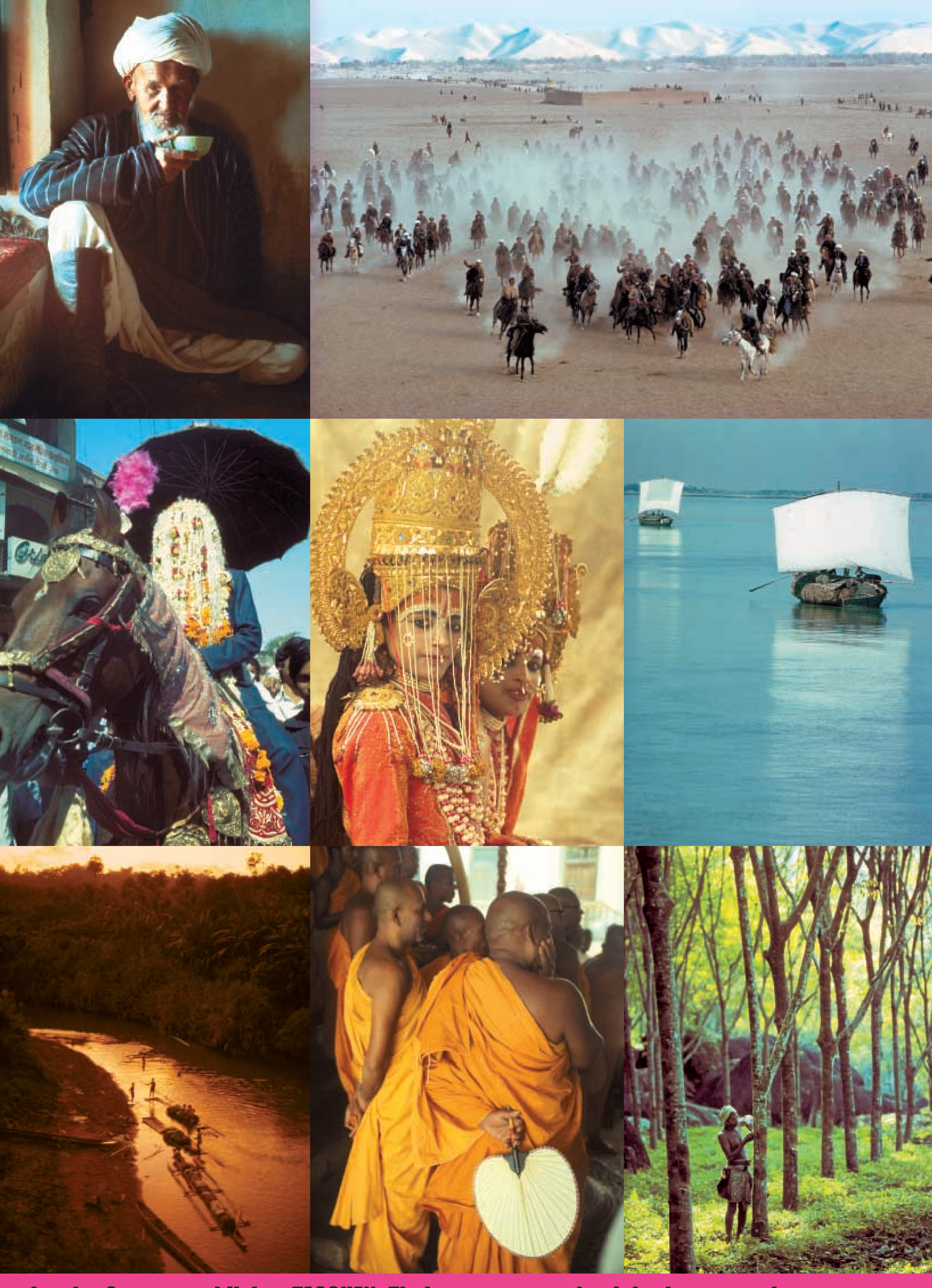
Images of Asia that speak for themselves



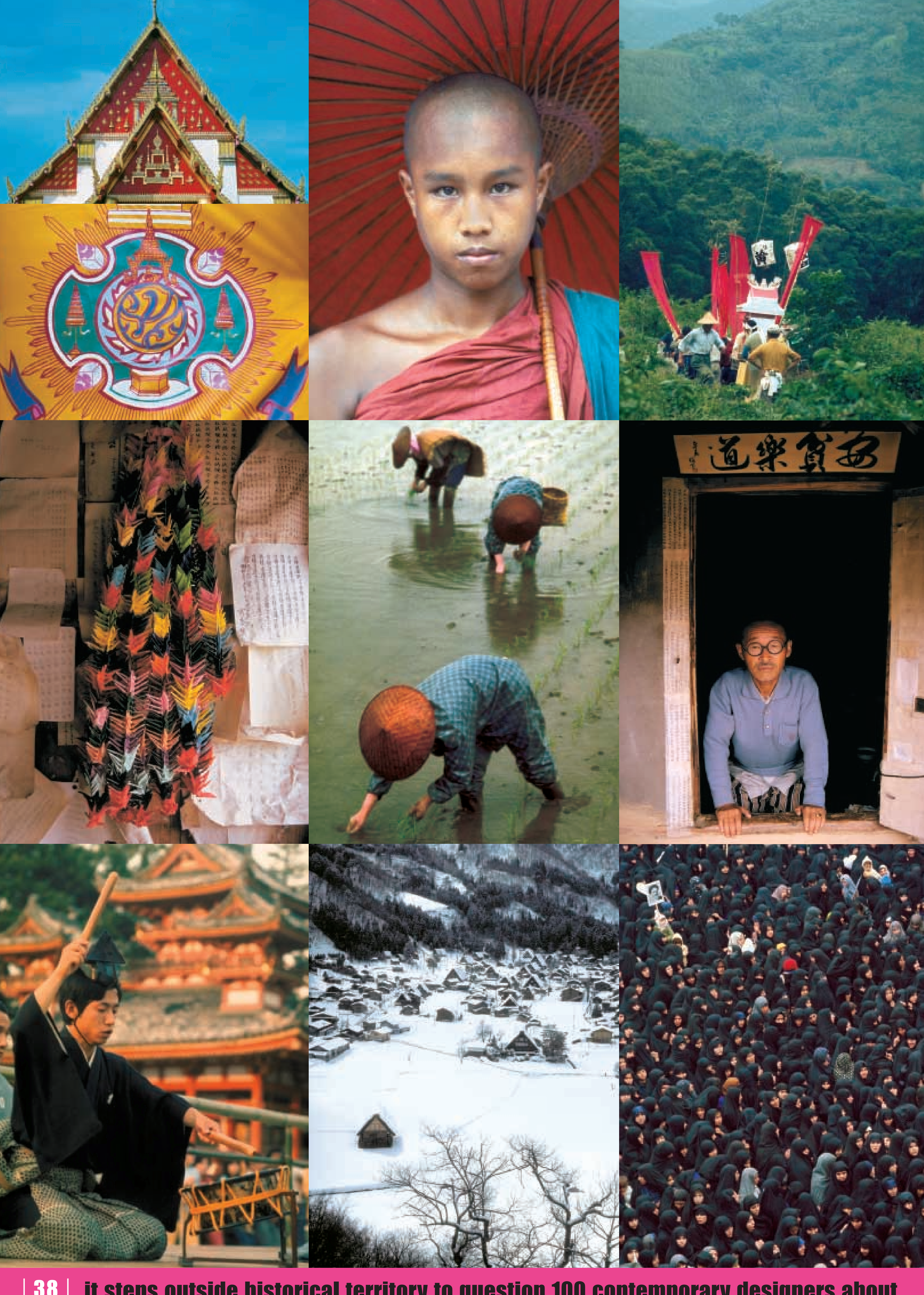
Co-founder of the digital culture magazine *Wired*, Kevin Kelly leads a double life: cyber-culture editor and independent photographer. For the past thirty years, and completely independently of his work on Wired, he has been traveling the far reaches of Asia photographing the ins and outs of daily life. Kelly has the unique perspective of someone who lives in the digital fast lane and yet craves to experience and understand cultures far different from his own. In approximately 600 stunning, richly-colored images, with no text whatsoever, Kelly shares his vision of Asia from East to West, from Afghanistan to Japan. The scope of this book is so vast, flipping through the pages is like a journey, more akin to an epic film than a book. In Kelly's words: "My book is a wordless experience in remote Asia. The idea is that you open the book and fall into it. You become immersed in Asia."

Asia Grace Kevin Kelly
English/German/French / Hardcover, format: 22.9 x 30.5 cm (9 x 12 in.), 320 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500

"Fiell Good Factor ... they have turned out a stream of lexicons on 20th century design



for the German publisher TASCHEN. Their most recent book is the most adventurous, as



it steps outside historical territory to question 100 contemporary designers about



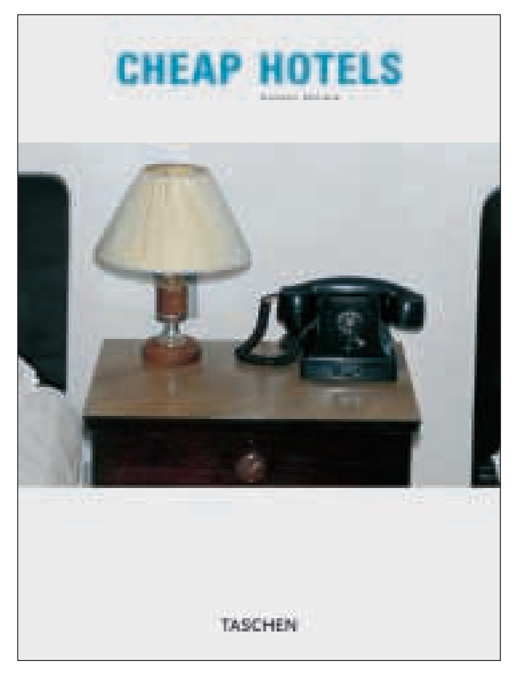
their vision of the future." *—The Saturday Telegraph Magazine*, London, on *Design of the 20th Century*

Travel ecstasy

I spent four years on the road, staying in more than 200 budget hotels from Berlin to Bali, and took photos of my rooms before I turned down the covers every night. Along the way, I discovered that travel ecstasy usually increases in inverse proportion to your hotel bill. *Cheap Hotels* is a quirky memoir of a life lived under hideous bedspreads, a guide to choosing inexpensive hotels that embody the spirit of a place.

Those who fear that travel has become a sterile, globalized experience will enjoy seeing the world through this eclectic parade of rooms from the charming little cottage on a deserted pink sand beach in the Philippines to a closet-sized cubicle on a Venetian canal. This book will delight and tickle travelers, armchair and otherwise, who have found (or imagined) themselves swinging in a hammock on a slow boat down the Amazon, or sleeping in a $28 motel room in the South Pacific.
—Daisann McLane

The author: **Daisann McLane** writes the Frugal Traveler column for the *New York Times* Sunday travel section, and is a contributing editor and columnist for *National Geographic Traveler* magazine. Her articles on culture, food, and world music have also appeared in the *Village Voice*, *Vogue*, and *Rolling Stone*, and she has been a commentator on NPR's *All Things Considered*. Her photographs have appeared in the *New York Times*, *Travel and Leisure* and *Der Feinschmecker*. When not holed up in cheap hotel rooms, she lives in Brooklyn, New York.



Budget hotels from Berlin to Bali

Introduction
No hotel room has yet changed my life, but many of them have made me, unexpectedly and inexplicably, happy. I am not talking about the fantastic, painstakingly designed and realized chambers that decorate the pages of high-end travel magazines. Since I took an assignment, four years ago, to write a newspaper column about traveling on a budget, I have stayed overnight in more than 200 different rooms. However not a single one has had a private fountain, 24-hour butler service, or authentic Khmer stone goddesses embedded in the bathroom tile.



And yet, in spaces so tiny I can reach out while sleeping and touch both walls, in beds draped with pilled polyester covers, I have experienced great comfort, and profound peace.

While I believe it is possible to buy your way to hotel room bliss—at $1,000 a night, plus, a hotel had better deliver ultimate satisfaction —I've found that once you drop below what travel agents call the "super-luxury" category, there's often no correlation between a hotel room's price and the pleasure it delivers. Part of this has to do with the unevenness of currency values in the global economy.
I paid $102 for a night at the Motel 6 in downtown Chicago, Illinois, and 500 bhat (about $12.50) for a night at the Peachy Guest House in downtown Bangkok. Both rooms were the same size and offered, more or less, the same amenities.

But in the Motel 6 depression blanketed me every time I entered my room and hit a cloud of American chain-hotel odor, an assault of industrial carpet polycarbons and synthetic floral disinfectant.

Why must every cheap hotel in America smell like a new car?

What did Chicago actually smell like? Mysteries to me, forever. The Peachy Guest House room, on the other hand, had a window with a curious iron Oriental Miami Beach motif separating the bedroom from the bathroom, a source of endless fascination. If I poked around Bangkok long enough would I suddenly stumble upon an entire neighborhood of Thai Art-Deco? In the bathroom, every night at midnight, a tiny pale-yellow chameleon with three legs emerged from behind the toilet. By morning he was always gone. I still think about him.

The strangest things can push the buttons of my hotel desire.

Linens, for instance. Most people come home from Italy raving about the food; I came home from my first trip to Italy with a permanent



crush on Italian towels. Italian hotel bathrooms, even in the inexpensive places in which I was staying, all had spotless white linens, hanging beside the sink, the shower, even the bidet. In a few places, like the Hotel Terme Preistoriche in Montegrotto Terme, they were draped over a chrome rack heater with a temperature control. Raised on American terrycloth, I was unprepared for this encounter with the civilized Old World. True, my $65-a-night rooms in Italy were usually the size of a closet in one of those polycarbon-scented chambers at the Chicago Motel 6. But wouldn't you rather live in a closet wrapped in starched, ironed—and heated!—linen towels?

It delights me that Italians make fine linens a priority in their hotels, even the cheap ones. All around the world, each culture holds fast to its own version of hotel room comfort, and to the little detail that it would be unthinkable to overlook, even in the humblest lodging. In Japan, it is the teapot on the lacquer tray, beside a lacquer cup and a container of green tea. In the Amazon, it is the strong metal hooks on opposite walls, for hanging your own hammock during the afternoon siesta (when a bed mattress just wouldn't be right). In Thailand, always, there's a miniature house somewhere on the hotel premises, with little plastic people in it, and incense burning—a Thai trick to coax all the local spirits into the doll's house, so they won't roam the corridors and disturb your stay. The housekeepers in South Pacific guest houses will lay frangipani or ginger blossoms on your pillow every morning after they clean the room, that wilt slowly in the heat of the day, filling the air with intoxicating fragrance. The housekeepers in Bali whisper a little prayer and place tiny mysterious packets of rice, flowers, and spices wrapped in a banana leaf, on your doorstep. Finding hotels with grace notes like these, which tell you as much about a given locality as any guidebook, is not a difficult thing right now. But I fear that may change. World tourism is a staggeringly big business. According to one group of analysts, in 2001 it accounted for 10.7 percent of the global gross domestic product, or one in every 12.2 jobs in the world. And its scope increases with each passing year. As tourism globalizes, private hotels melt into the arms of multi-national corporations, which prioritize standardization over individuality, consistency over quirkiness. While I have spent enough nights in sad, decrepit rooms to appreciate the joy of a familiar hotel chain every now and then, I fret about what may happen to the spirit houses, the wilted frangipani, the stiffly creased hand towel by the bidet.

I also worry about the philosophy that seems to be shaping the new boutique hotels that are currently popping up as alternatives to the chains in hip Western capital cities. The guru of these design-intensive lodgings, hotelier Ian Schrager, once proclaimed, "You are where you sleep, because where you sleep says to the world, 'This is who I am'." Yet a world in which the only alternative to staying in a chain hotel is to stay in lifestyle dormitories for the style-obsessed doesn't sound like much fun to me.

In New York City, I already sleep in a place that says, "This is who I am." That place is my apartment. But when traveling, I am looking for something else. Not a room that reflects some fantasy version of me, but one that tells me, in some small way, about the people I'm visiting.

The first thing I do when I enter any hotel room for the first time is open all the shades and curtains. The room is my first window on a new place, an unexplored culture, and I want to make sure I can see as much as possible. The Hotel al-Hussein, in Cairo's old Khan el-Khalili district, had stained sheets and dust balls—but it also had a little balcony overlooking the city's largest and most splendid mosque. I checked in. Outside my four-dollar, no-sheets-or-towels single at the Broadlands Lodging House in Madras, wedding parades led by trumpeters and jewel-bedecked elephants drifted past my open wooden shutters. Parades, religious processions, clanging gongs, rhythmic chants and unexplained animal noises have all, at one time or another, enriched my hotel room experience.

Sometimes, as in the case of the "Liberace Room" at San Antonio's Painted Lady Inn, my hotel room window looks out on nothing more interesting than a side alley. But when alley-facing rooms are dripping in chandeliers and hung with gold-framed portraits of Liberace, how can you complain to the management?
Once on a trip to Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, I got to stay in a bona-fide luxury hotel room. Asian currencies were collapsing, and the Malaysian government had frozen the ringgit, which was suddenly worth about 40-percent less dollars than it had been a few weeks

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be communists...or worse—commonists!..." *—reader's comment,* **taschen.com**

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before. Seizing the instant, I booked a room at the Shangri-La (could a hotel chain have a more perfect name?) for $82—less than the price of a Quality Inn in Houston.

The room, of course, was a perfection of marble tubs and gilded faucets, gold damask upholstery, and fresh orchids on the nightstand. Actually, they might have been lilies. When hotel rooms are perfect, I often forget the details.

Here's what I do remember: A forest of steel building skeletons and construction cranes frozen motionless outside my 14th-story picture window. In Malaysia, the "tiger" economy had stopped, abruptly, in mid-roar. Thanks to the room, what I had understood from abstract headlines was now visible and concrete. Oh, and I remember one other thing—a sign, on the refrigerator, that said, "Guests are requested to not bring Durian fruit into the room."

Perhaps this is not the kind of memory one expects to carry home from Shangri-La. But it is among the best of mine.

The drill

At the moment of arrival, my heart begins to flutter. Checking into an unfamiliar hotel is a little like going on a blind date.

No matter how much advance information I've been able to gather from guidebooks or from other travelers, I can't predict if I will be happy, indifferent or miserable until I step into the lobby.

If my reservation is on the books, I relax a little. Other good omens: uniformed employees in the lobby, smiling guests, fresh flowers, a welcome cocktail. Bad omens: bulletproof protective glass around the check-in desk, employees wearing badges that say, "Have a Nice Day My Name Is ..." and domesticated animals. (With the exception of elephants. There's a hotel in South India that is famous for its elephant, which visits the lobby every morning on its way to a nearby temple. This is considered to be very good luck.)

The ritual of signing in follows. In some parts of the world, hotels no longer bother with this; in others, you're handed a form that requests you to list your entire itinerary, your future plans, and your curriculum vitae in block letters on a 3 x 5 card. And then the moment of truth: you are led to The Room. Or given a key and sent off into the dark night with a flashlight.

I prefer carrying my own bag. I like to be alone when I step into a room for the first time; the presence of a hovering bellhop throws my radar off, and I end up not noticing the u-shaped depression in the center of the bed, or the airshaft-facing window.

Tip the bellhop, open the windows, unpack. Take off shoes. Play with the knobs on the mysterious box by the bed—is it a radio? A heater? Toss Balinese sarong over hideous bedspread. Investigate nooks and crannies. Joy is a small refrigerator that works. A pretty clay teapot with a container of green tea leaves and a thermos of boiling water in a Japanese ryokan. A mint condition Art Deco sink in Manhattan. In the tropics, a fluttering ceiling fan. Misery is a bubble gum-pink room lit entirely by cheap florescent bulbs. Mysterious brown stains on the walls. Bedsheets with holes, in India.

I adjust the rabbit ears on the television and decipher the Cyrillic or Chinese characters on the remote. By randomly pressing buttons, I find two stations, each broadcasting the same newscast in a language I can barely make out. Uh oh ... there's a map covered with wavy lines, and a newscaster pointing to a spot and speaking, over and over, a word that sounds like "typhoon." Time to go downstairs and have a drink. If I'm really on a roll, there will be a pool, and enough time for a swim before the deluge.

Attack of the killer bedspreads

They have names: Captiva, Vanessa, Sussex, Ikat, Royal Manor and New Jamestown. I discovered this on the Internet one afternoon, in search of a clue to a mystery that has puzzled me for years. Why do all budget American hotel rooms have the same five ugly patterns?

Okay, I'm exaggerating. There are more than five hideous patterns circulating in the Bedspread Industry. Maybe twenty or thirty. But just who is responsible for these atrocities of clashing, swirling colors, these unfortunate Rorschach splotches, these profusions of cabbage roses and palm trees?

As I've always suspected, the national proliferation of ugly polyester-filled covers has its roots in the proverbial bottom line. In the United States, there are several large textile and bedding manufacturers catering to the needs of the hotel industry. In most American cities, you can't put just any blanket on a bed—it has to meet the local fire code standards. Hence, the polyester so heavily coated and treated with flame retardant that it feels like plastic bubble wrap.

Then there's laundry—for any hotel, a big expense, but for budget hotels, a crippling one. As you work your way down the hotel chain, it's an expense that gets pinched. A reporter for the Des Moines Register once called a few local hotels and asked them how long they waited in-between washings. "At the West Des Moines Marriott, management says the bedspreads are changed every six weeks," he was told. "At the Motel 6 in Des Moines, bedspreads are laundered every three months unless there is a 'visible' stain."

It would take a forensic expert to separate the design from the stains on Captiva, Vanessa, Sussex, Ikat or Royal Manor.

I try not to think about such things as I pull down the garish coverlet and brace myself for another night in a cheap motel. I can deal with the aesthetic attack that a horrific bedspread provokes, but I can't handle the thought that my bedspread, in the last week of its three-month shift, may attack me at the molecular level, too.

Trickle down minimalism

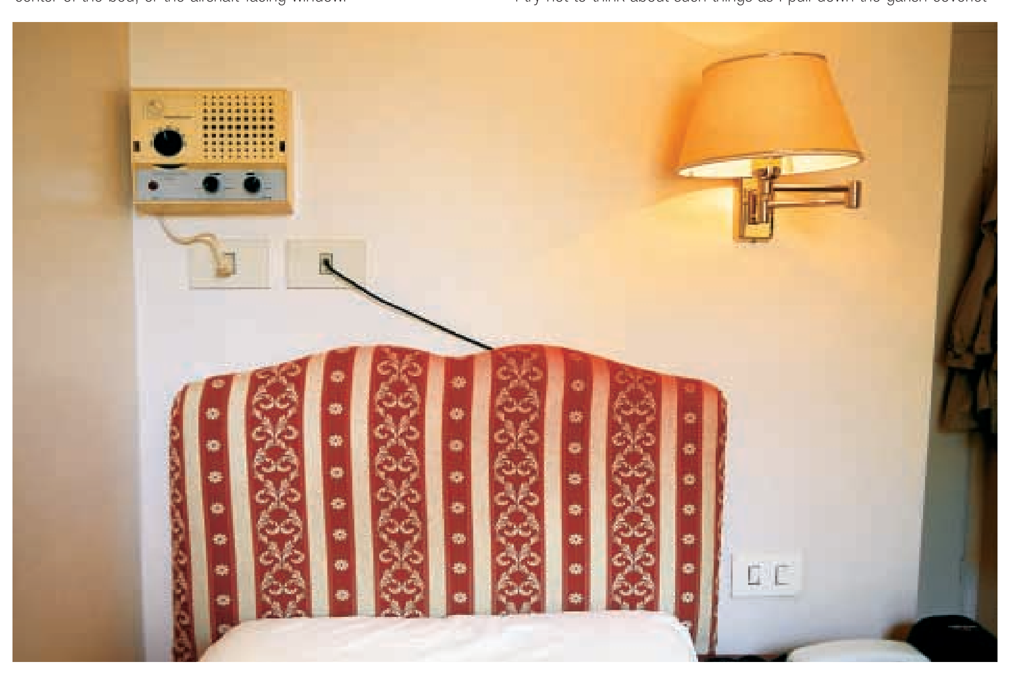
During the 1990s, the hotel industry discovered Modernism in a big way. Suddenly, in just about every international city, there was a "boutique hotel", where the employees, chosen by casting agents, welcomed throngs of trend setters to rooms bare of excess furniture and





decorated mainly in shades of white. Outfitted with clever accessories and sleek, brushed stainless steel bathroom fixtures created by famous architects and interior designers, these hotels grabbed the attention of a young, new monied class of travelers, mostly too busy admiring the clever lampshades and built-in desks to notice that there was barely enough space in their pricey hotel room to walk around the bed.

The unspoken little business secret of these boutique hotels was this: Modernism can be very cost-effective. The Japanese have known for years that if you pare a hotel room down to the basics, and avoid fussy details, you can make people comfortable in very small spaces. And the smaller the space per guest, the higher the profit margin.



I watched this trend develop over a few years, from afar, since the price tag on the New Minimalist rooms was too high for my travel budget. But then, late in the decade, the inevitable knockoffs began to appear on the scene. First I noticed that in many recently renovated cheap hotels the color palette had shrunk to shades of gray, black and white. Then, around 1999, I checked into a just-renovated budget hotel in Manhattan, walked into its bathroom and beheld a cone-shaped, steel sink. I knew that Minimalism had trickled-down to the masses.

Personally, I prefer coming back at the end of the day to clean bare walls, rather than calico wallpaper—much more relaxing. On the other hand, I don't enjoy spending the first hour of my hotel stay searching like a bloodhound for the light switch (hint: they're often on the telephone console) and then figuring out how to make them work. If there's a tiebreaker in this dilemma, it is this: **In hotels with bare walls (unlike the ones with calico wallpaper), there is almost always a supply of good, strong coffee.**

Page 41 Clockwise from top left *Hostal Rifer, Madrid, Spain / The New Yorker Hotel, New York City / Choksan Hot Spring Resort Village, Sokch'o, Korea / Hotel Alessandra, Florence, Italy*
Opposite page Left *Shojoshin-in-Monastery, Koyasan, Japan* **Right** *"Liberace Room" at the Painted Lady Inn, San Antonio, Texas*
This page Left *Hotel Due Torri, Rome, Italy* **Above** *Shangri-la, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia* **Top** *Maina Sunset Motel, Aitutaki, Cook Islands*

Cheap Hotels Daisann McLane
English/German/French / Hardcover, format: 16.5 x 22.2 cm (6.5 x 8.7 in.), 192 pp. / US$ 20 / £ 10 / € 16 / ¥ 2.500

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Computers: An Illustrated History Christian Wurster
English, German and French editions / Hardcover, format: 16.5 x 22.2 cm (6.5 x 8.7 in.), 336 pp. / US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.000



"Real-life retro computer chic."

—Dazed & Confused, London

Remember your first computer? No doubt it now seems like a relic from the Flintstone era. From automated punch-card calculators to the first personal computers such as the Apple II and Commodore 64 to today's Sony Vaios and PowerBook G4s, the computer has undergone an amazing, rapid evolution in its brief history. Can you believe the computer's first input device was a light pen used to select a symbol on the screen? And that computer keyboards were preceded by teletypewriters? The progress we've witnessed in our lifetimes is mind-boggling. The struggle for the best interface, the greatest design, and the fastest processor have resulted in computers of a size, power, and with capabilities and uses that were unfathomable only a few decades ago. Discover the fascinating history of computers, interfaces, and computer design in this illustrated guide that includes pictures of nearly every computer ever made, an informative text describing the computer's evolution up to the present day, excerpts from important historical essays, and an A-Z index of the most influential computer developers and designers.

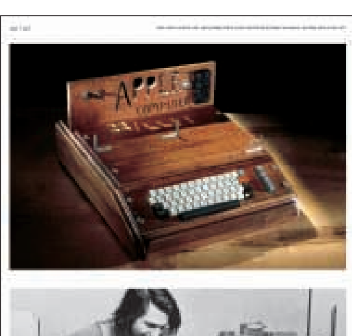
The author/photo editor/designer: **Christian Wurster** earned his degree in Media-Sciences at the Technical University in Berlin. He lives and works in Berlin as a freelance art director and designer.







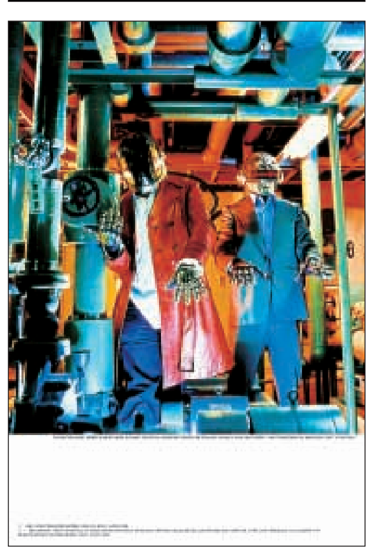












c'est souvent la maison TASCHEN qui les édite." *—ELLE*, Paris

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The 500 images presented in this book look fab on paper, but the true three-dimensional fun begins when you pop the included CD-ROMs into your computer. All of the images featured in the book are provided on the CDs as pictures and as 3D models in 3DS format (the universal format for 3D files) so that you, dear reader, can experiment with them in any way you wish. If you aren't already experienced in working with 3D, not to fear—we've also included a demo version of 3D manipulation software so you can teach yourself how to rotate the images, incorporate the included textures, and mix them with your choice of backgrounds. Once you've compiled your own 3D creation, you can use it for Flash animations, graphic design, architecture, interior design, logos, signboards, information graphics, typography, or anything else your heart desires.

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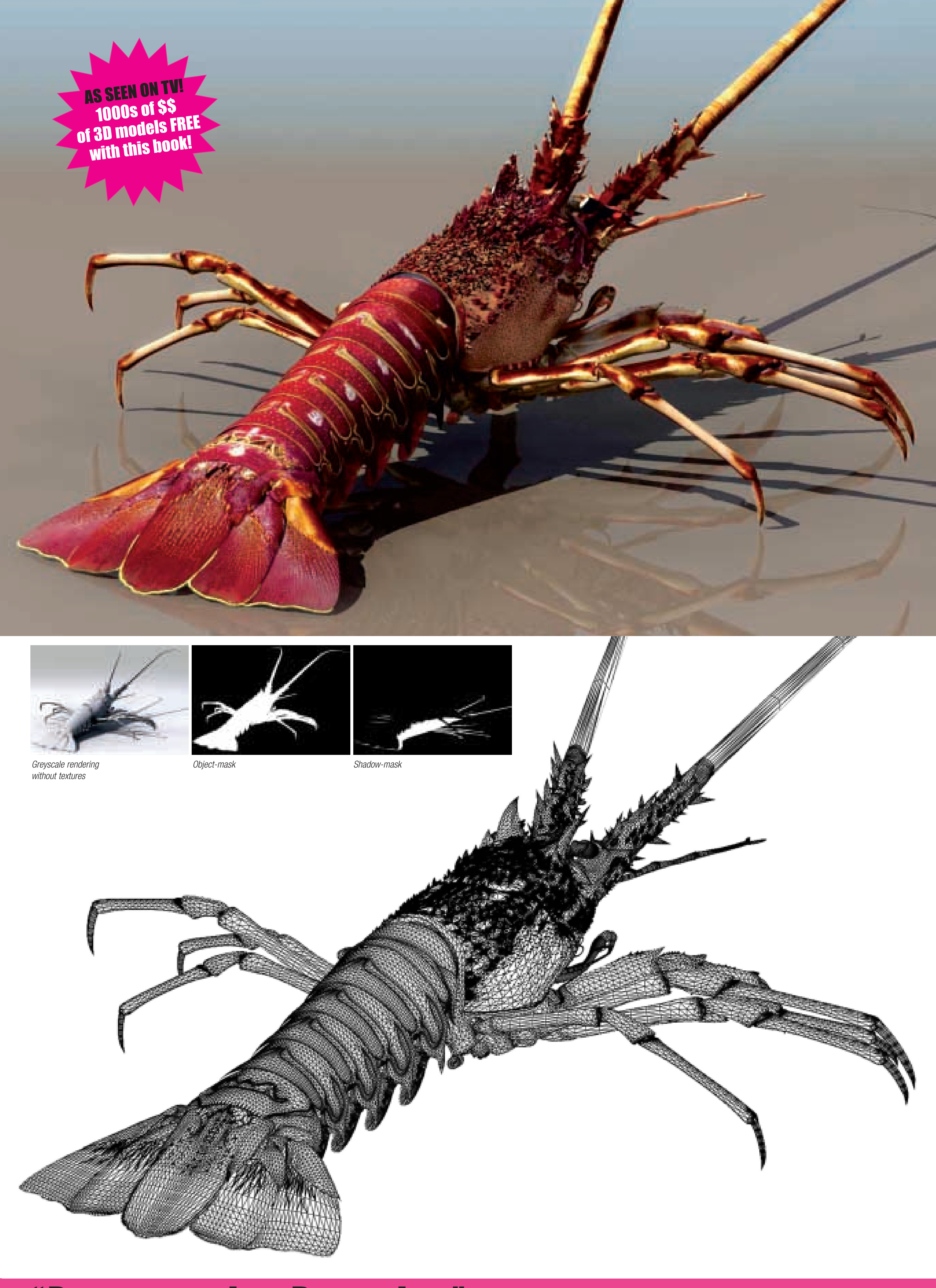
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Introduction by German 3D expert **Wenzel Spingler**, one of the leading professionals working with virtual environments for hyper realistic digital illustration. Models by Spanish model maker **De Espona**, one of Europe's leading companies in this field.

 "Luxury for less." *—art*, Hamburg



Greyscale rendering without textures

Object-mask

Shadow-mask

“Popstars der Branche.” *—Der Spiegel*, Hamburg

In the beginning, there was Pac Man...



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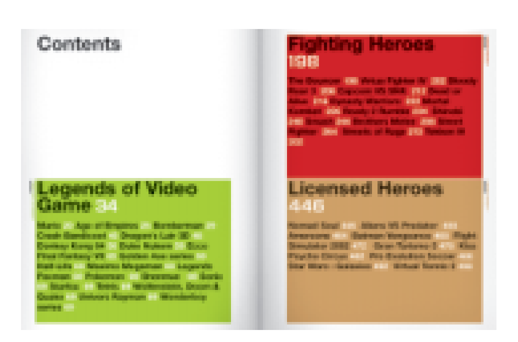
Who's who
in the digital battlefield

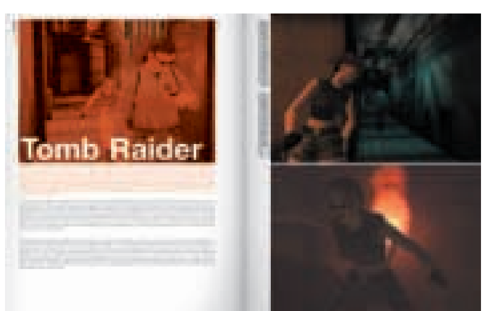


From cute, furry little rodents to gnarly, sword-wielding giants, video game heroes are the stars of this new book which catalogs 1000 characters, from the most famous to the most obscure, spanning the history of video games from their very roots to the present day. Arranged by categories (Violent Heroes, Sexy Heroes, Video Game Legends, etc.) and including three indexes (Name of the Game, Hero's name, and Platform) the book is designed to be navigated like an encyclopedia or simply flipped through. Each chapter's introduction is written by a famous game creator and describes the working process involved in creating the games and their heroes. For game aficionados, casual or one-time gamers, and anyone who has ever had a sore thumb from punching gamepad buttons, this book is not to be missed!

* Written by senior game magazine editor David Choquet
* Special sections on icons, facts, game weapons, and record scores
* Added bonus: a DVD tucked inside which includes short clips and advertisements from games featured in the book

The author:
Sign of destiny or simple coincidence, **David Choquet** was born in 1972, like the very first video game, Pong. In 1992 he began working as a video game-specialized journalist. He worked for the French magazine PC FUN until 2000, first as staff writer and then deputy editor, and was subsequently editor of the French gaming portal *www.gamekult.com.*













Hardbodies in bikinis

The talented Mr. Dobbins (and his amazing bodybuilding babes)



Though the popularity of female bodybuilding has been rapidly growing over the past three decades, women's brawny body types are still not accepted in the global opinion of the way women ought to look. Enter Bill Dobbins, a man whose mission is to show the world what ultra-muscular women really look like—and that they look good. Modern Amazons is a unique collection of fine art photos and essays giving a fascinating insight into Dobbins's vision of femininity and the impact of female bodybuilding on modern society. Dobbins shows us a kind of female physique that challenges the typical thin-legged-large-breasted archetype of female beauty. With his highly skilled studio and natural light portraits, he worships these women's bulging muscles like no photographer has done before.

The photographer:
Bill Dobbins is a photographer, writer, and video director. His artistic photographs, especially nudes, first appeared in Joe Weider's *Flex Magazine*, the world's leading bodybuilding publication. His work has also been featured in numerous gallery and museum exhibitions, including this year's "Picturing The Modern Amazon" exhibition at the New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York. In 1995, Dobbins published *The Women: Photographs of the Top Female Bodybuilders* (Artisan, NY); he has written a number of books on bodybuilding training and nutrition and has collaborated with Arnold Schwarzenegger on three books.

Modern Amazons Bill Dobbins
English/German/French edition / Japanese/English/German edition / Hardcover, format: 26 x 28.8 cm (10.2 x 11.3 in.), 168 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.000

This page: Below left *Heather Tristany* **Below right** *Lesa Lewis* **Opposite page** *Lesa Lewis*

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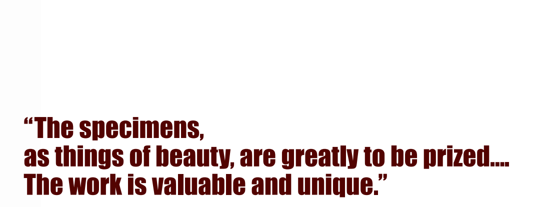


lutionary ways of thinking take shape." —*Style Monte Carlo*, Monaco, on *Designing the 21st Century*

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"The specimens, as things of beauty, are greatly to be prized.... The work is valuable and unique."

—*The Boston Globe*, Boston, on the 1888 edition

Culled and assembled by Romeyn Beck Hough between 1888 and 1913 in what still remains and stunning and unparalleled achievement, American Woods—originally published in 14 volumes, with actual specimens mounted on card stock—is **a work of breathtaking beauty that has set the standard for study of trees and wood**. TASCHEN's Wood Book reproduces, in painstaking facsimile, all of the specimen pages from the original volumes; for this purpose we have obtained the use of an extremely rare original set of volumes in very good condition from the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, London. **For each tree, three different cross-section cuts of wood are represented (radial, horizontal, and vertical)**, demonstrating the particular characteristics of the grain and the wealth of colors and textures to be found among the many different wood types. Also included in this special edition are lithographs by Charles Sprague Sargent of the leaves and nuts of most trees, as well as texts describing the trees' geographical origins and physical characteristics. Interior designers, craftsmen, nature enthusiasts, and artists alike will enjoy this **beautiful collection of wood samples which includes many trees that are now very rare or completely extinct**.

The authors:
Klaus Ulrich Leistikow (1929–2002) studied natural science and philosophy at the universities of Cologne, Tübingen and Glasgow, and then taught biology at the university of Frankfurt. From 1986 to 1989 he was the Director of the Botanical Institute and the Botanical Gardens in Frankfurt-am-Main. It was there in 1988 that he was elected Chairman of the Society of Friends of the Palm Garden.

Holger Thüs, born in Ratingen in 1970, is a biologist specializing in botany. From 1997 to 2001 he worked on the taxonomy and ecology of central European aquatic lichens at the Senckenberg Research Institute (FIS).

The Wood Book facsimile of **The American Woods** (1888–1913) by Romeyn B. Hough. Introduction and text by K. U. Leistikow / Holger Thüs
English/German/French / In a wooden box, hardcover, format: 16 x 23.2 cm (6.3 x 9.1 in.), 864 pp. / US$ 75 / £ 50 / € 75 / ¥ 10.000





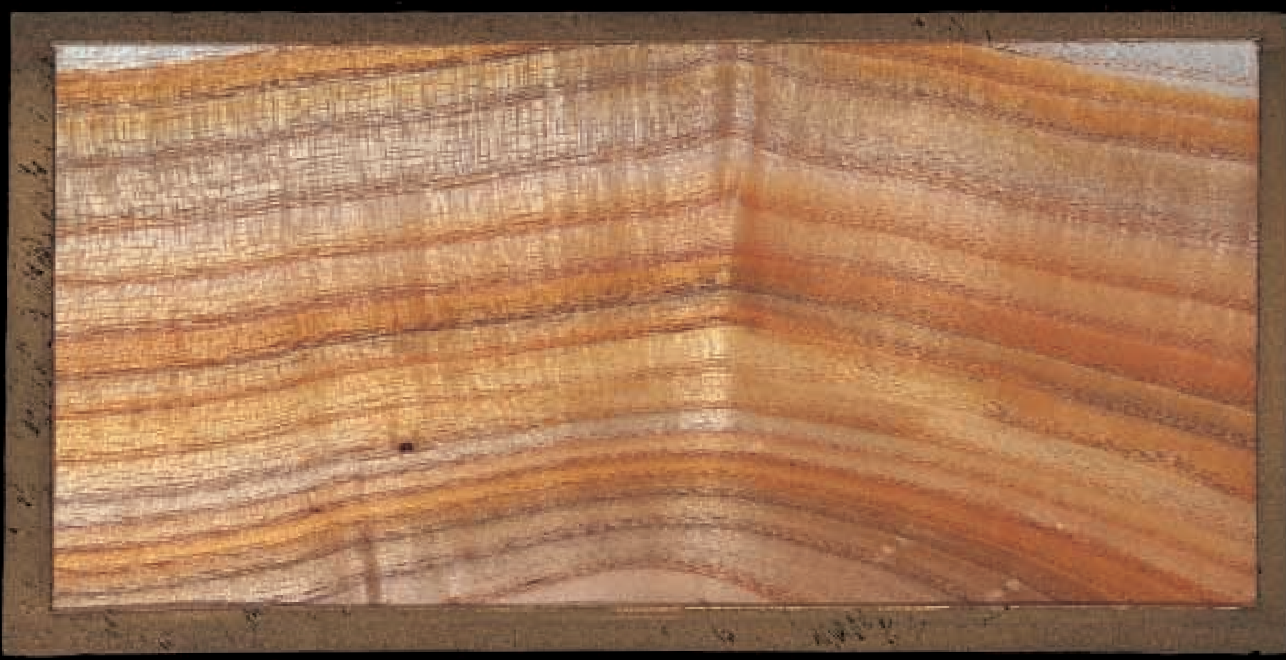




 "Thanks to TASCHEN, arts publishing has never



TRANSVERSE SECTION.



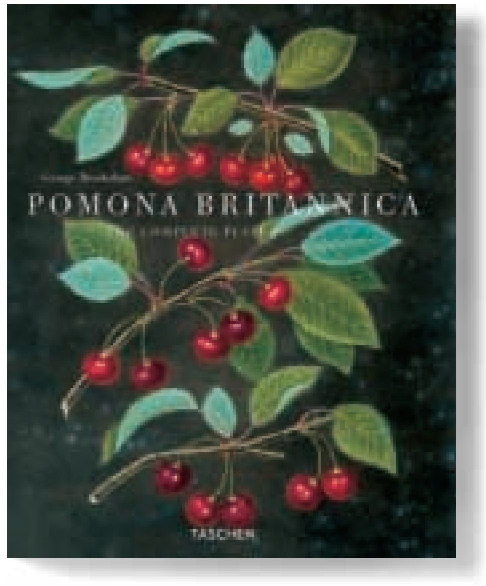
RADIAL SECTION.



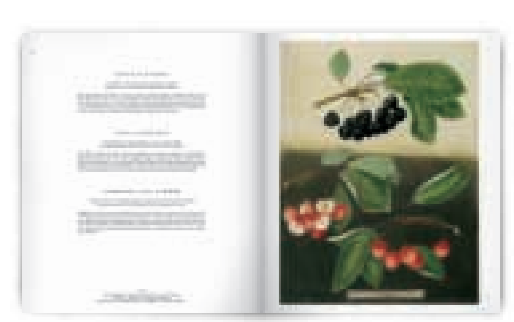
TANGENTIAL SECTION.

been so damned dirty." —*Attitude*, London

Beautiful berries, precious peaches, fantastic figs, gorgeous grapes, magnificent melons ...

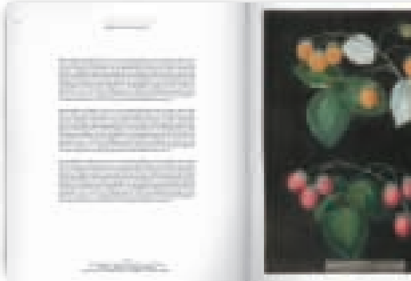


Pomona Britannica Uta Pellgrü-Gagel / Gotthard Brandler / Werner Dressendörfer
English/German/French / Hardcover, format: 26 x 30.2 cm (10.2 x 11.9 in.), 200 pp. /
US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.000









Pomona Britannica, originally published in 1812 by George Brookshaw (1751–1823), an admired draftsman and engraver of fruits and flowers, celebrated the richness of food variations cultivated in England, with superb illustrations of 256 species of fifteen kinds of fruit. For this enhanced reprint, we have been fortunate enough to obtain the use of a very rare original copy: the exquisite, limited edition, hand-colored volume that was first owned by Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III. Each chapter of our publication focuses on one family of fruit and is accompanied by a contemporary text giving nutritional information about the fruits as well as cultural and historical analyses; also included are some 19th century recipes, so you can taste such delicacies as melon ice or fig soup. **Lovingly drawn on charcoal backgrounds, the mouth-watering cherries, apples, figs, and other divine fruits seem to jump right off the page.**

The authors:
Uta Pellgrü-Gagel, after undergoing professional training in textile technology and studying art history, modern history and classical archaeology in Berlin, now works as an author for the central office of the Botanical Garden and Botanical Museum Berlin-Dahlem.
Gotthard Brandler, director of the Staatliche Bücher- und Kupferstichsammlung Greiz, is specialized in prints & drawings of the 19th & 20th centuries.
Werner Dressendörfer, pharmaceutical historian and professor at the universities of Erlangen and Regensburg, is currently conducting research into the history of healing plants. He is also the author of *The Roses*, *The Lilies*, *The Garden at Eichstätt* and *The New Herbal of 1543*, all published at TASCHEN.

 “It’s bloody huge and frankly, awesome. Buy it.”



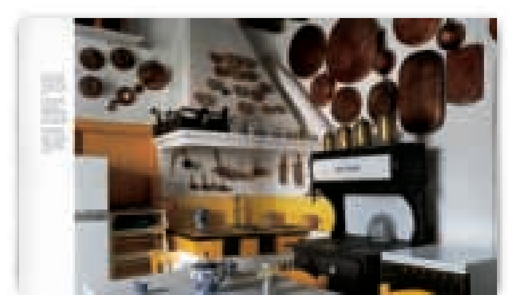
—*FHM*, London, on *Exquisite Mayhem*

Above *Terrace at Wassily Tseghis' house on Serifos*

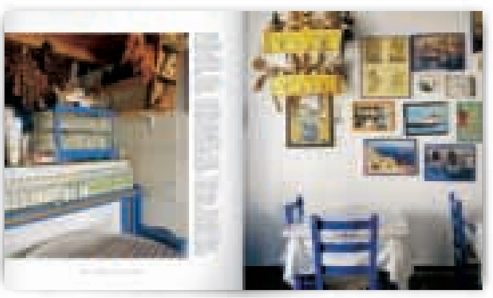
Mythical homes in the land of the gods

Living in Greece Barbara and René Stoeltie / Ed. Angelika Taschen
English/German/French / Hardcover, format: 26 x 30.2 cm (10.2 x 11.9 in.),
200 pp. / US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.000

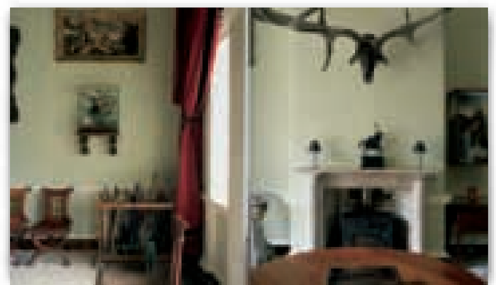




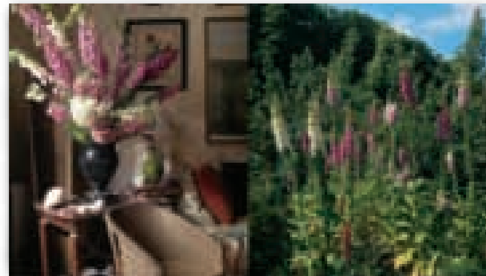




Barbara and René Stoeltie bring you yet another excursion to the best of the world's country homes—this time to the mythical land of Greece. Go island hopping with the Stoelties and discover the best of Greece's hidden treats, such as the hilltop vacation house of Robert Browning, descendent of the English poet, in Hydra, a stunning 18th century Turkish-Greek palace in the Argo-Saronic Islands (the former residence of a Turkish governor, now inhabited by a farmer and his family), and the cozy, romantic home of Onassis, ex-pilot Basile Touloumtzoglou and his wife, Tilly. The magic of Greece's old-world charm drips from the pages of this book, which features 22 homes throughout the country.







Top *Living room of Charlie and Sally Clements in their house in County Kildare*

Living in Ireland Barbara and René Stoeltie / Ed. Angelika Taschen
English/German/French / Hardcover, format: 26 x 30.2 cm (10.2 x 11.9 in.),
200 pp. / US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.000



Cozy cottages and castles

There is hardly a land more characterized by charming country homes and castles than Ireland. Images of dewy plush foliage, rolling green hills, and fairy-tale cottages and castles come quickly to mind. The homes featured here live up to the most fanciful of expectations, ranging from quaint, cozy little dwellings to a plethora of different types of castles and stately homes. Of special interest is the breath-taking Leixlip Castle, where the owner of Guinness beer resides.

The editor:
Angelika Taschen studied art history and German literature in Heidelberg, gaining her doctorate in 1986. Working for Taschen since 1987, she has edited and published numerous titles on the themes of architecture, photography, design, and contemporary art. She conceived Taschen's *Interiors* series in 1994, the *Country Houses* series in 1999, and the *Hotel Book* series in 2002.

The authors:
Barbara and **René Stoeltie** both began their careers as artists and gallery owners. With René as photographer and Barbara as writer, they have been collaborating on interior design articles since 1984, contributing to such influential magazines as *Vogue*, *The World of Interiors*, *AD*, *Elle*, *House and Garden*, *Country Living*, and *House Beautiful*.

books available to everyone." —*Numéro*, Paris

David Astridge & Abbie Galvin
Jackson Clements Burrows
Peter Clark & Mark Pearse
Kerry Crowley
Neil Durbach & Camilla Block
Mitchell & Helen English
Hans Freymadl & Jonathan Richards
Burley Katon Halliday
Iain Halliday
Dale Jones-Evans
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Christina Markham & Rita Qasabian
Sam Marshall
Stephen Ormandy & Louise Olsen
Alex Popov
Craig Rosevear
Harry Seidler
Andrew Stanic & Andy Harding

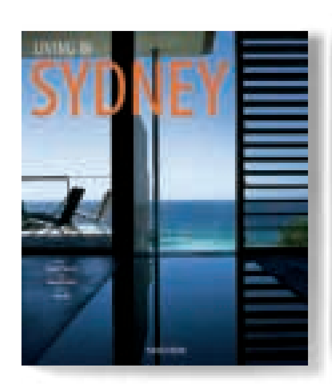
Style down under

Sydney's coolest interiors

Living in Sydney packs into 200 pages the very best of cutting-edge interior design from Australia's most happening city. Highlights include the home of Australian architect Harry Seidler (with a magnificent view of the harbor), architect Alex Popov's home, and the house of Dinosaur Design's Stephen Ormandy and Louise Olsen in Bronte, a famous Sydney beach. Shot by Italian interior photographer Giorgio Possenti, these sumptuous photographs of penthouses, open space interiors, and minimalist homes (filled with original designs by the likes of Le Corbusier, Jacobsen, Eames, and Saarinen) are a wonderful treat.

Above *Night view from the terrace of Harry Seidler's penthouse (Milsons Point)*

Living in Sydney Antonella Boisi
English/German/French edition / Italian/Spanish/Portuguese edition/ Hardcover, format: 26 x 30.2 cm (10.2 x 11.9 in.), 200 pp. / US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.000







"Das Programm umfaßt vor allem Bildbände in einer spektakulären Mischung aus Kunst, Pop,

Home is where the kitchen is

> **"Ce livre s'adresse à notre coeur, nos souvenirs et nos papilles et se présente comme une véritable mémoire du meilleur de la cuisine campagnarde internationale avec ses décors, ses recettes, et ses odeurs ... Les photos sont éloquentes."**
>
> —*Campagne décoration,* Paris

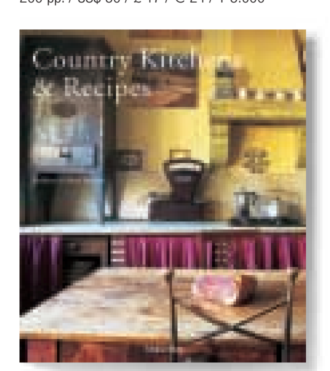
Country Kitchens & Recipes features the most charming and romantic country kitchens throughout Europe and America. Based on the simple, age-old concept of the kitchen as the center of the home and family life, this book is a veritable wellspring of ideas on how to decorate and cook like our ancestors did.
Atmospheric photographs of the very best examples of classic kitchens, furniture, and kitchenware are accompanied by a detailed list of shops where inspired readers can find such period accoutrements. In this age of microwaves, genetically-modified "Frankenfood," and sterile, minimalist décor, *Country Kitchens & Recipes* presents a wonderful alternative: cozy kitchens with character in which pure, wholesome meals are prepared with love.

Above *Martine Colliander created a kitchen in shades of white with a red brick floor*

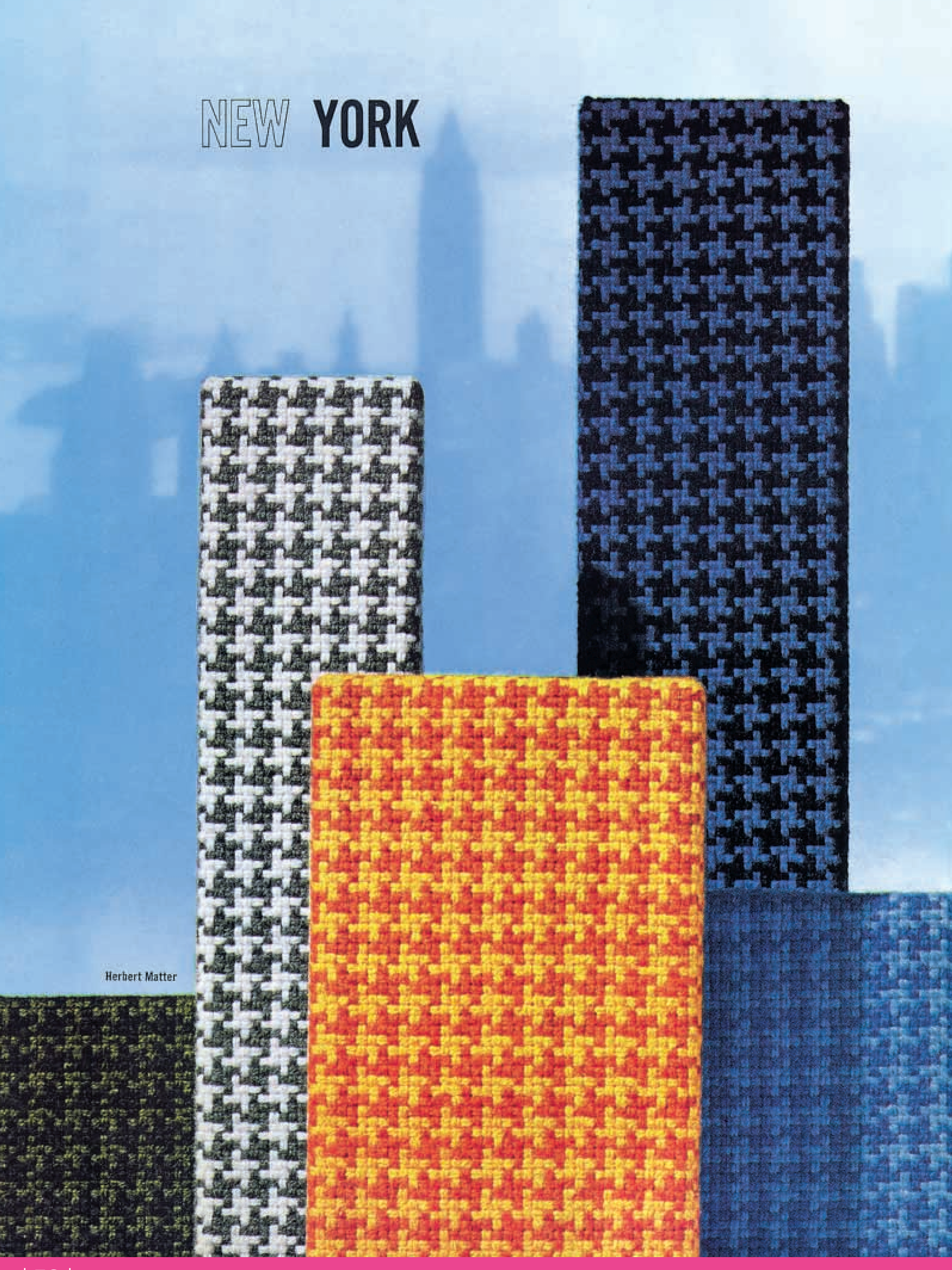
Country Kitchens & Recipes Barbara and René Stoeltie / Ed. Angelika Taschen
English/German/French / Hardcover, format: 26 x 30.2 cm (10.2 x 11.9 in.), 200 pp. / US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.000



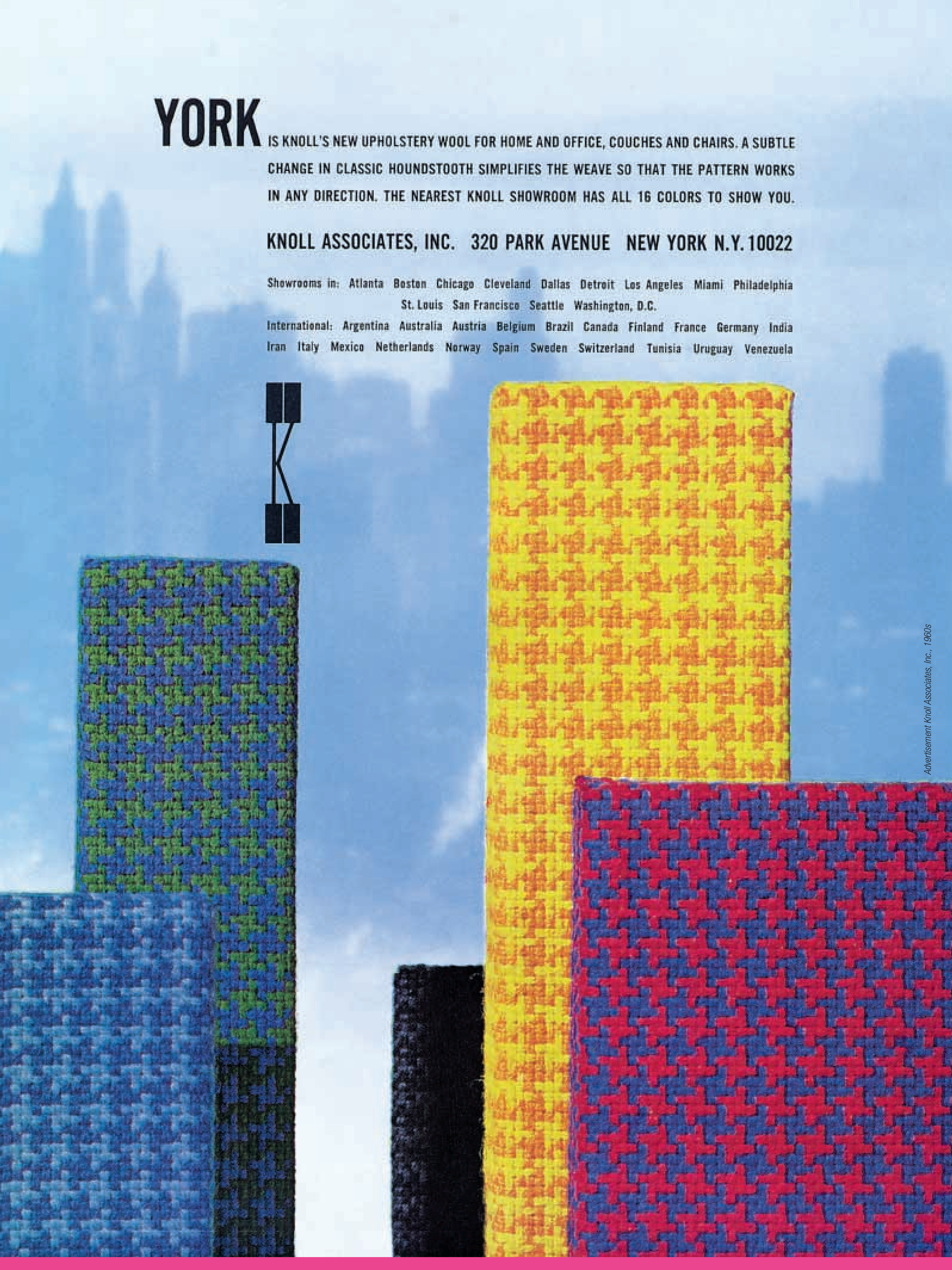




Design, Fotografie, Architektur, 'Adults only' und hocherotischen Blumenbüchern." —*FAZ*, Frankfurt a.M.



"If you've had just about enough of everybody telling you that the Seventies had all the



Advertisement Knoll Associates, Inc., 1960s

best films, here's a book that argues a good case for the Nineties." —***Hot Dog*, London, on *Movies of the 90s***



Ads from the space age

60s Americana galore!

"The whole TASCHEN team should be congratulated on this fine piece of cultural archaelogy."

—*The Richmond Review*, London, on the *All-American Ads* series

"The ads do more than advertise products—they provide a record of American everyday life of a bygone era in a way that nothing else can." —*Associated Press*, USA

With the consumerist euphoria of the fifties still going strong and the race to the moon at its height, the mood of advertising in the sixties was cheerful, optimistic, and at times, revolutionary. The decade's ads touted perceived progress (such as tang and instant omelets—"just add water") while striving to reinforce good old American values. Stars like Sean Connery, Woody Allen, Salvador Dalí, and Sammy Davis Jr. endorsed everything from bourbon to handmade suits in an attempt by Madison Avenue to urge Americans to open their wallets and participate in one giant consumer binge. Social change at the end of the era brought psychedelic swirls and liberated women and minorities to a newly conscious public. Keep an eye out for some of the more surprising and controversial ads—such as Tupperware billing its storage container as a "wifesaver."

From forgotten cars such as the Dodge Dart, to cigarettes ("This Christmas give cartons of Luckies") to food (mmm! TV dinners!) and much more, this colorful collection of print ads explores the wide, wonderful world of 60s Americana.

The author:
Jim Heimann is a resident of Los Angeles, a graphic designer, writer, historian, and instructor at Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California. He is the author of numerous books on architecture, popular culture, and Hollywood history, and serves as a consultant to the entertainment industry.

 "Eine große Lässigkeit geht von diesen Bildern aus, jener Stoizismus,



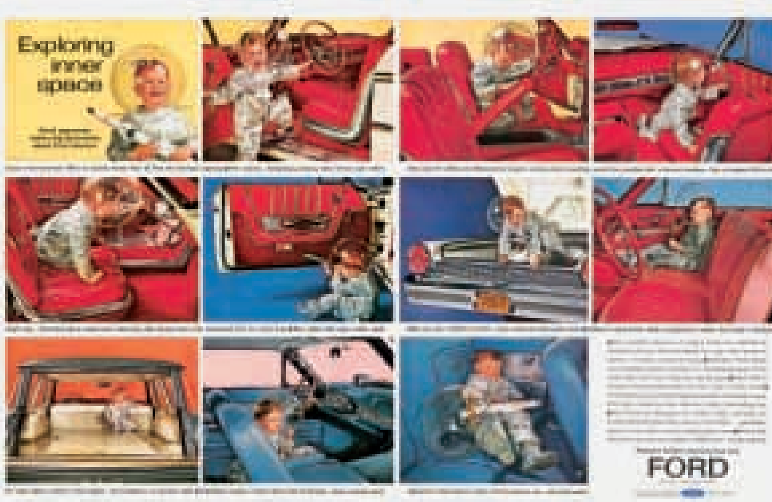












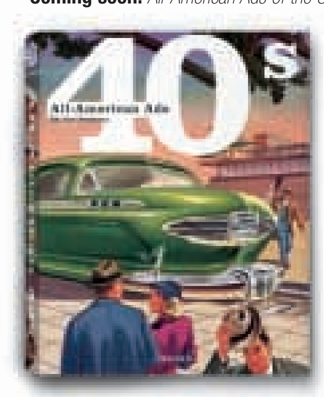


All-American Ads of the 60s Ed. Jim Heimann / English/German/French/ Spanish/Japanese / Flexi-cover, format: 19.6 x 25.5 cm (7.6 x 10 in.), 928 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500

“Leafing through the pair is like walking through a massive design exhibition on the mores of those two decades. ... Who would ever have imagined that ads could say so much about our recent past?”

—*The L.A. Times*, Los Angeles, on *All-American Ads of the 40s* and *50s*

Coming soon: *All-American Ads of the 30s* and *70s*



All-American Ads of the 40s Ed. Jim Heimann / Flexi-cover, 768 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500



All-American Ads of the 50s Ed. Jim Heimann / Flexi-cover, 926 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500

der ein fester Bestandteil der amerikanischen Geisteshaltung ist. Die USA

gewannen den Krieg wahrscheinlich auch deshalb, weil sie die



Flashdance
The Fly
The Fourth Man
Frantic
Full Metal Jacket
Gandhi
Ghostbusters
Goodbye Children
Goodfellas
The Green Ray
Hannah and Her Sisters
Highlander
Home Alone
House of Games
I Hired a Contract Killer
Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade
Jacob's Ladder
The King of Comedy
Kiss of the Spider Woman
The Last Emperor
Lethal Weapon
The Little Shop of Horrors
Lola
Mad Max Beyond the Thunderdome
Men
Miller's Crossing
Misery
Mississippi Burning
Monty Python's The Meaning of Life
Moonstruck
My Beautiful Laundrette
My Left Foot
The Naked Gun: From the Files of Police Squad!
The Name of the Rose
Near Dark
Never Say Never Again
A Nightmare on Elm Street
Nikita
9 1/2 Weeks
Nostalghia
Once Upon a Time in America
The Osterman Weekend
Out of Africa
Paris, Texas
A Passage to India
Pelle the Conqueror
Places in the Heart
Platoon
Presumed Innocent
Pretty Woman
Prince of the City
Prizzi's Honor
Querelle
Rain Man
Ran
Reds
The Right Stuff
RoboCop
A Room with a View
Rumble Fish
Scarface
Sex, Lies and Videotape
She's Gotta Have It
The Sheltering Sky
Shoot to Kil
Something Wild
Sophie's Choice
Stand by Me
Sweetie
Tampopo
Tea in the Harem
Terms of Endearment
The Breakfast Club
The Company of Wolves
The Terminator
Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!
Time Bandits
Time of the Gypsies
To Live and Die in L.A.
Tootsie
Top Gun
Total Recall
The Unbearable Lightness of Being
Under the Volcano
The Untouchables
Wall Street
When Harry Met Sally…
Who Framed Roger Rabbit
Wild at Heart
Witness
Working Girl
Year of the Dragon

Step right up and get your fill of 80s nostalgia with the movie bible to end all movie bibles. We've diligently compiled a list of 145 of the most influential movies of the 1980s that's sure to please popcorn gobblers and highbrow chin-strokers alike. The 80s was a time for adventurers, an era of excess, pomp, and bravado. Back when mullets and shoulder pads were all the rage, moviegoers flicks as wide-ranging as *Blade Runner*, *Indiana Jones, When Harry Met Sally,* and *Blue Velvet*. Without a doubt, sci-fi was the most important genre of the decade, with non-human characters like E.T. winning the hearts of millions while the slimy creatures from *Aliens* became the stuff of nightmares and movies like *Ghost-busters* and *Back to the Future* fused comedy and sci-fi to the delight of audiences everywhere. In fact, the 1980s saw the invention of a new reality, a movie-world so convincingly real—no matter how far-fetched—that spectators could not help but abandon themselves to it. Now *that's* entertainment, folks.

Features:

- Cast/crew listings
- Trivia
- Actor and director bios
- Useful information on technical stuff
- Box office figures
- Film stills
- Academy Awards list

The editor: **Jürgen Müller**, born 1961, studied art history in Bochum, Paris, Pisa, and Amsterdam. He has worked as an art critic, a curator of numerous exhibitions, a visiting professor at various universities, and has published books and numerous articles on topics dealing with the history of art and the cinema. He currently teaches art history at the Universität der Künste in Berlin. He lives in Hamburg and Berlin.

Movies of the 80s Jürgen Müller
English, German, French and Spanish editions / Flexi-cover, format: 19.6 x 24.9 cm (7.7 x 9.8 in.), 864 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500

bessere Werbung hatten." —*Der Tagesspiegel*, Berlin, on *All-American Ads of the 40s/50s*

The Cinema of Surfaces

On the Aesthetics of Film in the Eighties, by Jürgen Müller & Steffen Haubner

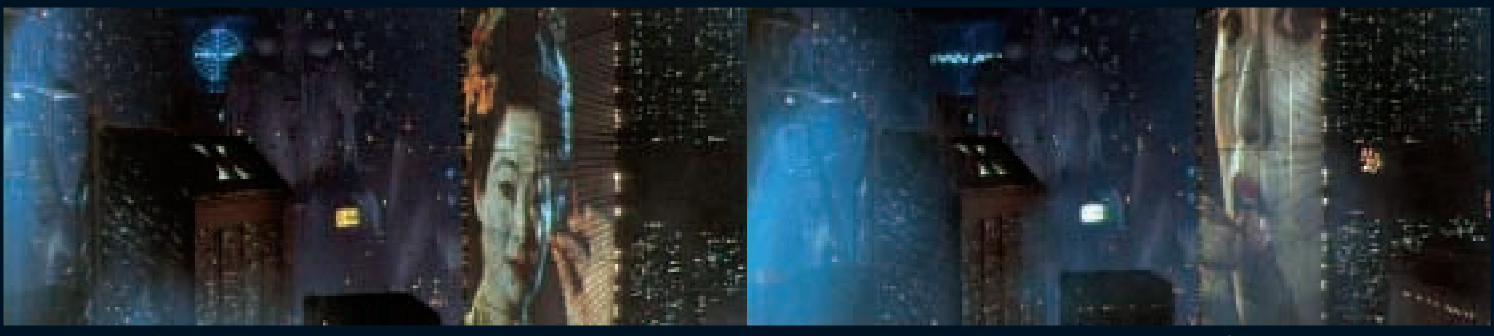




A city spews fire. The black sky above Los Angeles is rocked by countless explosions. Fireballs erupt from factory smokestacks, the air itself seems to shudder and groan; futuristic flying machines swoop through the city, and a bolt of lightning slashes the horizon. So much light… and yet the darkness seems immune, unscathed, impenetrable. Very close up, the next explosion; and then we see a single human eye, the city lights glittering on its shiny surface. This eye itself is in turn a kind of screen, or mirror, impassively reflecting the fireballs that loom above the city. Ridley Scott's opening sequence in *Blade Runner* articulates—indeed, realizes—one of the central aspirations of Eighties cinema: that a film be more than a mere image; that it create its own aesthetic reality and follow its own laws. Despite the film's tangible desire to overwhelm the audience with images, this imaginary journey to the city of tomorrow also has its philosophical ambitions. Critics did not fail to notice that the protagonist's name—Deckard—evokes that of the French philosopher René Descartes, who claimed to have proved with certainty that human beings can know they exist. Later, the leader of the replicants, Roy (Rutger Hauer), is granted a closing monolog in which he quotes a poem by Nietzsche that invokes the grandeur and beauty of an infinite universe.

These philosophical allusions have a common point of departure. Behind the ideas of self-knowledge and the superman, there is an implicit understanding that humanity's ultimate goal and true destiny is to achieve perfection. In the final moments of his life, Roy rejects all this, voicing his willingness to eschew immortality and embrace death. Though all the wonders he has seen will disappear with him "like tears in the rain," he can still justify his existence in aesthetic terms.

In its underlying fatalism, *Blade Runner* is clearly inspired by film noir. The mood of the "dark films" which characterized the Forties is an ideal vehicle for the film's epistemological skepticism, the notion that the future will hold no natural or verifiable truths. In the year 2019, Los Angeles is either too bright or too dark. Instead of illuminating, the light blinds. This stylistic technique, so typical of Ridley Scott, creates some tremendously potent images, whose very effectiveness



supports the film's fundamental skepticism regarding any kind of knowledge or self-knowledge.

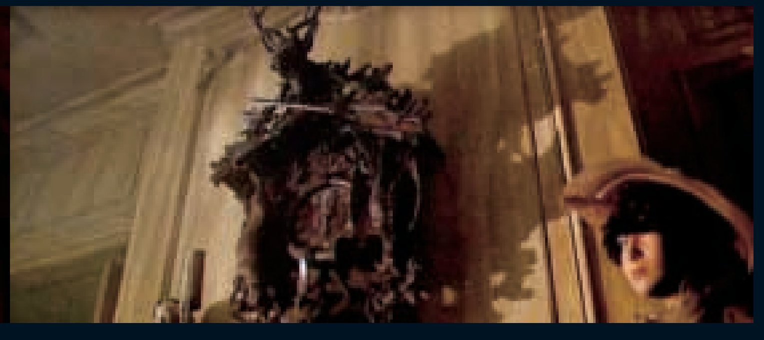
Blade Runner might well be subtitled: "An Apology (in the old sense) for Superficies (in the literal sense)." This also goes some way towards explaining why it became such a cult success in the Eighties, a decade in which many directors were obsessed with the surfaces of things. These surfaces, however, are not always recognizable as such. They conceal themselves—like mirrors in the act of reflection. For surfaces are anything but superficial, though many a critic would have us believe otherwise. We can only really begin to speak in terms of an aesthetic of surfaces if we approach the topic with a measure of humility. In this context, humility means admitting and embracing the relativity and subjectivity of perception. What we know depends on what we see; and whether we like it or not, we look at the world through tinted glasses.

In this respect, it makes little difference whether our view is colored by our ethnic origin, gender, ideology or our most personal desires.

The Dream Machine

Blade Runner is an excellent example of the rapidly growing interest, throughout the Eighties, in the cinema's peerless capacity to create illusions. The means, methods and conventions of film were increasingly questioned and the defining characteristics of cinematic fiction examined. The flawless production design exhibited in movies like *Aliens* (1986), *Total Recall* (1990), *Dune* (1984), *Star Wars: Episode VI – The Return of the Jedi* (1983), *E.T. – The Extraterrestrial* (1982), *Outland* (1981) and *Back to the Future* (1985) still exhilarates audiences to this very day. All of these films went to extraordinary lengths to create impeccable and unprecedented parallel universes. Film publications of the time increasingly focused on the mysterious world of special effects. Yet audiences were not simply succumbing helplessly to the seductive power of the cinematic illusion. They were discovering and understanding this very illusory potential as a thrilling *subject* for the movies themselves.

The two directors mainly responsible for this shift had established themselves in Hollywood in the Seventies. While Steven Spielberg and George Lucas exploited the medium's

newfound technical capabilities, they were also willing to resort to crowd-pleasing stock content. If it helped to lure the audience away from the television and back into the theater—so be it.

When *Star Wars* (1977) was released in the late Seventies, it was the first in a long line of films to be accompanied by a massive merchandising campaign—the movie as a commercial for itself, so to speak. But only in the Eighties did the "blockbuster" become the rule rather the exception. If a film drew the crowds, a sequel was inevitable. The popularity of the *Indiana Jones* trilogy (1981, 1984, 1989) boasted unbeatable speed as a substitute for an original storyline. The film historian Tom Gunning once referred to the industry's early years as the "cinema of attractions"—and the Eighties made no attempt to conceal film's lowly origin as a sideshow sensation.

The Wonderful World of Artifice

In Europe, the Eighties saw the passing of a generation of great individual European filmmakers. In 1982, Ingmar Bergmann retired from filmmaking and Rainer Werner Fassbinder died; Luis Buñuel died in 1983, and François Truffaut just one year later. However, it proved to be a varied and heterogeneous age for European cinema. While Federico Fellini produced a melancholy farewell to a Golden Age of cinema with *And the Ship Sails On* (*E la nave va*, 1982), Bernardo Bertolucci burst onto the international film scene, scoring his greatest triumph with the widely acclaimed *The Last Emperor* (1987). Britain's film business enjoyed a vibrant renaissance, with a generation of directors fired by a passionate opposition to Thatcherism. This interest in politics was something of an anomaly in the European cinema of the time. The "New British Cinema" declared war on Thatcherism, and directors such as Stephen Frears and Ken Loach produced some politically provocative pieces of film. But the most radical innovations in "ways of seeing" were achieved in the work of Peter Greenaway and Pedro Almodóvar.

In the United States, Jim Jarmusch became the dominant figure in independent cinema, and his influence on European

 "Plush is the only way to describe [it]. 'Nobody's perfect' is happily not appli-

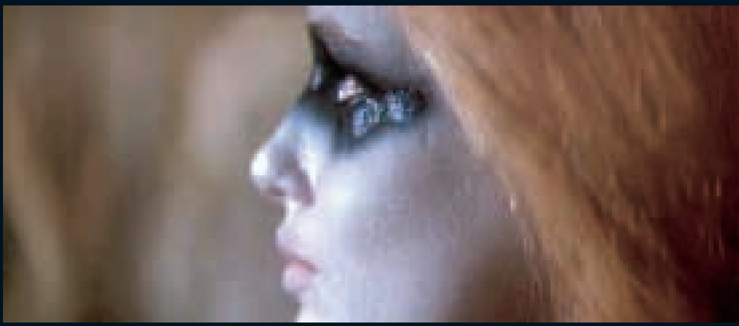
filmmakers is undeniable. The work of the Finnish director Aki Kaurismäki is a case in point: much like Jarmusch's, his films can be seen as a challenge to the ruling Hollywood norms. Kaurismäki's laconic heroes are travelers without a destination, people who put attitude before action. Both these directors have a notable liking for long shots and a stationary camera.

In Germany too, it is hard to identify a common trend. *Fitzcarraldo* (1978–1981) was one of Werner Herzog's finest films, while Wim Wenders' *Paris, Texas* (1984) marked a highpoint in the director's mastery of form.

France witnessed a kind of *rapprochement* between Hollywood and the European tradition. The *cinéma du look* pioneered by Jean-Jacques Beineix and Luc Besson marked the arrival of design as an autonomous mode of cinematic expression. This artificial "neon cinema" was an attempt by the younger generation to create original myths and to make a clean break with the intellectual tradition of French film. It was this aesthetic stance that made Beineix and Besson perhaps the most representative figures of their time. This goes to show that we can neither speak of a "European cinema" *per se*—nor of any identifiable, monolithic "European audience."

As ever, film criticism in the Eighties continued to pit art against commerce. One American critic wrote that the exorbitant sum of money Terry Gilliam spent on *Brazil* (1984) had hurt the project more than it helped it. *Blade Runner*, too, was sharply criticized for its extreme stylization. The grand illusionists, however, were quite unfazed. Ridley Scott made a robust defense of his film's mannerist style and the unabashed artificiality of the world he had created: "Sometimes the design is the statement."

It was impossible for the cinema of the Eighties to be a medium of enlightenment, for it was less interested in ideas and convictions than in its own seductive power. Correspondingly, the brazen artificiality of the Hong Kong cinema began to exert an increasing attraction on American and European audiences.





Beneath the Surface

Songbirds, nature safely domesticated behind immaculate picket fences, neat rows of family homes under a radiant blue sky, children playing on freshly mowed lawns, and a picture book fire truck with the friendly fireman waving atop as he passes. A tranquil, pristine world, a blessed relief from all these somber trips through neon-lit urban purgatories. Well, not quite. Horror lurks just under the beautiful surface. Yet again, a stylish facade turns out to be a kind of mirage. In the words of David Lynch, *Blue Velvet* (1985) "...takes us under the surface of American small-town life and on a journey into the subconscious."

With the appearance of a human ear in the grass, the director shatters the idyll and makes a conscious allusion to Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí's *An Andalusian Dog* (*Un chien andalou*, 1929). Lynch hereby embraces the Surrealist tradition, the artistic movement that articulated the strongest aversion to any form of "normality." Inasmuch, this piece of visual sampling might be said to have set the agenda for the Eighties.

Lynch's surfaces are brilliantly ambivalent. They reveal as they conceal, which brings us back to the misgiving voiced by the director that the thin facade of everyday life conceals some very sinister forces. In the Eighties, a wide variety of films expressed the suspicion that the most mundane realities are merely masks for something extraordinary. Corrupt governments are pulling invisible strings from behind the scenes—as in *Nikita*. Or apparently normal, law-abiding citizens are aliens in disguise—as in John Carpenter's *They Live* (1988). In *House of Games* (1987), David Mamet presents a bunch of cardsharks and con-artists in such a way that that every apparent revelation of the truth is merely a front for a further deception. Modern technology and the apparently limitless power of the media make it increasingly easy to doubt one's own perceptions. For *The Osterman Weekend* (1983), Sam Peckinpah orchestrated a complex cat's cradle out of government red tape, in which it soon becomes impossible to tell who is actually conspiring against whom. Here, even the weather report cannot be taken at face value. It should therefore come as no surprise to us that films have continued to voice the suspicion that life itself is nothing more than a brilliantly fabricated illusion.





Metamorphosis and Transgression

An element of social criticism adds to this climate of suspicion. In *Wall Street* (1987), Oliver Stone depicts a young stockbroker (Charlie Sheen) learning a few of life's harder lessons. In the process, he comes to see that the world in which he lives and the goals he has aspired to are nothing more than a mirage. The stylish interiors, the designer desks, the well-groomed surfaces of the people and the objects cannot conceal the nihilism at the heart of it all. This is a world in which everything is sacrificed, irretrievably, to profit. An abstract painting serves as a symbol for this inner and outer void, when Gordon Gekko (Michael Douglas) finds only one thing worthy of mention: the picture's appreciated value. Standing in front of this work of art, he gives his "protégé" a lesson in capitalism. **"Illusion has become reality, and the more real it gets, the more strongly it is desired."**

In *After Hours* (1985), Martin Scorsese has an IT expert wander the streets of a Kafkaesque New York. In *Something Wild* (1987), Jonathan Demme sends a stodgy businessman the woman of his dreams, who almost drives him insane. In Susan Seidelman's *Desperately Seeking Susan* (1984), a bored housewife loses her memory and finds that there's a whole lot more to life than what home cooking and advice columnists have to offer. The protagonists of the films just listed are paradigmatic heroes, our proxies on the mythical journey to an alien world—a gaudy, threatening and seductive microcosm in which they will finally encounter and face up to themselves. The need for self-transcendence is reflected even more clearly in a number of films that deal with the topic of metamorphosis. In Woody Allen's *Zelig* (1983), a human chameleon develops a desire to identify his true self. In Sidney Pollack's *Tootsie* (1982), the protagonist played by Dustin Hoffman can only achieve self-realization by disguising himself as a woman. Penny Marshall's *Big* (1988) is a fairy-tale take on the transformation theme: a mechanical fortuneteller at a carnival grants a young boy's wish to grow up immediately.

The unexpected is seen not only as an opportunity but also as a threat. A diffuse feeling of menace haunted the Eighties. Domestic politics stagnated while the atomic superpowers held each other at bay, and a dramatic rise in epidemics culminated in the plague of AIDS. Politicians called for a return to the traditional values of home and family. Yet interestingly —and perhaps strangely in such a climate of social and political tension—the unexpected was increasingly felt to be lurking in the most intimate refuge we possess: in our very selves. Alan Parker's *Angel Heart* (1986) showed a particularly chilling voyage of negative self-discovery in which the protagonist is forced to realize that his identity is an illusion and that he is nothing more than an instrument of the devil.

Searching for the lost secret

It's astonishing how decades so recent can yet seem centuries away. Weren't the Eighties thoroughly anti-classical—and less secure than the Seventies in matters of taste? And don't the Eighties now seem naïve and colorful compared to the cool, elegant decade the Nineties tried so hard to be? More emphasis might well be placed on just how conservative the decade was, more space might be devoted to noting how reactionary so many films were, and how indelibly the Eighties were marked by the presidency of Ronald Reagan.

Rambo (*First Blood*, 1982), *Aliens* and *Top Gun* (1985) are some of the prime examples that come to mind. Still, it would be unfair to reduce the Eighties to this. Instead of harping on the baleful influence of political stagnation—a perspective on the decade that would force us to see the films as mere compensation mechanisms—we should embrace the escapism, take pleasure in the anarchy and thoroughly enjoy the paranoia.

Maybe the decade's finest achievement was its mistrust of any claim to absolute truth, and its self-liberation from the stranglehold of ideologies. For were the 80s not a decade for adventurers, both real and imaginary, in the vestiges of Don Quixote and Columbus? And what did these films accomplish, if not reendow reality with its inherent mystery?



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value, lasts, engages, indulges, uplifts, and is new." *—reader's comment*, amazon.com

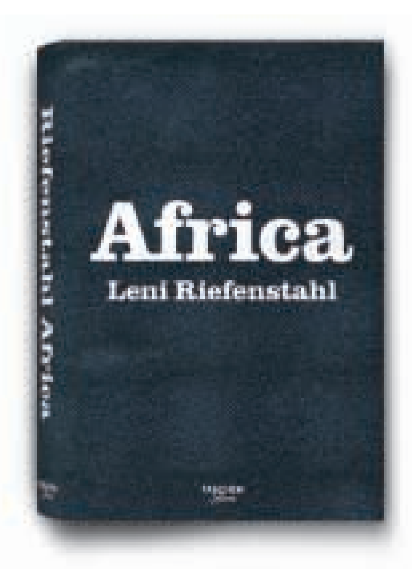
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For Leni on her 100th birthday

A very special tribute to her remarkable Africa œuvre

"Riefenstahl's ambition at nearly a century of life seems undiminished.... Her book is simply magnificent."

—International Documentary Magazine, Los Angeles, on *Five Lives*



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As Leni Riefenstahl turns 100, TASCHEN celebrates with a tribute to her remarkable Africa oeuvre. When she was in her early sixties, Riefenstahl began voyaging frequently to the African continent, where she has worked on various film and photography projects over the last half century. Her favorite destination was in Sudan, where she lived with and photographed the Nuba tribes people, learning their language and becoming their friend. The Nuba were a loving and peaceful people who welcomed Riefenstahl as one of their own. Her images of the Nuba, as well as of the Dinka, Shilluk, Masai, and other tribes, are gathered in this monumental book. Riefenstahl remembers her experiences in Africa as the happiest moments in her life. Her beautiful, skilled photographs represent a landmark in the extraordinary career of the 20th century's most unforgettable artistic pioneer.

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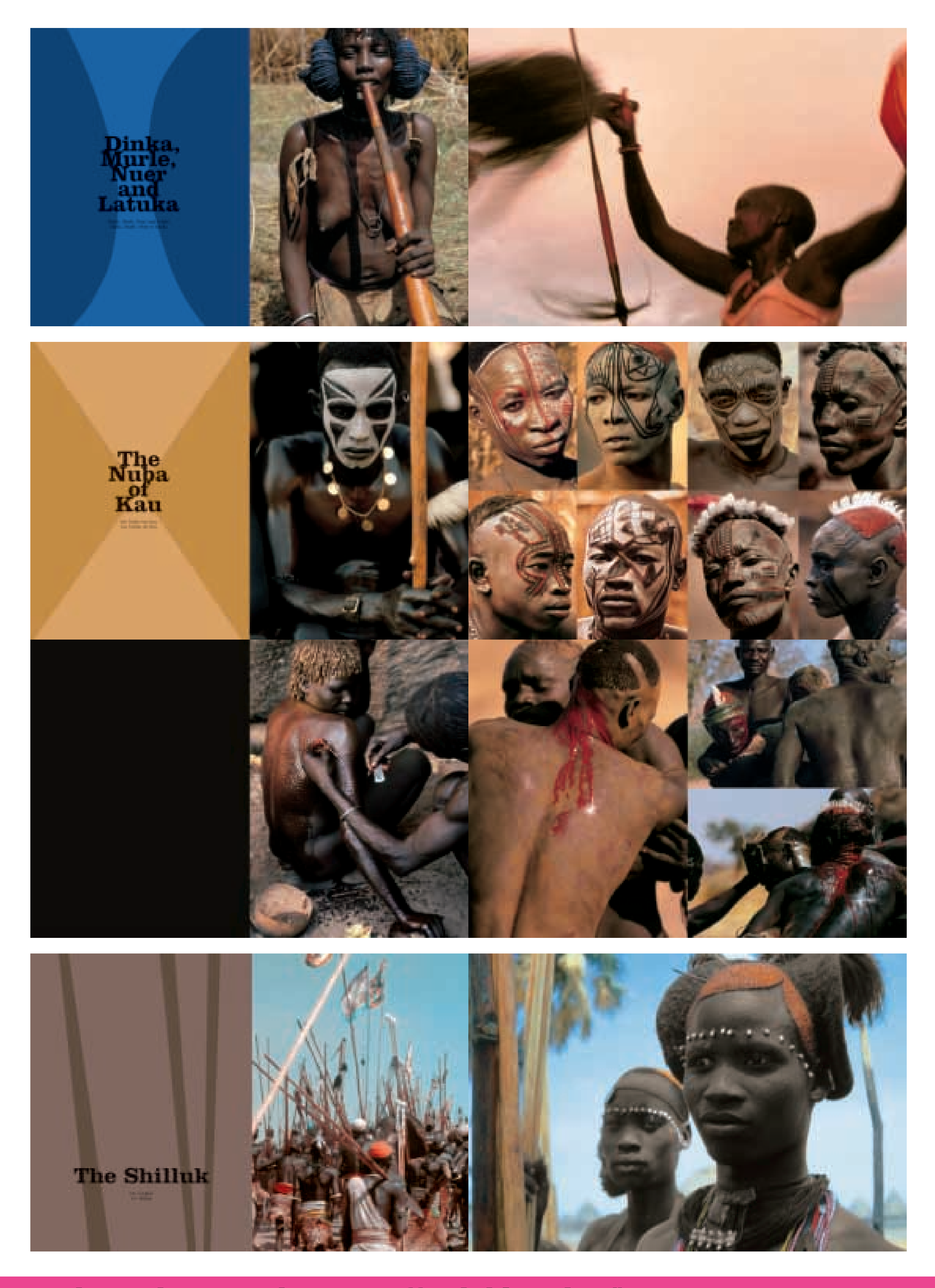
Page 66/67 *Nuba men on their way to the wrestling festival—the larger the calabash, the greater the warrior's reputation*
Opposite page top *The screams of the men on the cliffs announce a fighting contest* **Opposite page bottom** *The dance festival which takes place after the knife duels* **This page** *Portrait of the young Nuba woman Jamila*
Page 75 *Three young Nuba girls at the dance festival*

that are neatly stacked on all the best coffee tables...." *—Empire Magazine,* **USA**

The Mesakin Quissayr



 “It is impossible to overstate TASCHEN’s devotion to promoting



serious photography at an affordable price." —British Journal of Photography, UK

“If Leni Riefenstahl had done nothing but visit Africa and bring back her photographs, her place in history would be secure.”

Leni Riefenstahl interviewed by Kevin Brownlow



If Leni Riefenstahl had done nothing but visit Africa and bring back her photographs, her place in history would be secure. For these pictures are an extraordinary record. Equally extraordinary is her stamina; while she made her first visit in her early sixties, she undertook her most recent at 98. Her love for Africa resulted in three photographic books before this one.

Her first expedition should have acted as aversion therapy and put her off for life, for it could hardly have been more disastrous. She set out to make a film about the illegal slave trade in Africa. While travelling north of Nairobi, the driver of her jeep tried to avoid a tiny dik-dik (dwarf antelope); the vehicle hit a rock and was hurled into the air, crashing down into a dry river bed. Leni went through the windscreen and she was severely injured—her head wound was sewn up with a darning needle—and she was not expected to live. With her incredible resilience she recovered. A fleeting glimpse of Masai warriors carrying spears and wearing tribal costume inspired a fascination which led eventually to her photographic work. Ernest Hemingway described the Masai as “the tallest, best-grown, most splendid people that I had ever seen in Africa.”

When I spoke to her at her home in Pocking, Leni Riefenstahl, still in pain from yet another crash in Africa, told me that Ernest Hemingway had been responsible for her fascination for the continent.

“I read Hemingway’s book, *The Green Hills of Africa* (1935). And that influenced me. And when I got there, this shimmer, this light that I found in Africa, the warmth and the colours that look so completely different in the heat from those of Europe, all that fascinated me greatly. It reminded me of the Impressionist painters—Manet, Monet, Cézanne.”

But it was a picture of Nuba wrestlers—one man carried on the shoulders of another—taken by the English photographer George Rodger, that led to her becoming a great stills photographer herself. It looked, she said, like a sculpture by Rodin and with its brief caption “A Nuba of Kordofan” it drew her magically to a forgotten, little-explored part of Africa. But how to get there? Her finances were low, she had no pension and she had a mother to support. She pursued an opportunity to make a film set around the Nile. She succeeded in obtaining a visa to travel in the Sudan from Ahmed Abu Bakr, the Director of Tourism, who became a friend and who would play an important role in her life. But then the Berlin Wall went up and her backers lost their money. The film was cancelled.

She was given a second chance by the head of the German Nansen Society. Herr Oscar Luz warned her how tough it would be, for Leni was over sixty. But with her training in ballet, mountain-climbing and skiing, she was exceptionally confident. After the meeting, she said, she felt “reborn.”

“I had read that the Nuba lived in Kordofan. At first, nobody knew where Kordofan was. It took me a long time to find out that Kordofan was a province of the Sudan. And when I was in Khartoum, the capital of the Sudan, and asked about Kordofan, most people hardly knew, and no one know where the Nuba might be. I was in Khartoum twice before I found someone who even knew the Nuba existed.

“When I found out about them, from the photo by Rodger which I had with me, and which I showed to people, and when I was on my way there, the police (chief of Kordofan) told me that these Nuba on the picture—“the unclothed Nuba”—no longer existed. They said they’d existed ten years earlier. But I didn’t give up asking and trying to find out.”

“When I showed the Polaroid, one Nuba would say to the other ‘That’s you!’ They’d never seen themselves and they just kept looking at the picture and then the other one would say ‘But that’s you!’ ”

The Nansen people drove on through the Nuba hills. After searching for a week, the only Nuba they had encountered looked like any other black African, wearing shirts and shorts. The morale of the expedition plummeted. One day, after they had been driving for hours through a deserted valley, the distinctive round houses of the Nuba appeared high above. Leni spotted a young, naked girl, who scampered away in fright. With great caution, and immense excitement, they moved forward on foot.

“Several naked men, 'she wrote in her memoirs,' covered with snow-white ashes and wearing bizarre headgear, were followed by others, whose bodies were painted white and adorned with white ornaments. Girls and women, similarly painted and decorated with white pearls, nimbly trailed the men, walking straight as candles and bearing calabashes and large baskets on their heads. No doubt about it; these were the Nuba.” (p. 468)

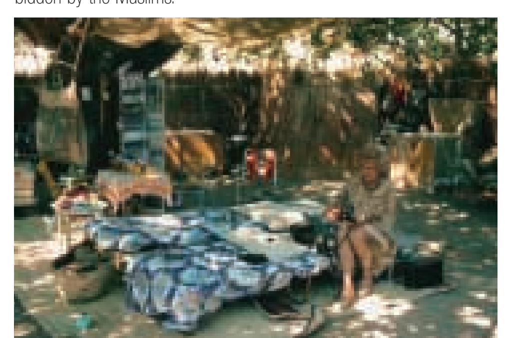
That same evening, the expedition saw the phenomenon of wrestling—a vast crowd of shrieking and strangely painted Nuba surrounded pairs of wrestlers who, accompanied by the constant sound of drumming, fought through a ritual which ended with the victors carried on shoulders, just like the Rodger photograph.

I asked Leni if she, a lone woman of advanced years in the middle of the African bush, felt the fear that I know I would have experienced.

“Not at all. I felt far safer than I would walking around the streets here on my own. One could see they were very good people. I felt it, I saw it in their faces, they radiated it. I was never afraid. Never, never—even when I was alone—did a Nuba touch me. They always treated me as one of their own.”

The Nansens pitched camp near a Nuba settlement in December, l962, under a tree which would become Leni’s favourite spot in the world. She set out to learn the language and the customs. “The blacks whom we live among here are so delightful that I’m never bored for even a moment,” she wrote to her mother, telling her how the Nuba, carrying spears, gathered round the radio and listened to their first broadcast—Christmas carols from Germany. (p. 471)

Since stopping at Kadugli, a young Sudanese policemen had joined the expedition with the specific purpose of acting as censor, and to prevent Leni photographing naked people. For nakedness was forbidden by the Muslims.



“As long as I was with the Nansen expedition, there was always a government policeman with us. But that was only up to l963. Aftewards, when I was on my own, I never had a policeman with me. The Minister of Tourism in the Sudan, Ahmed Abu Bakr, gave me special permission so I could be there without a policeman accompanying me.”

“Did the policemen ever stop you taking pictures?”

“Yes, they tried. Despite the permission I had. At the last settlement where there were still Sudanese living, the officials there tried to stop me, and I screamed and raged and threw myself on the ground. I refused to go on and forced them to give in. I had worked out a plan. At a stop in a town a few hundred kilometres back, I had recorded an officer saying that I had got the permission from the government in Khartoum to go and stay with the Nuba, and he was a high-ranking officer. And that tape I played at the last station. The distances are enormous—from Khartoum to the capital of the province, Elobe, is five hundred kilometres. And that’s where I showed the documents from the Ministry of Tourism in Khartoum to the officer in charge and I asked him to read the official permission on to tape for me. And I played that tape at the last station. They couldn’t read there. But they could hear!”

“Let’s say that the time I spent with the Nuba was among the happiest of my life, among the most beautiful of my life. It was just wonderful. Because they were always cheerful, laughing all day long, good people who never stole a thing. They were happy about everything, pleased with everything. And they had no capital punishment or anything of the kind. The punishments there were really harmless and the greatest crime was stealing a goat. A heavy punishment would mean that the offender would have to go for a few days to the nearest place that had a police station and there do some punitive work like road sweeping and other menial chores.”



But the Nuba’s state of innocence offended the authorities. “The Sudanese government had forbidden them to go around naked, they had to wear clothing.” This order, however, took some years to change the way they lived.

Leni had come to Africa primarily to make a film, not to take still pictures. But now the film had collapsed, she fell back on her trusty Leica camera.

“A difficult question; how did you know the right moment?”

“I simply try as quickly as possible—it has to be quick—to find the right framing. I work very, very fast.”

“This remarkable talent could not have appeared overnight. When did you realise you had this talent?”

“I actually got that from my director, when I was appearing as an actress in my first films with Dr Arnold Fanck. He was an outstanding photographer. He showed me how to do it, and how to frame photographs. I absorbed it all unconsciously, watching him work. And then I began unconsciously photographing, just as he did. So unconsciously he was my teacher.”

“Did you ever consider Polaroids?”

“I had Polaroids for several reasons. One was to use them with the

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customs authorities. The various provinces had customs borders and it was always a great problem to get across. I would photograph the customs officers and give them the photo and I'd then get permission to cross the border. In fact, whenever I had problems with people, the Polaroid was my best helpmate. I also used them so that the Nuba could see for the first time what they looked like. It was very funny. When I showed the Polaroid, one Nuba would say to the other "That's you!" They'd never seen themselves and they just kept looking at the picture and then the other one would say "But that's you!" They had no mirrors, and when the Nuba got their Polaroid picture, they all wanted one. I was completely overwhelmed. They were screaming for the pictures. I didn't have that much film on me.They were just crazy about them."

"But the Moslems felt that photographing naked people was wrong?"

"Yes. In the Sudan that's a very grave offence. It's almost a crime. And that was my greatest difficulty. No one in the Sudan was supposed to know that I was photographing these naked people. During the first expedition, I still had to send my photographs to Khartoum to be censored. I have an album here with photos where you can see those marked that I wasn't allowed to publish. They didn't destroy the photos, I just wasn't allowed to publish them. One was always on a knife edge. It was dangerous with the government there. I kept getting on the blacklist in Khartoum. The really extraordinary thing was when there was one of those changes of government and President Nimeiri gained power—my books had already been published then—a miracle took place. Because Nimeiri said "These pictures are Art" and I ought to be given an award for them. Even when the people are naked. And I received the highest Sudanese order, and a Sudanese passport."

The European idea of "savages" proved unfounded; in fact, she found the so-called "savages" a lot more congenial than many of the "civilized" people she encountered.

"During one of the expeditions I had engaged a German and an Englishman. This was in the southern Sudan. They had an ancient car, an old VW van in bad condition. I talked them into taking me to the Nuba about 500 km (out of their way.) I offered them the last bit of money that I had."

For the four weeks she wanted to stay with the Nuba, the German demanded fifteen hundred marks—payment in advance. When the van finally arrived at "her" tree, the Nuba gathered round shouting "Leni—Leni giratzo" ("Leni's come back.")

"The men and women hugged me, the children pulled at my clothes," Leni wrote. "Their jubilation was indescribable and I was deliriously happy. I had wanted this kind of reunion and it surpassed all my hopes." (p. 482)

Next morning, the German announced they would be moving in two days. Leni protested she had paid for four weeks. But the German's mind was made up. The Nuba, recognising the situation, simply transferred her camp and lent her one of their huts. She was told that a grand wrestling festival was to take place.

I asked Leni if she, a lone woman of advanced years in the middle of the African bush, felt fear.

"I felt far safer than I would walking around the streets here on my own. I was never afraid."

"Wrestling was their life. For them, the most important thing after death was wrestling. They started as babies. As soon as they could toddle they'd start wrestling."

Leni decided to go to the festival without informing the German. To her alarm, the distance proved to be enormous and in the fierce heat she passed out. A Nuba woman carried her the rest of the way in a basket on her head.

The festival surpassed anything she had ever witnessed. While she struggled through the crowd to photograph it, wrestlers nearly fell on top of her. Her Nuba friends escorted her to the spot where the best wrestler of the Mesakin Nuba was to fight the strongest from the Togadindi region, who was almost seven feet tall. The remarkable event had just reached its climax when Leni caught sight of her estwhile friends, the German and the Englishman.

"They said they were leaving and I had to go with them. But I couldn't leave because my things were in another place, not where the wrestling was going on."

But leave she had to, even though the Nuba begged her to stay. Weeping with frustration, she had to climb in to the van—and when she returned to her camp, the German admitted they couldn't leave until the next day. Leni could have stayed at the festival. That night, her Nuba came back. They had left the festival to say goodbye to her. And all too soon, it was time to depart.

"The German and the Englishman were dragging me off. The Nuba came running up and said "Goodbye, goodbye!" and grabbed my hands. They wanted me to stay. But the others took me off by force. The Nuba didn't want to let me go. They'd already picked out a spot where they were going to build me a house. I really wanted to stay there, I was going to stay there for good."

The Nuba ran beside the VW calling out "Leni basso". Of course, Leni knew she would come back.

In May, l963, Leni accompanied the elderly Prince Ernst von Isenburg, who had lived in East Africa for thirty years, on a trip to the Masai. Celebrated for their fearlessness, the Masai were undefeated until they met the British and the Gatling gun. But they would not sign a peace treaty until they had been brought into the presence of the highest authority, Queen Victoria herself.

"The Masai are very interesting photo material—their appearance, their dress. The pictures I took in the Sudan are rare because people hardly ever get there, but those of the Masai photos are not worth a lot because there are so many of them."

Leni was fascinated to see the difference between the Nuba, who had respect for women, and the Masai, for whom they had less value than a cow.

"But they could be disarmingly nice, and they even performed fights for us." (p. 496)

When Leni returned to her home in Munich, her mother was horrified by her appearance. She had not been ill and felt immensely fit; only her hair had been damaged by the sun, and she had lost a great deal of weight. What concerned her were the rolls of film she had sent back.

"I gave them to a young man, a student I knew called Ulli, who was to take them to my mother. The student exposed all the films. Destroyed them all. Every one. I could never repeat them."

Leni was shattered and could barely sleep or eat. She showed the destroyed rolls to detectives. It turned out that for some unaccountable reason, Ulli had taken the films out of their capsules in broad daylight and they were light-struck. The police found four undeveloped rolls in his apartment, and when developed these turned out to be flawless—they contained the shots of the Dinka. And fortunately, the first consignment of ninety rolls with all the Nuba shots were safe. Leni offered them to the German magazines *Stern*, *Bunte Illustrierte* and *Quick* and presumably due to her record as a film-maker during the Third Reich, they were turned down by all of them. Only Axel Springer's *Kristall*, whose editors were amazed by the pictures, were willing to publish them—which they did in three editions. Leni took the pictures on the lecture circuit and received excellent reactions from every audience to whom she showed them.

Ill fortune has ruthlessly dogged Leni but she has always had the resilience and courage to overcome it. And sometimes the ill-fortune was followed by strokes of astounding good luck.

Revolution had broken out in the Sudan. But her old friend Ahmed Abu Bakr obtained permits for filming in the Nuba Hills. "The Nuba greeted me—if it were possible—even more exuberantly than last time," she wrote. (p. 512) Everything seemed the same. The Nuba seemed the happiest people in creation.

It was during a visit to the BBC in London in 1966 that I first met Leni; she came to the flat of Philip Jenkinson in Blackheath and to a group of us showed the surviving rolls of the Nuba film on l6mm. I remember feeling that Fromm's cinematography was careful and efficient, but when we saw the Nuba slides, without exception, her stills in colour of the same events were more effective. Many were incredibly good.

"You can see I am a film-maker, yes?" she said.

We were amazed by mass scenes of tribesmen, the spears composed like paintings by Utrillo, powerful close-ups, full figure shots showing her fascination with the beauty of physique, swirling action pictures of wrestling... Her depictions of innocence, the paradise before civilization, were most effective in closeups of Nuba tribesmen and girls; the serene expressions she captured were most touching.

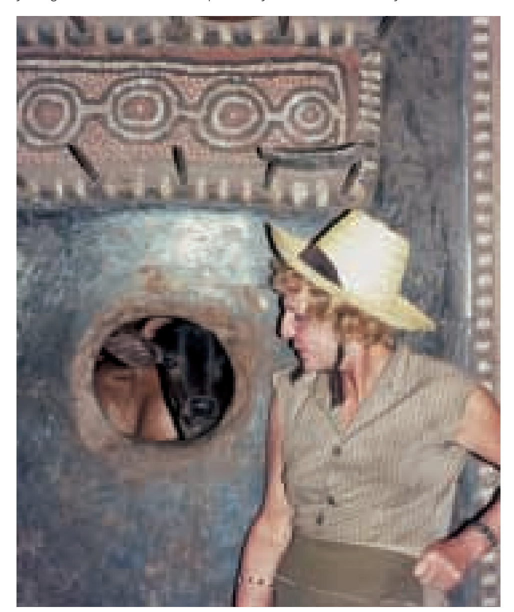
"Stills can also be artistic," she said, suspecting prejudice from us film-makers. "I like stills because there is more time to look."

We all felt deeply privileged .

At the end of l966, Leni returned to Sudan for a brief visit. After the usual enthusiastic reception from the Nuba, she realised it was Christmas.

"I showed them what an angel looked like with a white sheet. I made some kind of wings. I tried to explain what Christmas was like with candles. I gave a small Christmas party—a surprise to the Nuba who didn't know what Christmas was. When I lit the candles in my hut, it turned out that they had never seen a candle."

She realised that she could no longer manage alone; ideally she needed someone familiar with motion picture cameras who was also an engineer. And, incredibly, she found him. Horst Kettner was a tall young man whose face "inspired my trust from the very first



moment." (p. 548) And he proved his ability by going to England, despite not speaking a word of English, picking up a Land Rover, despite a strike at the factory, and driving it nonstop from London to Munich.

"I didn't film myself. I only photographed. Horst filmed (with a 16mm Arriflex.) Oh, he was a great help. Especially when the car broke down. Changing a wheel was very exhausting for me. And besides it was a very good feeling to have someone else to share all those beautiful things, a friend who could see and experience all that with me. For instance, if anyone were to doubt what I am telling you now, there would be a witness who could confirm what I said. He thinks the same way about the Nuba as I do."

After overcoming a series of almost insuperable difficulties, vividly told in her memoirs, Leni reached her Nuba once more and again received an ecstatic welcome. They had built her a house. But she was dismayed by the changes she saw.

of an Araki retrospective, the fleshy pink cover of which is perfect

"After (five) years" absence when I came back they were suddenly all dressed in rags. They were forced to—the Sudanese government brought them clothing. They weren't allowed to go about naked any more. And that had changed them as well."

When Horst and Leni attempted to film a wrestling festival, they discovered that even the athletes were wearing trousers and carrying plastic bottles. Horst could not persuade the men to discard their clothing; now they were embarrassed. The ritual had changed so much that it was no longer worth shooting. More disturbingly, Leni heard that the Nuba had begun to steal. "What had caused this change?" she wrote. "It couldn't be the fault of tourists, for apart from a British air hostess who had managed to advance this far with her father, no outsider had ever come here except for myself." (p. 557) A number of bad harvests had forced the young men to go to work in the towns; they returned with clothes, venereal diseases and money.

"The first coin, the first piece of money of whatever currency they got hold of changed the character of the Nuba. From that moment, they could buy something in the market. They grew cotton and sold it in the market, and when they got the money for that and could buy things, the others wanted money as well. Before there had been no difference between them. Without money, they were all equal. But with the arrival of money, one would have more, the other one less and so all of a sudden something arose they hadn't known before, a certain competitiveness, a certain envy. And that changed their character."



Leni feared that the catastrophe which had overwhelmed the Native American and the Australian aborigine would soon destroy the Nuba. As she wrote; "Whenever the dark side of civilization spreads out, human happiness disappears." (p. 558)

Back in Germany, her photographs of the Nuba were printed in *Stern* magazine in December, l969, and soon they appeared in an impressive book, published in America and France as well as Germany. She took the book to show the Nuba but when she arrived, she found her paradise destroyed. The Nuba were as affectionate as ever, and their old friends much the same, but the others came asking for medicine, tobacco, beads, batteries, sunglasses... And they all wore filthy, tattered clothes, "worse than the garb of beggars in European slums." (p. 588)

"When I showed them the pictures of what they'd looked like when they were still wearing no clothing, they were suddenly ashamed. They had been persuaded that this was bad."

On this expedition, Horst thought Leni mad; she was determined to find a more distant Nuba tribe called the Kau, and despite lack of fuel and the fact that no maps existed for the area, they pressed ahead. The heat was furious, the journey uncomfortable, but they were rewarded by "an unusual and thrilling tableau" (p. 591)

"In the final rays of the setting sun," wrote Leni, "very slender figures moved in balletic grace to the beat of the drums. The girls were completely naked, oiled all over, and painted different colours ranging from red to ochre and yellow. Their movements were seductive and became wilder and wilder...The dancers hadn't noticed me, since I was concealed behind a tree trunk, photographing with long telephoto lenses...For me, this was the greatest visual experience I have ever had during any of my African expeditions." (p. 591)

They were also able to photograph a zuar (knife-fight); it was the hope of seeing one that led Leni to embark on this expedition in the first place.

"The Kau don't wrestle; it was more of a fight with blades on their arms—(brass p. 592). No one had ever photographed them before. No other tribe in the entire world fights with these (brass) rings. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. For me, as a photographer, it was sensationale. And no other people in the world are as gifted at painting masks. What the indigenous peoples do in New Guinea by comparison is primitive, but the Kau Nuba were artists. Their masks are art."

She discovered these masks in another village, Nyaro. "A young boy's body was fantastically painted, like a leopard, and his face reminded me of a Picasso. To my surprise, he raised no objections to being photographed, and soon I discovered that he was not the only one painted in such an unusual way; young men came towards me from everywhere, with faces like stylized masks." (p. 593)

"Did they ever object to being photographed?"

"The Mesakin Nuba never. They were far better friends, anyway. There was a big difference between the Mesakin Nuba and the Kau. Some of the Kau Nuba did refuse. The work with the Kau Nuba was very, very difficult. No, what I saw I photographed. Everything was forbidden anyway. Everything was a struggle at Kau."

In Khartoum, Ahmed Abu Bakr brought Leni to meet President Nimeiri. In recognition of her services to the Sudan, she was presented with Sudanese citizenship. Leni became the first foreigner to receive a Sudanese passport. It was, however, taboo to bring up the question of clothes.

Her return in 1974 was an even greater disappointment. The warriors now wore shorts or Arab costumes. The Kau village was all but deserted. At her camp, she and Horst had to cope with the explosion of a gas-canister—Leni's clothes caught fire—and an hour later she cracked her skull on a branch. Horst was just tending her injury when two large vehicles arrived packed with tourists. Nothing could be more guaranteed to dismay them. The tourists were a pleasant enough group of Germans who had heard that Leni was there from an indiscreet official. But since they saw no sign of painted Nuba, they departed the following day.

Later, the Nuba produced banknotes, given to them by the tourists, and they began to expect payment for photos. Once unspoiled tribesmen had been plied with cash, said Leni, a photographer may as well pack up and leave. (People of Kau, p. 16)

"Did you not pay them for photographs?"

"If I had done that (in the beginning) I could never have worked there. All the Nuba, hundreds would have wanted money. It was a huge problem already with the glass beads we'd taken along. We had to stop that because they went mad, they all wanted beads. That was the trouble, you couldn't give them anything because then all would have wanted it. The most we did was that I, and later Horst as well, would spend two or three hours every evening treating people who were sick. At night, when it got too dark for our work, they'd come queuing up, with open wounds on their legs—open wounds, mainly—and pneumonia. We had a proper medicine chest, prepared for us by a doctor here."

Leni and Horst also set up a slide projector and showed the pictures she had taken the previous year. This caused enormous excitement. "Their reaction to the pictures was indescribable… the Nuba seemed to recognise everyone, even on the basis of a mere silhouette." (p. 614)

"The first slide I showed—a young mother from Kau wih her baby in her arms—was greeted with a bellow of laughter which redoubled when I followed it with close-ups of the baby. The Nuba found it past comprehension that a human head could be as large as it appeared on the screen." (People of Kau, p. 213)

This presentation made the Nuba far less inhibited and in the following days they arrived at the camp to show themselves to Leni, the young men elaborately painted.

Back in Munich, Leni, who was, after all, seventy-two years old—an age at which many are vegetating in old peoples' homes—underwent a physical collapse. However, she all but forgot her illness when she saw the high standard of the still pictures and Horst's motion picture film. *Stern* and the *Sunday Times* published the Kau pictures and they were seen around the world. The Art Director's Club of Germany awarded Leni a gold medal for the best photographic achievement of 1975. There were antipathetic articles, as there had always been, but the general reaction to her pictures—from every country that saw them—was amazingly enthusiastic. She was asked by a magazine to return, and in Khartoum received an award from President Nimeiri, who praised her two pictures books, the form and content of which allowed even Muslims to see the unclad Nuba without being offended. The Sudanese government gave several hundred copies of her books to foreign embassies at Christmas.

The changes to the Nuba were due not so much to tourism—the changes to the Mesakin Nuba occurred before any tourists had reached them—as to Arabization, and eventually war. By the time Leni and Horst returned in 2000 for a reunion, virtually none of her old friends were left. The idea behind this trip was to raise money for the Nuba, and to see how they had fared after so many years of war in the Sudan.

"In Sudan, photographing naked people is a very grave offence."

"When we'd been there for just five hours, the police came with vehicles and we had to go back. The Bavaria Film Studios made a film about my last visit there two years ago, a full-length documentary, which is due out one of these days, and that shows everything that happened to us there. The cameraman was hurt in the helicopter crash. Yes, our helicopter crashed."

"Normally, you don't walk away from helicopter crashes. What happened to you?"

"I broke some ribs. My lung was damaged and I was very ill. As soon as it happened, I was brought back to Germany in a rescue plane, and I was in hospital for three weeks."

"What were you trying to film?"

"I wanted to film the reunion with our Nuba. The reunion after so many years. No, I didn't meet many. There had been a war meanwhile and most of them were no longer alive. We were only there 24 hours altogether. We didn't have much time to talk to them and only three or four of our old friends were there."



Leni Riefenstahl had travelled from the 20th century to the Stone Age. She had seen people living in perfect harmony with nature. And she had seen what "the plague of civilization" could do to them. One great benefit of civilization, however, is the photograph, that frozen moment of time. To receive such a record of Leni Riefenstahl's journeys is a priceless gift on the occasion of her centenary.

Kevin Brownlow

N.B. Parts of this essay which are quoted from *The Sieve of Time* by Leni Riefenstahl (Quartet Books, London, 1992) are denoted by the corresponding page numbers.



obsessive documentation of women." —*PLUK Magazine*, London, on *Araki*

Allmann Sattler
Wappner
Tadao Ando
Shigeru Ban
Behnisch, Behnisch & Partner
Bolles & Wilson
Simeon Bruner/Cott & Associates
Santiago Calatrava
Alberto Campo Baeza
Coop Himmelb(l)au
Neil Denari
Diller & Scofidio
Winka Dubbeldam
Jean-Marie Duthilleul
Frank O. Gehry
Sean Godsell
Nicholas Grimshaw
Heikkinen-Komonen
Architects
John Hejduk
Steven Holl
Hans Hollein
Toyo Ito
Jakob + MacFarlane
Michael Jantzen
Jones, Partners
Rick Joy
Rei Kawakubo
Waro Kishi
Kohn Shiner Architects
Rem Koolhaas
Kengo Kuma
Lacaton & Vassal
Greg Lynn
Richard Meier
Samuel Mockbee + Rural Studio
Morphosis
Jean Nouvel
Marcos Novak
NOX
Manolo Nunez-Yanofsky
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Pei Partnership
Pugh + Scarpa
Michele Saee
Harry Seidler
Snøhetta Architects
Julie Snow
Jyrki Tasa
Bernard Tschumi
James Turrell
UN Studio, Ben van Berkel
Various Architects
Hendrik Vermoortel
Makoto Sei Watanabe
Wesley Wei
Williams + Tsien
Jean-Michel Wilmotte

Back to the future

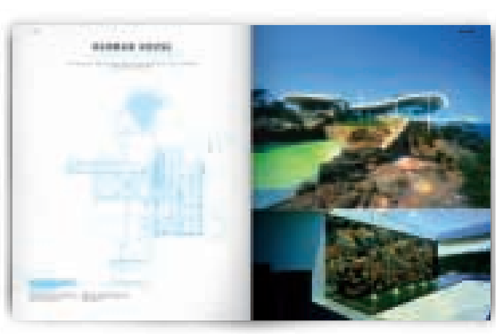
The quest for a new architecture



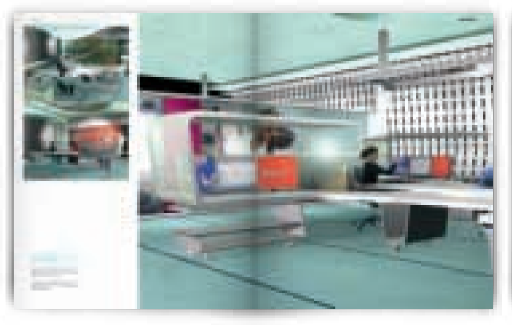
Architecture Now II Philip Jodidio
English/German/French / Flexi-cover, format: 19.6 x 24.9 cm (7.7 x 9.8 in.),
576 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500

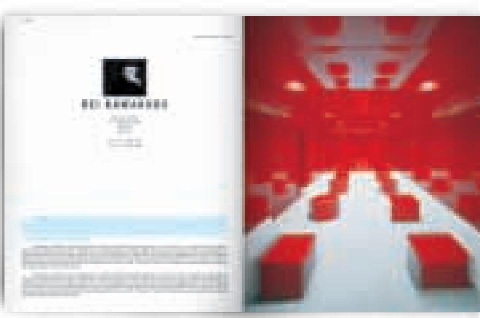


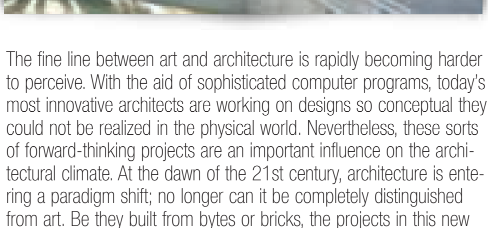












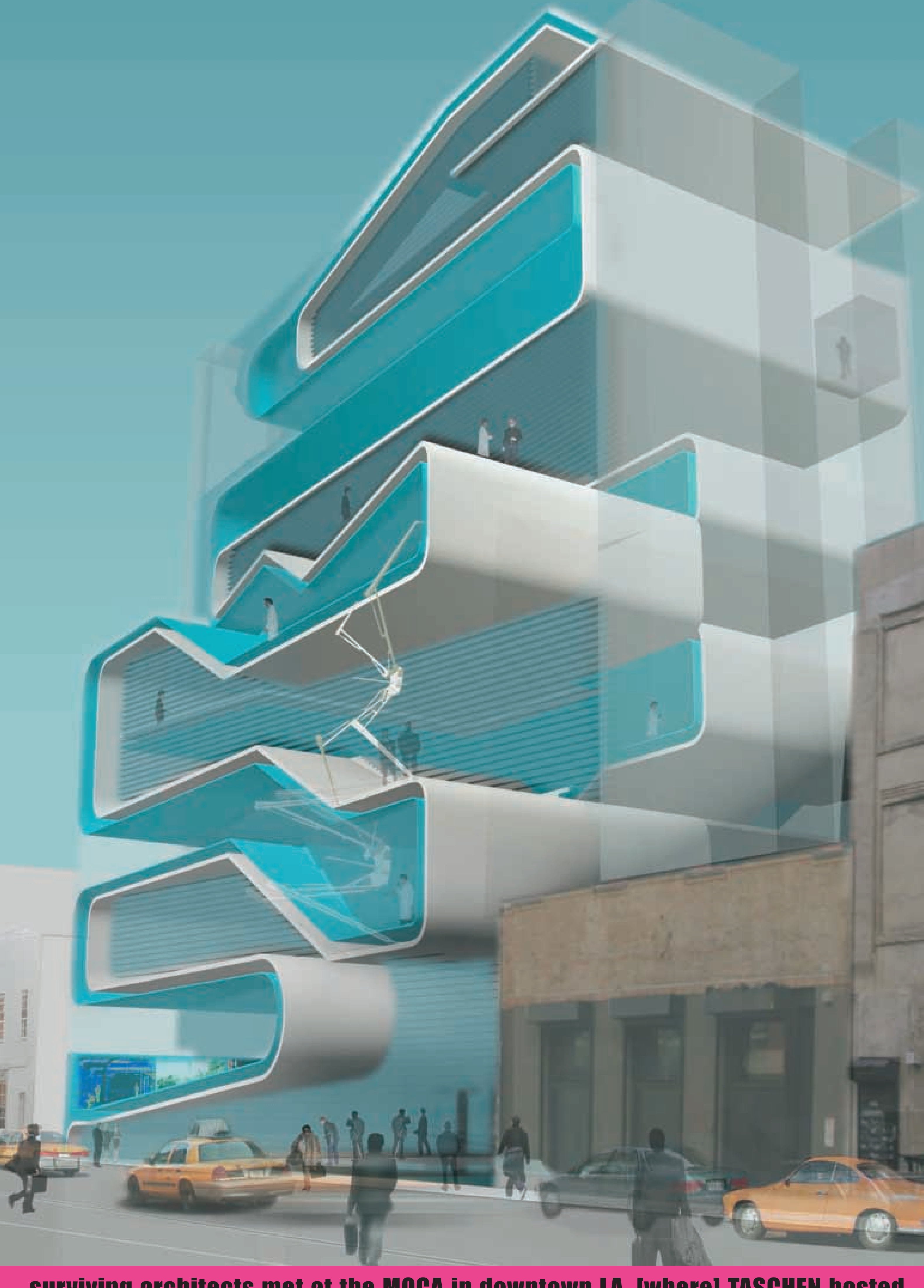
The fine line between art and architecture is rapidly becoming harder to perceive. With the aid of sophisticated computer programs, today's most innovative architects are working on designs so conceptual they could not be realized in the physical world. Nevertheless, these sorts of forward-thinking projects are an important influence on the architectural climate. At the dawn of the 21st century, architecture is entering a paradigm shift; no longer can it be completely distinguished from art. Be they built from bytes or bricks, the projects in this new book represent the imagination of the planet's most talented and creative architects.

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The author:
Philip Jodidio has written more than fifteen books on contemporary architecture, including monographs on Tadao Ando, Norman Foster, Richard Meier and Alvaro Siza. He has been the Editor in Chief of *Connaissance des Arts*, the most widely distributed French art monthly, since 1980.

Opposite page *Eyebeam Atelier building, Manhattan, project from Diller + Scofidio*

 “Lavishly produced, handsomely illustrated... Five of the program's



surviving architects met at the MOCA in downtown LA, [where] TASCHEN hosted

Scandtastic!

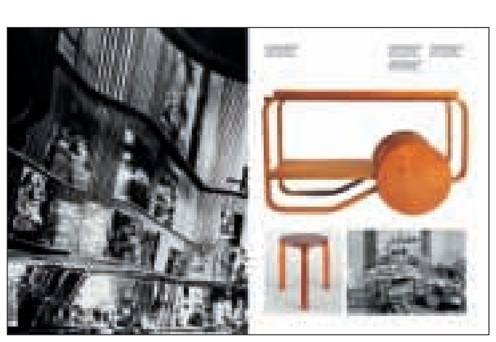
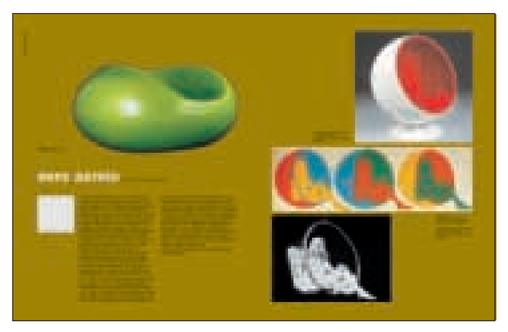
From Aalto to Wirkkala, more than 200 outstanding Scandinavian designers of the past century

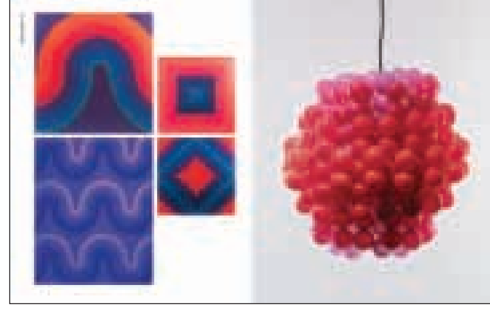
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Scandinavian Design Charlotte & Peter Fiell
English, German, French, Danish, Swedish and Spanish editions / Flexi-cover, format: 19.6 x 25.2 cm (7.6 x 9.9 in.), 576 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500

Scandinavians are exceptionally gifted in design. They are world famous for their inimitable, democratic designs which bridge the gap between crafts and industrial production. The marriage of beautiful, organic forms with everyday functionality is one of the primary strengths of Scandinavian design and one of the reasons why Scandinavian creations are so cherished and sought after. This all-you-need guide includes a detailed look at Scandinavian furniture, glass, ceramics, textiles, jewelry, metalware and industrial design from 1900 to the present day, with in-depth entries on over 200 designers and designled companies, plus essays on the similarities and differences in approach between Norway, Sweden, Finland, Iceland, and Denmark. Also included is a list of important design-related places to visit for readers planning to travel to Scandinavia.

The authors:
Charlotte J. Fiell studied at the British Institute, Florence and at Camberwell School of Arts & Crafts, London, where she received a BA (Hons) in the History of Drawing and Printmaking with Material Science. She later trained with Sotheby's Educational Studies, also in London. **Peter M. Fiell** trained with Sotheby's Educational Studies in London and later received an MA in Design Studies from Central St Martin's College of Art & Design, London. Together, the Fiells run a design consultancy in London specializing in the sale, acquisition, study and promotion of design artifacts. They have lectured widely, curated a number of exhibitions and written numerous articles and books on design and designers, including TASCHEN's *Charles Rennie Mackintosh*, *William Morris*, *1000 Chairs*, *Design of the 20th Century*, and *Industrial Design A–Z*. They also edited the six-volume *Decorative Arts* series published by TASCHEN.

 a reception and book-signing... a rare and timely reunion. Audience members



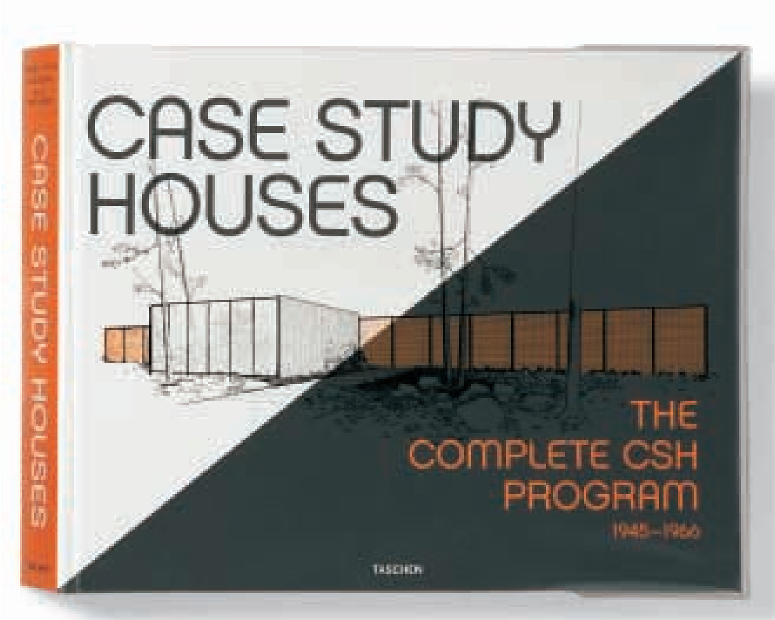
… waited patiently in line for half an hour to get them signed." —*L.A. Times*, Los Angeles



 “When it comes to something tastefully smutty to slip under your

“*Case Study Houses*: once you hold it in your hands, you immediately want to get a martini and sit by one of the pools.”

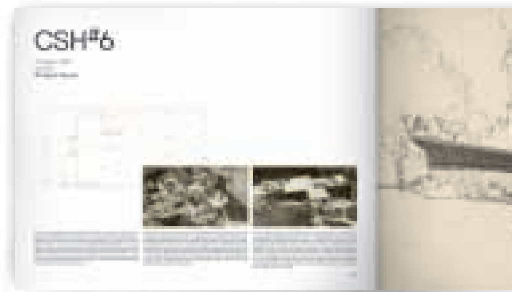
—*Literaturen*, Berlin



“You need a California workout to lift [it], but the book, an exhaustive homage to the houses, is worth the effort.”

—*The New York Times*, New York

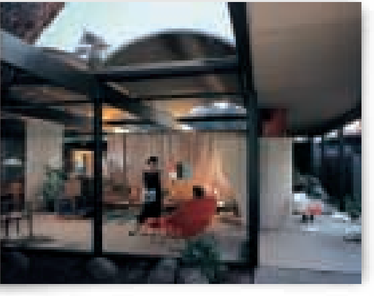
Case Study Houses Elizabeth A.T. Smith / Ed. Peter Gössel
English/German/French / Hardcover, format: 40 x 31 cm (15.7 x 12.2 in.), 464 pp. / US$ 150 / £ 100 / € 150 / ¥ 20.000













The Case Study House program (1945–1966) was an exceptional, innovative event in the history of American architecture and remains to this day unequalled in its uniqueness. The program, which concentrated on the Los Angeles area and oversaw the design of 36 prototype homes, sought to make available plans for modern residences that could be easily and cheaply constructed during the postwar building boom. The program’s chief motivating force was *Arts & Architecture* editor John Entenza, a champion of modernism who had all the right connections to attract some of architecture’s greatest talents, such as Richard Neutra, Charles and Ray Eames, and Eero Saarinen.
Highly experimental, the program generated houses that were designed to redefine the modern home, and thus had a pronounced influence on architecture—American and international—both during its existence and even to this day. TASCHEN brings you a monumental retrospective of the entire program with comprehensive documentation, brilliant photographs from the period and, for the houses still in existence, contemporary photos, as well as extensive floor plans and sketches.

“Lavishly produced, handsomely illustrated.... Five of the program’s surviving architects met at the Museum of Contemporary Art in downtown Los Angeles, [where] TASCHEN hosted a reception and book-signing... a rare and timely reunion. Audience members bought copies of the book and waited patiently in line for half an hour to get them signed.” —L.A. Times

The author: **Elizabeth A.T. Smith**, Chief Curator at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago since 1999, was formerly Curator at The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles. She was Adjunct Professor in the School of Fine Arts’ Public Art Studies Program at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles and has published and lectured widely on a variety of topics in contemporary art and architecture.

The editor: **Peter Gössel** runs a practice for museum and exhibition design. He previously edited numerous volumes on architecture for TASCHEN, such as *Neutra*, *Architecture in the Twentieth Century*, *Julius Shulman*, and *John Lautner*.

coffee table, TASCHEN takes the proverbial coconut cream.” —***Attitude*, London**

The making of an icon



The people who participated in that legendary photograph (below right) met up again at the same place in 2001: Julius Shulman, Pierre Koenig, Buck and Carlotta Stahl (on the patio from left to right) together with Cynthia Tindle and Ann Lightbody (in the living room). Mary Nelton of *LA Magazine* conducted the interview.

CARLOTTA STAHL: Every weekend kids would be up here, cars were parked up here-we knew what they were up to. We've always maintained that this was meant to be our lot, because we came over one day to see it, and guess who was here? The owner. He had driven in from La Jolla, and he was thinking about selling it. He said, "I'll make it easy. I'll carry the loan." We set on a price, $13,500. We had friends and family who just didn't understand us—"Why are you doing this? You can buy a nice three-bedroom home for that price, or even less."

BUCK STAHL: Even my father said I was crazy.

CARLOTTA STAHL: It took us four years to get it paid off. In the Sunday papers, there used to be a section called the Pictorial, with everything pertaining to homes. We saw one of Pierre Koenig's works. At the same time, we saw Craig Ellwood's work. Buck called both of them, and three other architectural firms, to take a look. It was definitely Pierre. Some of the others didn't understand, because Buck kept saying, "I don't care how you do it, there's not going to be any walls in this wing." We didn't want to lose any view anywhere.

BUCK STAHL: Several architects looked at the lot and said it's just impossible to do it.

PIERRE KOENIG: In class I was interested in steel, and my instructor said, "No, Pierre, you can't use steel on a house. It's an industrial material, and housewives wouldn't like it." For No. 22, the site was terrible. Nobody could build on it. I was trying to solve a problem. The client had champagne tastes and a beer budget.

CARLOTTA STAHL: We didn't have the foggiest notion you could build with steel in homes. We figured that was for industrial buildings. I have friends who say, "Why don't you have some walls where you hang pictures?" And I say, "I've got a picture out there that is perfect."

KOENIG: We've got to shoot, we've got to publish, we've got to go to press. On Monday morning this has got to be done. Half the stuff isn't done, it's a bare yard, the furniture was supposed to be there Friday. I called Van Keppel-Green, who were bringing the furniture. "Where's the truck?" "We're working on it, we're tracing it now, but we have to stop at five o'clock because that's the end of the day." I said, "Give me the number, I've got to have that furniture." I found the guy. He had driven from San Diego to L.A. via Kansas City to visit his mother. I actually got him on the phone, and I said, "You haul your ass out here." I was using real army language. He drove all night and got here. While Julius is setting up, the guys are moving the furniture in. I went home and got my Architectural Pottery, which you see in the photo, and I brought outdoor chairs up. I had my assistant, Jim Jennings up there.

KOENIG: You don't see it in the picture—it all looks serene-but in the background all hell is breaking loose. People are running around, and junk and trash is piled up. If I had a proclivity for an ulcer, I'd certainly have had one.

JULIUS SHULMAN: I wanted to breathe some air into the house, not to pose them with their faces in the camera necessarily, but to get a feeling of natural activity, as well as using them for scale. After all, architecture is for people. That's when I said to Pierre, "Tell the students to bring their girlfriends." I always use people.

JIM JENNINGS: Ann came up after school—we were engaged—and she was dressed in teacher's school clothes. I thought it would be interesting for her to see. It was all new to her. She brought Cynthia with her.

CYNTHIA TINDLE: They said, "Wear a dress—you might be in a picture." We all went together, like we were on a date. Nobody was living in the house. The kitchen was empty. It was pretty wonderful—you step out of your bedroom and you're in a pool. It was just a casual evening of fun.

ANN LIGHTBODY: I was just shocked that there was plaster dust everywhere. We came up because Don and Jim were so in love with Pierre's work. We were milling around because it wasn't finished. The kitchen wasn't a kitchen yet. There was no food. Did the guys take us out for dinner afterward? Probably not.

SHULMAN: It was a warm night, and I was inside photographing the house with Pierre. I happened to step outside and saw the view, and here the girls were sitting through the glass, just having a conversation. My assistant was setting some lights for me—we were doing an interior photograph—and then when I saw what was going on, I quickly came back in the house and told everyone, "We're changing the composition," brought the camera outside, and readjusted the lights.

Julius Shulman: I happened to step outside and saw the view, and here the girls were sitting through the glass, just having a conversation. I quickly came back in the house and told everyone, "We're changing the composition."

TINDLE: I think Julius was taking some pictures with nobody in them. Then he said, "Why don't you girls sit over there?" They didn't come and pose us. They said, "Cynthia, you look out the window. Ann, you look at Cynthia. Just pretend you're having a conversation."

SHULMAN: I told the girls to stay where you are, you're in the perfect position. I had one raise her elbow up—she was leaning back—and the other one was just sitting comfortably. I set the lights and adjusted a proper exposure. I came back in and said, "We've got a great picture coming up here." I turned off the house lights and replaced them with flashbulbs. With the house dark, the girls were just sitting there talking. I said, "Don't worry that they're in the dark." We wouldn't be seeing them. Then I exposed seven minutes of city night lights, because they were weaker than the light would be inside the house when I took the flash. After I took that exposure I closed the shutter, and my lights were set with flashbulbs. I went back into the house. My assistant turned on the ceiling lights. I told the girls, "When I call to you from the camera, I'm going to say, 'Hold still, keep your pose.' Just keep talking if you want to. At the appropriate time when I call you, a flash will go off".

LIGHTBODY: We were just chatting. We only had dreams at that time.

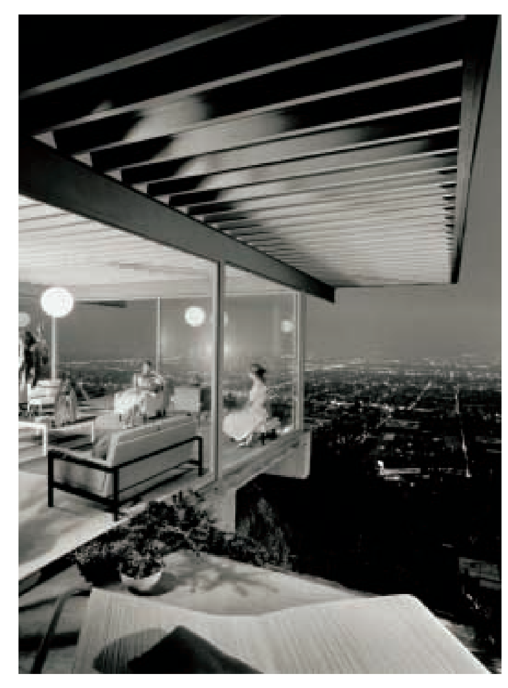
TINDLE: What we were talking about? Probably Don and Jim. I didn't think, "Oh, gee, I'm going to be in something famous." I'm not a person who likes to have people looking at her. If I had known, I might have been a little nervous about how I looked, or gone out and bought something new for the occasion. Yes, I was in a dress, but in 1960, you didn't go out without wearing a dress. You would never have gone out wearing jeans or pants.

SHULMAN: I built that flash exposure to combine with my already exposed film for the exterior. It's a composite. I altered them to stay put for the quick flash, pose, and click!

STAHL: When anybody comes in the house for the first time, they say, "Are you one of those girls?" Movie companies started seeking the house right away. The first was in 1962, this Italian movie called "Smog". They were making fun of the "rich people" who lived in glass houses. One of the days they were shooting, the view' was too clear, so they got spray and smogged the windows.

SHULMAN: My wife used to say. "After all, it's only a glass box with two girls sitting in it." But somehow that one scene expresses what architecture is all about. What if I hadn't gone outside to see the view? I would have missed a historic photograph, and more than that, we would have missed the opportunity to introduce this kind of architecture to the world.

TINDLE: It's a beautiful house, and it's overlooking Hollywood, which is sensational—it couldn't be a more well-known city. With Ann and I, you can put into our conversation whatever you think we were talking about. We were young and about to start the adventure of life. There were a lot of places you thought you were going, and all the places you didn't.



Skyscrapers
up close and personal

"Perhaps that's the way we too ought to see New York City."
—*The New York Times*, on Reinhart Wolf's *New York*

Reinhart Wolf (1930–1988) had the unique ability to make every picture essential. He approached each of his subjects, be they buildings, flowers, or people, with the same inimitable precision. Wolf's face-to-face photographs of New York's skyscrapers perfectly captured the stunning grandeur of the tallest city in the world. With texts by Edward Albee and Sabina Lietzmann and an interview with Andy Warhol, New York—originally published in 1980—is both a nostalgic homage to the awe-inspiring city and a superb photographic document of New York's most famous assets. Though the last two decades have seen dramatic transformation in the city, especially as a result of the recent tragedy, one thing will never change: New York is immortal. As a tribute to the city and a remembrance of a bygone era, this book is being reprinted in its original, unedited form. It is a testament to the New York we once knew and still love.



Photo: Henry Wolf

Andy Warhol: Interview with Reinhart Wolf in New York, April, 30 1980.

A.W. Reinhart, why did you do New York instead of Hollywood? I like Hollywood better.
R.W. I can understand that, Andy, but you must admit that Hollywood is sort of flat—and I like tops. I really feel that the tops of New York's skyscrapers express the strength and the spirit of America. New York inspires me—the skyscrapers are like phallic symbols of fertility. I wanted to capture these buildings before they disappear. Now construction is going on everywhere I look. Many of the buildings I've wanted to photograph have already been demolished.

A.W. You make New York look so different: all mixed-up.
R. W. New York is mixed-up! The confusion of styles can even be mad and dynamic! And it is exactly this which demonstrates the creative power of the city. And besides —something is really certain, I think: the people who erected these buildings were all trying for one thing: to defy the stars!

A.W. Why did you do these photographs? Was it an assignment for a magazine?
R.W. Actually it was an assignment. It was the idea of a friend of mine, Thomas Hopker, editor of GEO magazine. We were looking at buildings from his office window on the 33rd floor on Park Avenue when he said: "Reinhart, just take a look at these delightful pinnacles, and to think that hardly anybody ever even notices them! Why don't you photograph them for us?" And this I did.

A.W. Are these photographs for everybody or just architects?
R.W. For everybody, of course! I wanted to open people's eyes, to get them to look up. And I hope I've succeeded. Everybody who has seen these photographs so far walks around New York trying to find more. People might begin noticing small details and also grasp the whole in new and surprising ways. The beauty of all that architecture really leads to discoveries, almost like new trips!

A.W. It must have been very difficult to take these pictures. I don't think I could take them.
R.W. Well, it was hard work. I used a big 8 by 10 camera so as to capture the smallest detail with the greatest possible precision, and I used a long focal-length lens supported by two heavy tripods, sometimes—when there was wind—even anchored in position with rocks. In addition my assistant and I had to carry five heavy cases with all the necessary equipment However, the most difficult thing was to persuade people to let us on to their roofs, even to just have a look. I spent hours, sometimes days convincing doormen, building managers, superintendents and tenants that my intentions were legtimate. And then the shock when I said 5 a.m.! That's when we usually started setting up to catch the first rays of the beautiful morning light. And the endress pleadings and checking that certain lights be turned on in the buildings heing photographed! And when the morning with the right weather finally arrived and my sleepy assistant dropped me off and parked the car leaving me with all those cases and tripods in a totally deserted street, I just prayed I wouldn't get mugged. And then on our difficult journey through revolving doors and into elevators we were always viewed with dark suspicion. People were downright scared meeting us that early in the morning with what could easily~have been the latest thing in machine-guns. But once you conquered all these obstacles and you got into position on the right roof and your picture was there in front of you—in the right distance with the right angle and the right sky,—it gave you such an overwhelming feeling of achievement and success—downright joy! It was like reaching the summit of Mount Everest.



A.W. Reinhart, these buildings make me think of money.
R.W. Yor are right. It's the good face of capitalism. It took time and money to build them. The men who erected Manhattan were the Medicis of America. They sponsored the best artists and craftsmen of their time and took adcantage of their talents. A marvellous and useful way of spending big money.

A.W. Reinhart, do you only take photographs of buildings?
R.W. No. I started by taking portraits of painters and sculptors in Paris. Then I went into advertising where I did everything from coffeebeans to airplanes. But I have always been interested in architecture, coming from a family of architects. And then ten years ago I started to photograph buildings which came to be like human faces for me.

A.W. I think architecture and photography are the two big arts now. All the kids we know want to be either architects or photographers —or models. Why didn't you become an architect? Or a model?
R. W. I like being behind the camera: I think it gives you more command. And as far as architecture is concerned, I would hate the idea of having to face my mistakes my whole life long! If I take a bad picture, I can just tear it up.

A. W. How did you pick the buildings, Reinhart?
R. W. With binoculars. I was looking for power, wit, and—for want of a better word—something a little camp.

A. W. Did you shoot all day and all night?
R.W. No, Andy, but it certainly occupied my mind night and day. I usually shot at dawn or dusk because I prefer the mood of the light at these hours.

A.W. Reinhart, I think you're an artist. Do you?
R. W. Let me put it like this, Andy: I took these pictures as an "amateur" in the purest sense of the word, derived from the Latin "amare", to love: I loved what I was doing. Of course my many years as a professional photographer have given me the skills, the patience and the discipline neede to create these photographs; but to answer your question: I think—perhaps—I am an amateur in love with art.



Photo: Geoff Juckes



Left *The Twin Towers of the World Trade Center* **Top Right** *Emery Roth's Look Building, Madison Avenue*

Reinhart Wolf—New York Reinhart Wolf / Sabina Lietzmann
English, German, French and Spanish editions / Softcover, format: 30 x 42 cm (11.8 x 16.5 in.), 80 pp./ US$ 20 / £ 10 / € 16 / ¥ 2.000

masterpiece of comic genius. Gorgeous in every respect." —*reader's comment*, amazon.com, on *SOME LIKE IT HOT*



 “Fotografieren ist wie ein Liebesakt. Den Penis nennt man dabei Kamera.



Und Liebe gibt es nur mit der Kamera." —Araki in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Sonntagszeitung*, Frankfurt a. M.

“This book reveals everything about me. It’s been a 60-year contract. Photography is love and death—that’ll be my epitaph.”



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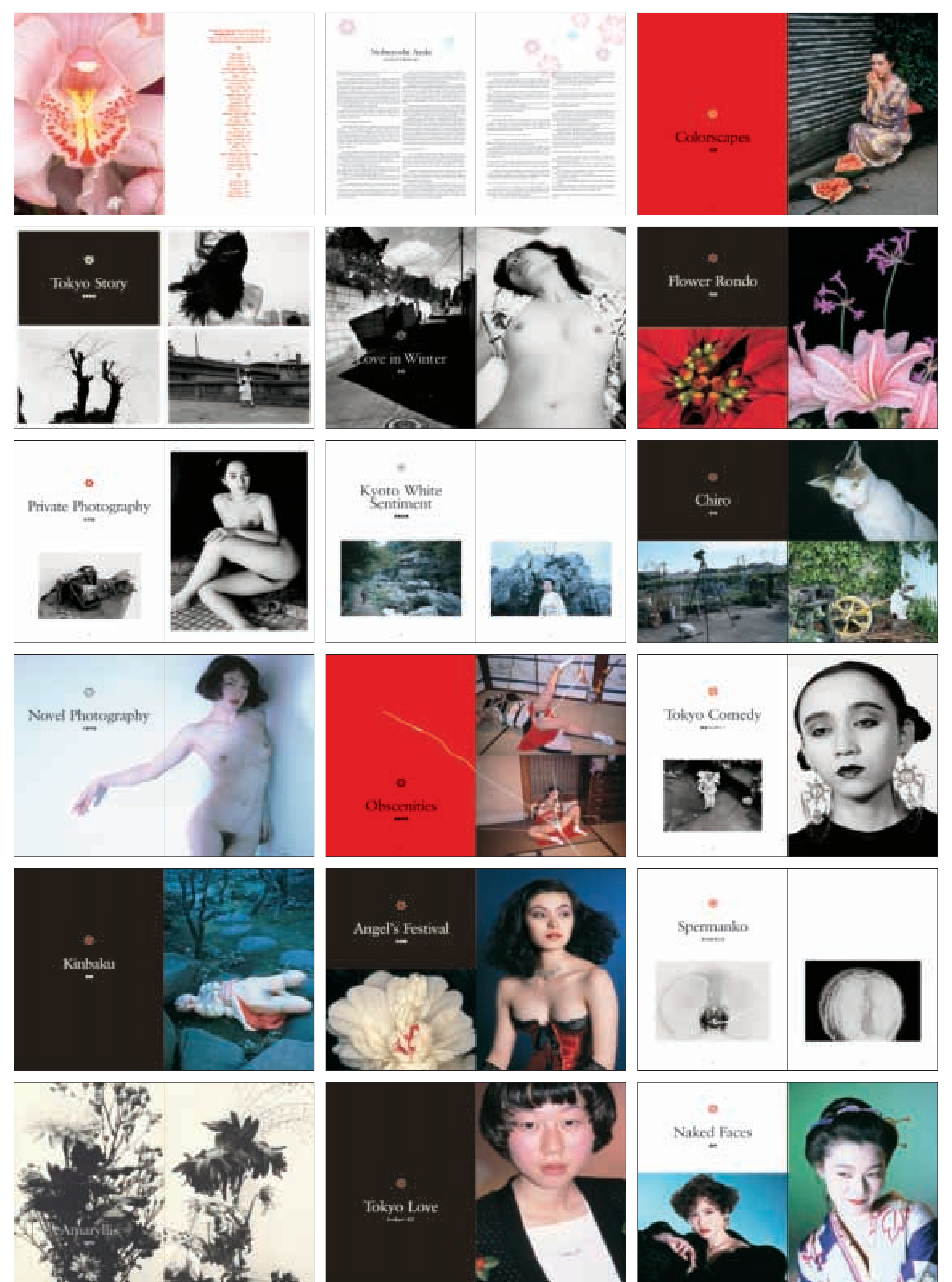
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Previous page *Nobuyoshi Araki, Venice, 2002*

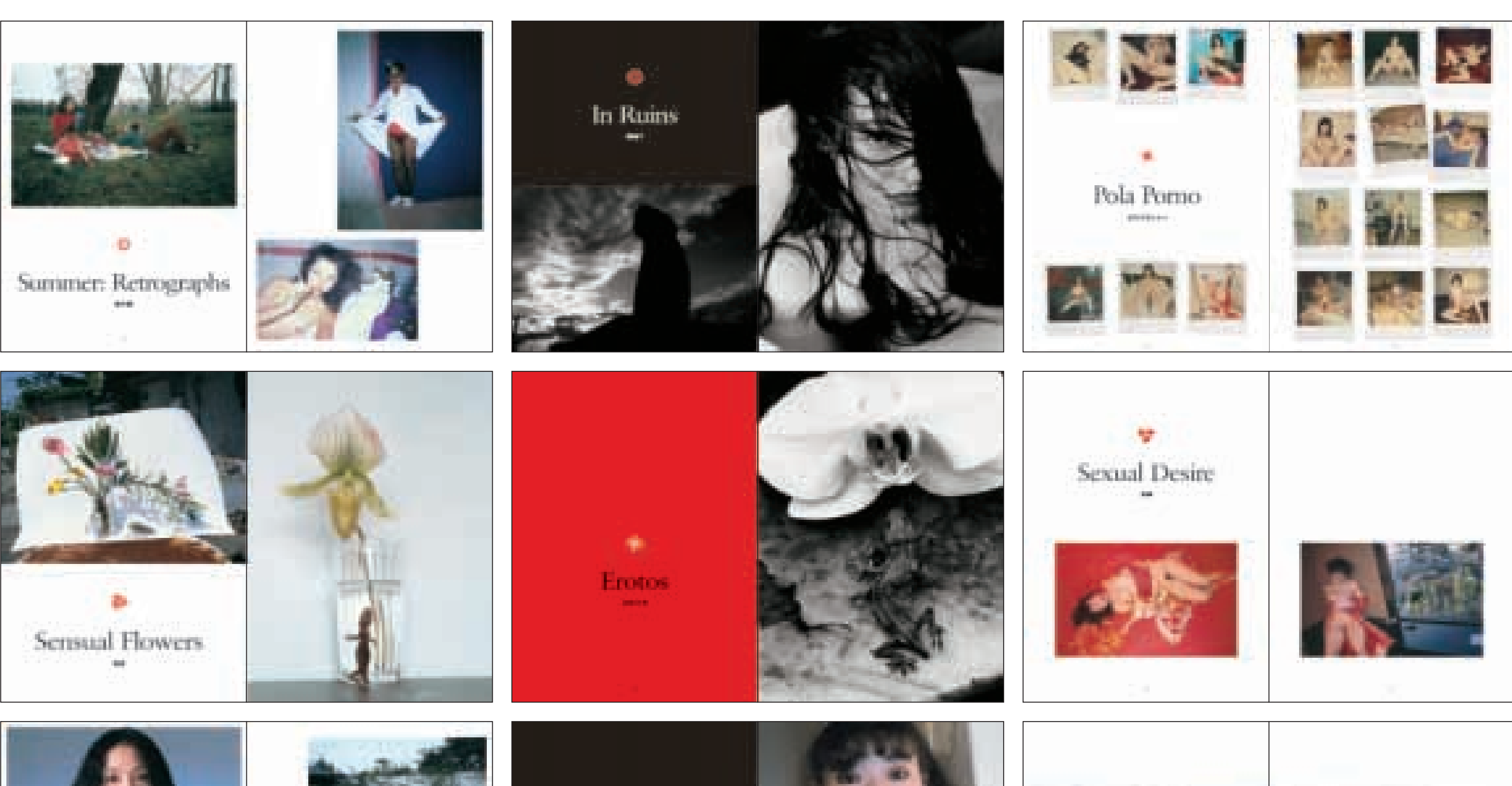
 “Araki’s gorgeously provocative flower studies...

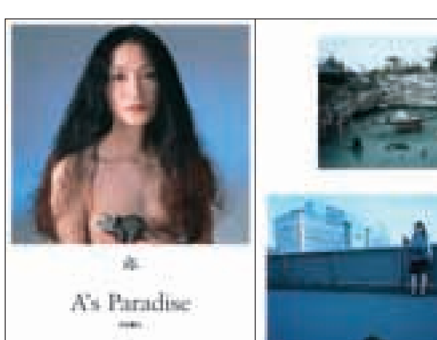
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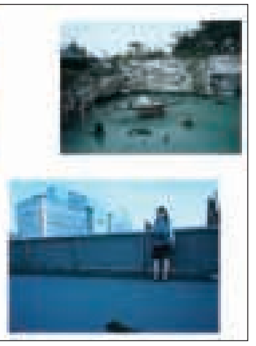
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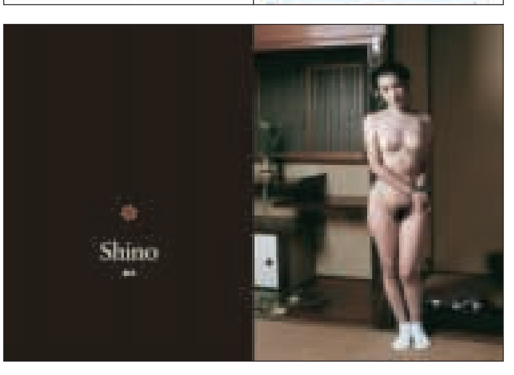


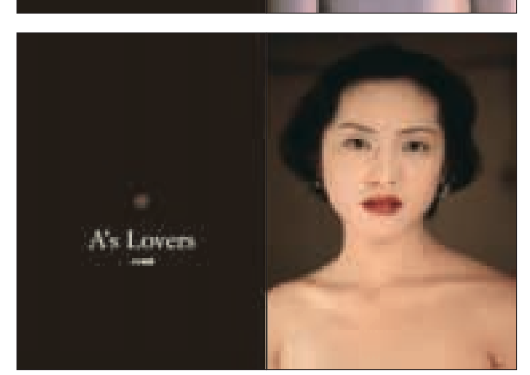




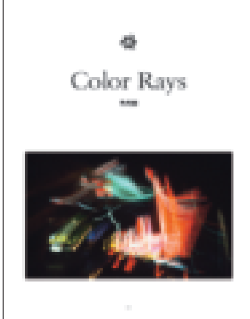


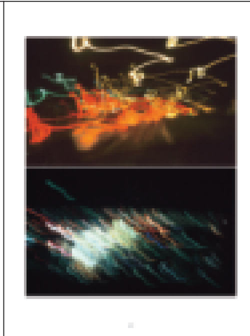


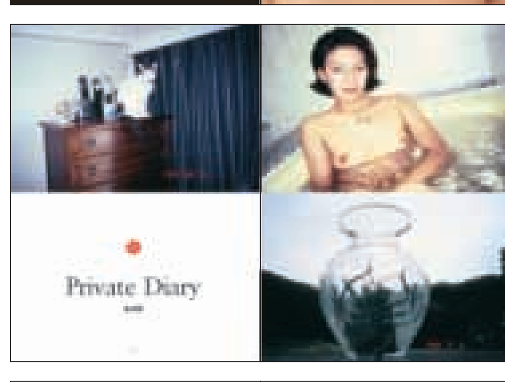


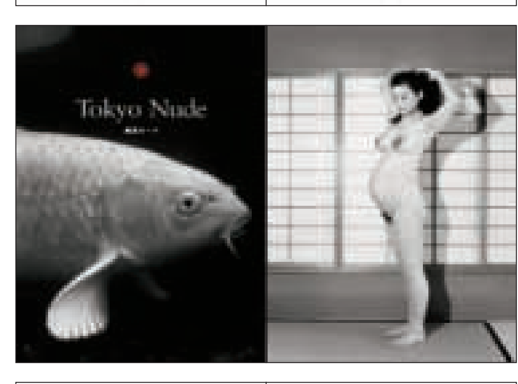




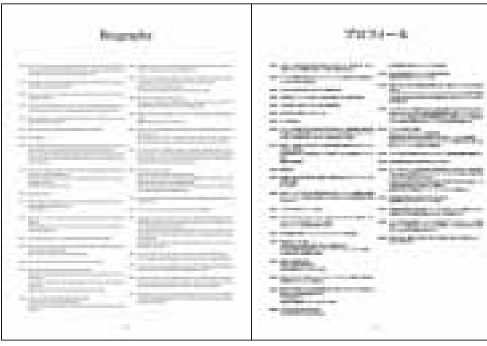














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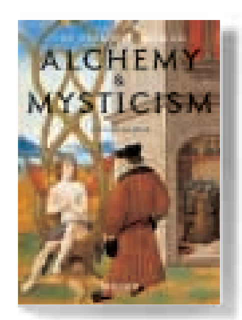
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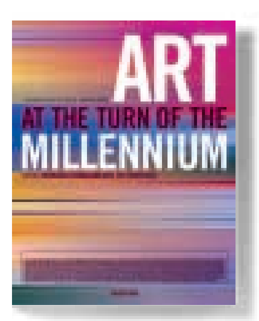
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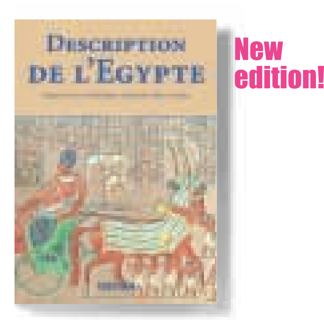
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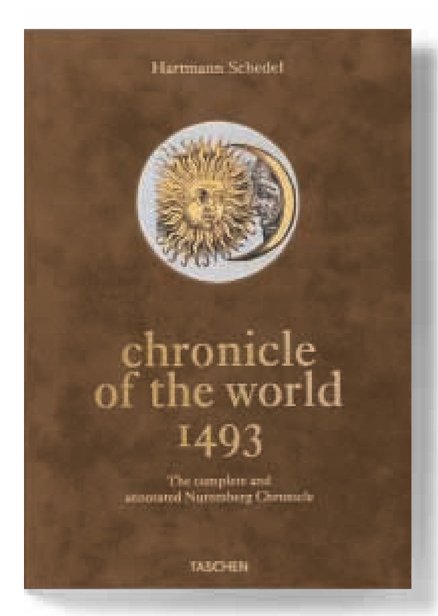


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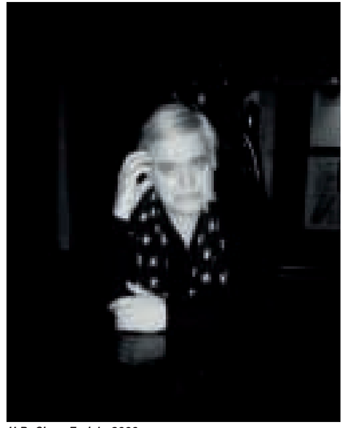
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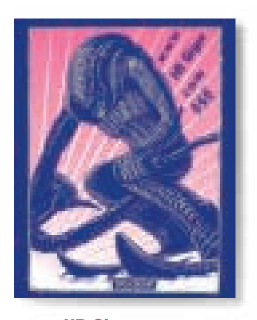
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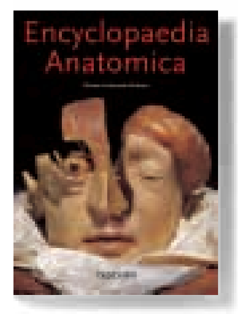


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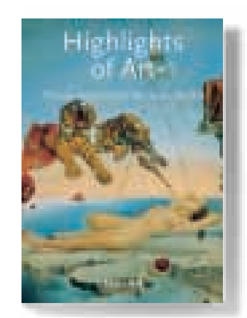


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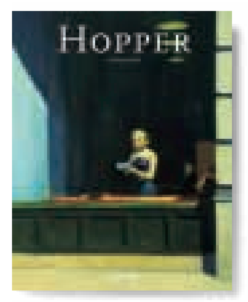
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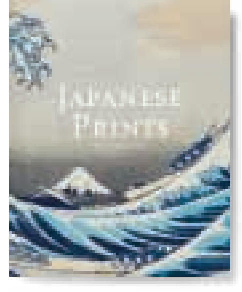
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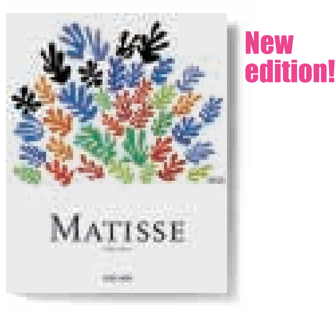
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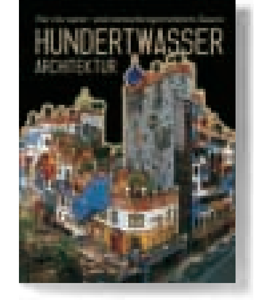
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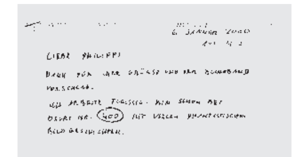
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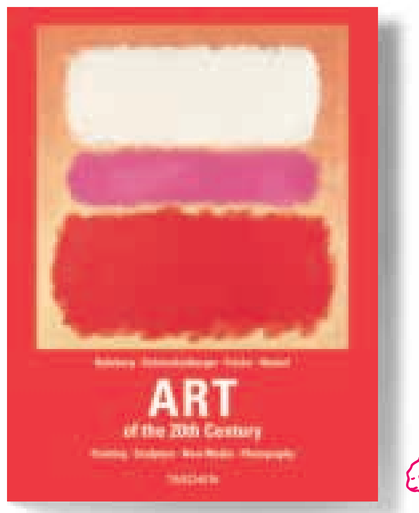


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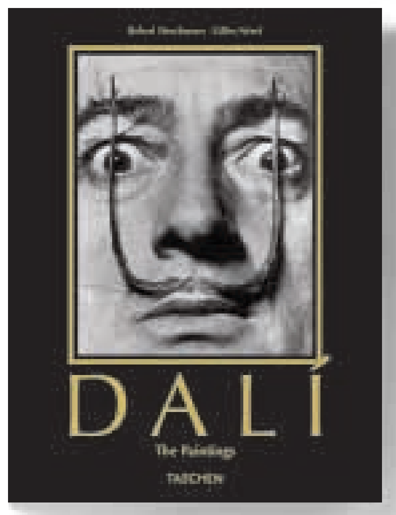
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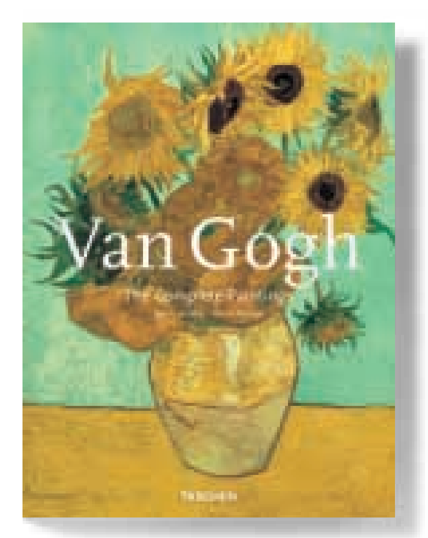
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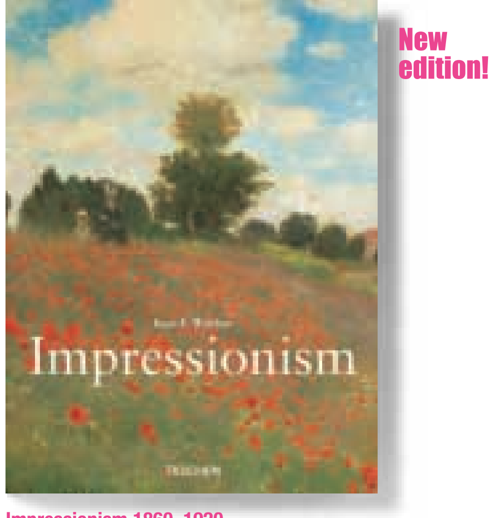
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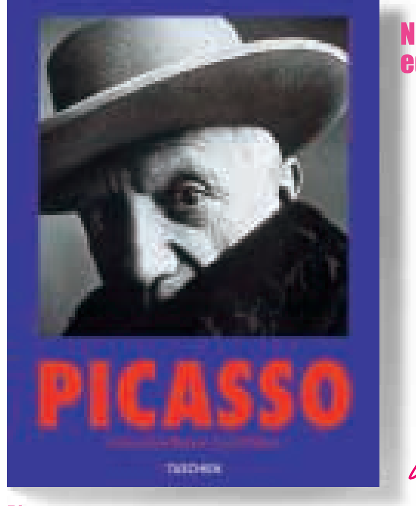
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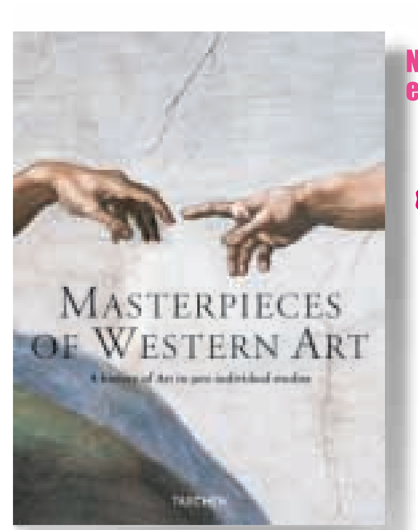
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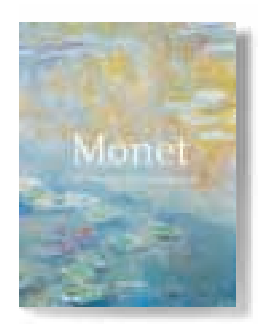
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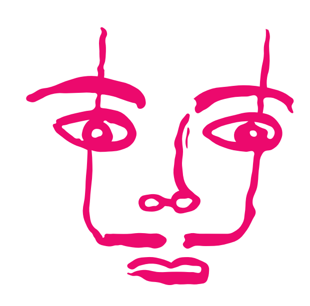
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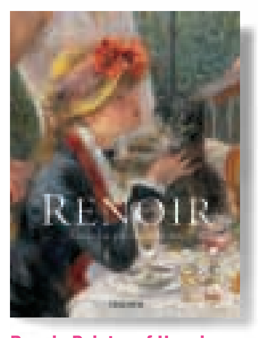
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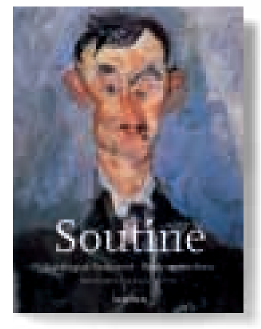


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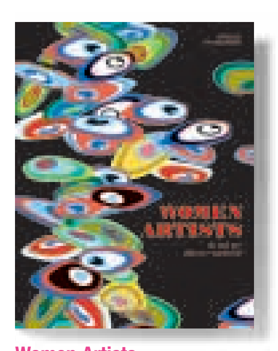
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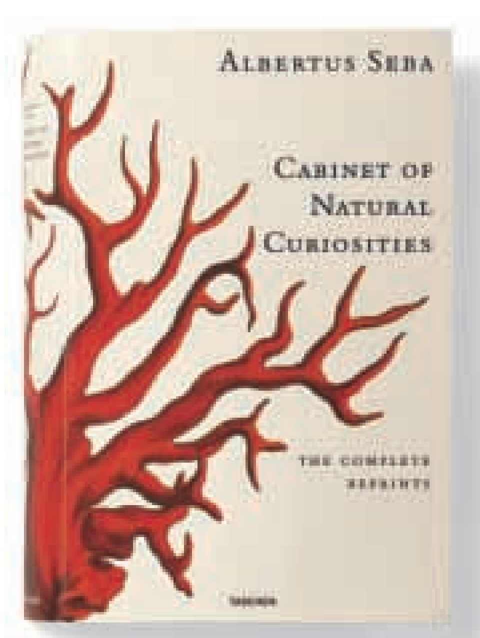
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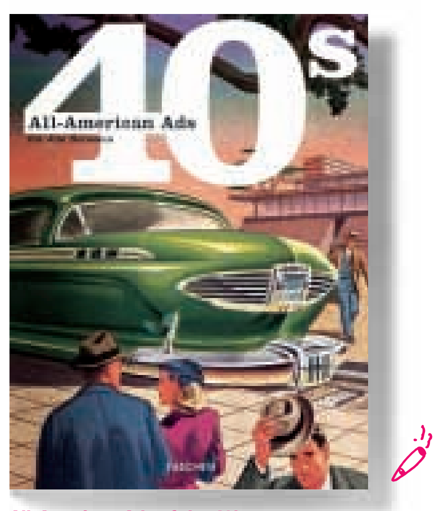
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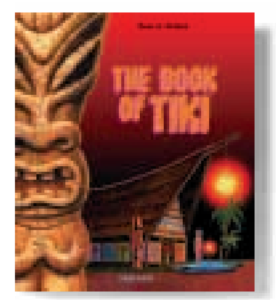
—*The Kensington Times*, London, on *All-American Ads*

"... time capsules that couldn't be more timely."

—*Vogue*, US Edition

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—*Artforum*, New York

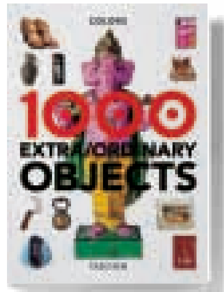


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Sven A. Kirsten / Padded cover, 288 pp. /
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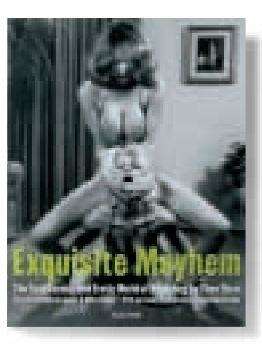
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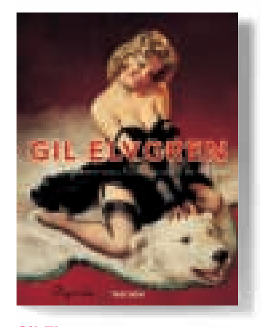
1000 Robots, Spaceships & other Tin Toys
Teruhisa Kitahara, Yukio Shimizu / Hardcover, Klotz, 704 pp. /
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Ed. Colors Magazine / Flexi-cover, Klotz, 768 pp. /
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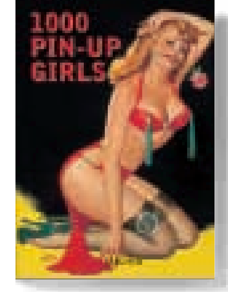


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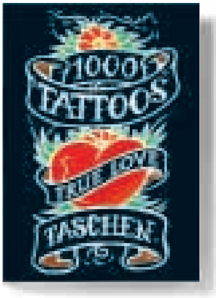
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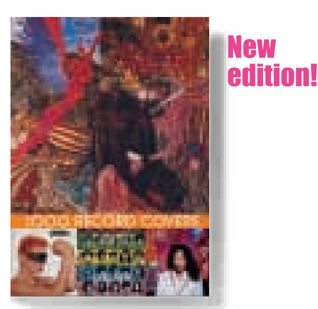
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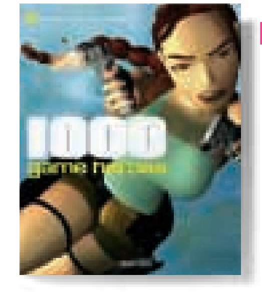
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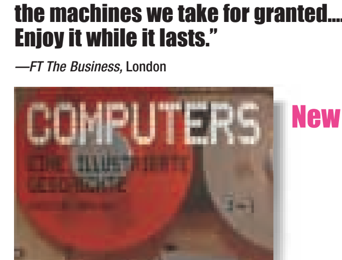


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David Choquet / Flexi-cover, 608 pp. /
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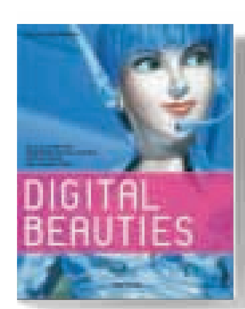
"An illustrated history of the machines we take for granted.... Enjoy it while it lasts."

—*FT The Business*, London

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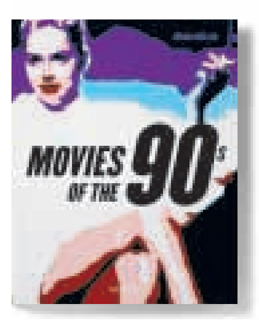
Angelika Taschen and Leni Riefenstahl, Frankfurt, 2000



Leni Riefenstahl. Five Lives

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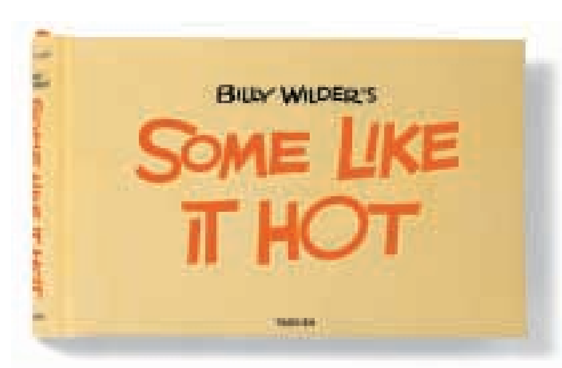
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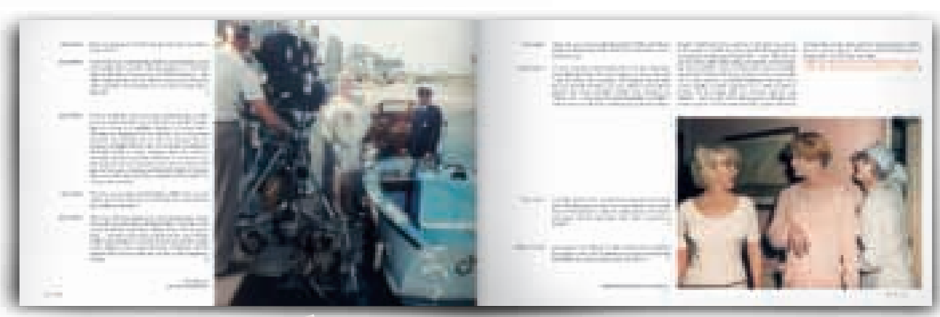
"A Wilder gift you couldn't find for film's fans..."

—*USA Today*, New York, on *Billy Wilder's SOME LIKE IT HOT*



Billy Wilder's SOME LIKE IT HOT

Ed. Alison Castle / Interviews: Dan Auiler / Padded cover, 384 pp. /
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Benedikt Taschen, Billy Wilder and Helmut Newton at the Chemosphere House, Hollywood, 1999. Photo: June Newton

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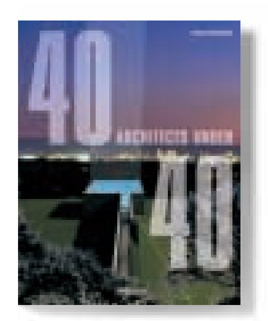
—*Libération*, Paris

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—*The Independent*, London

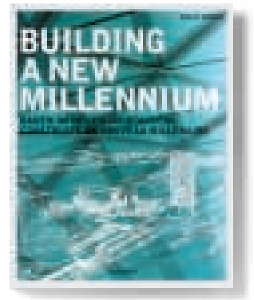
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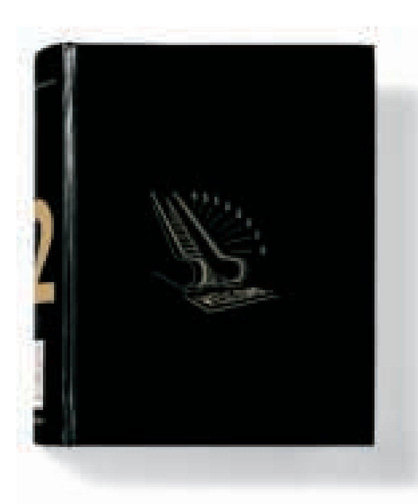


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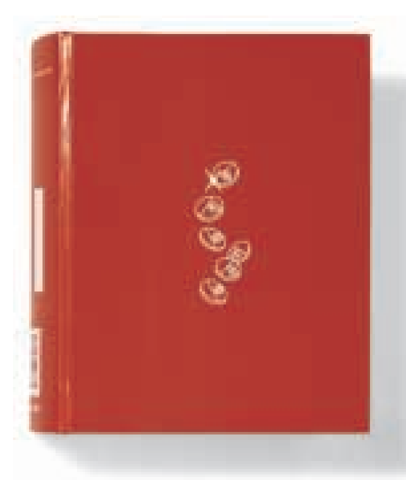
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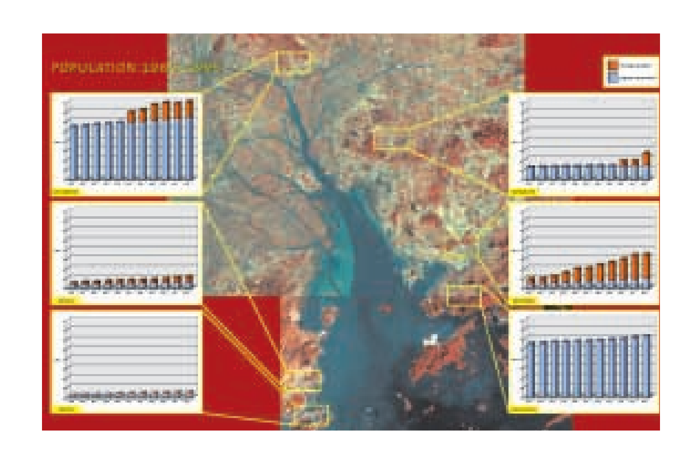
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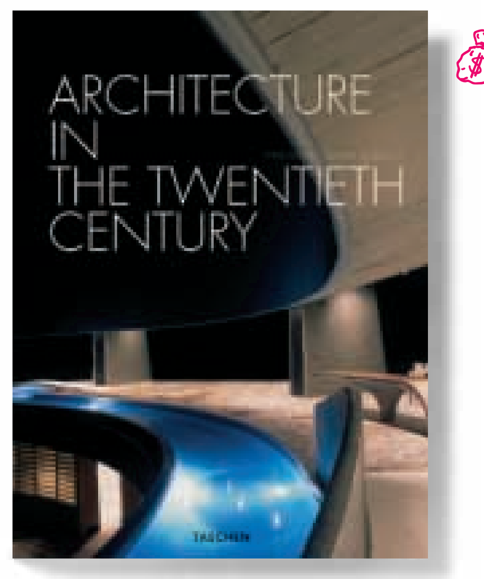


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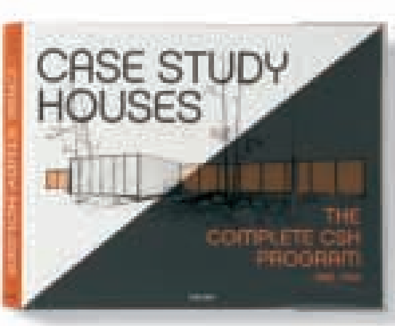


Julius Shulman, Cologne, 2000



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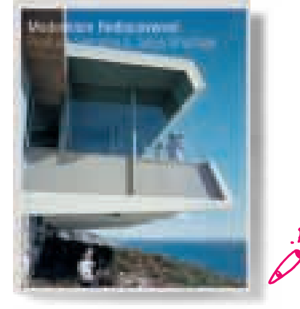


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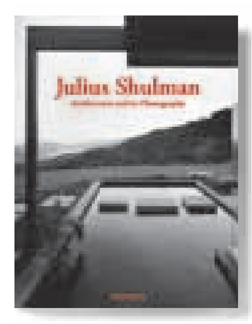


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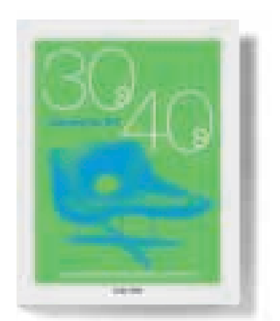
Pierluigi Serraino, Julius Shulman / Ed. Peter Gössel /
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programme." —*wallpaper**, London



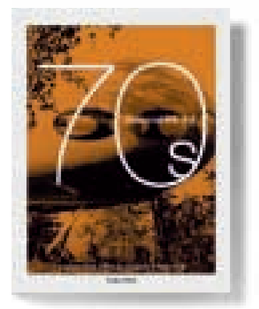
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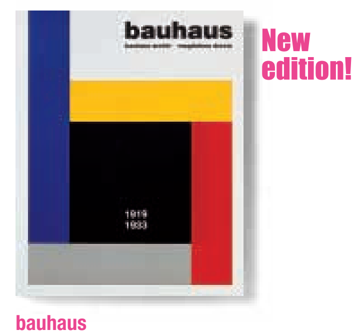


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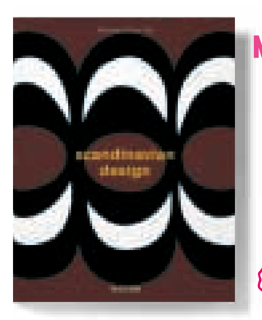
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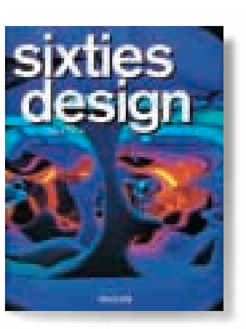


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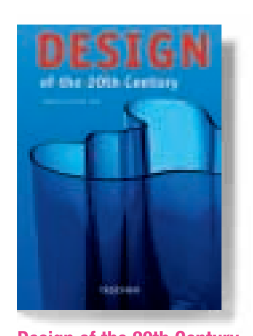
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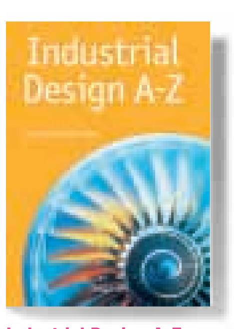
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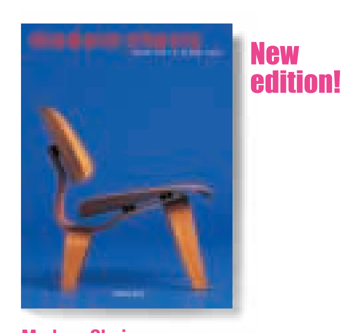
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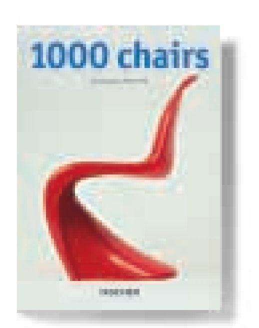
—Designbooks, Cologne



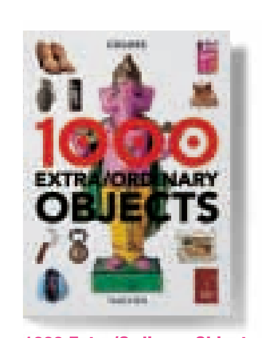
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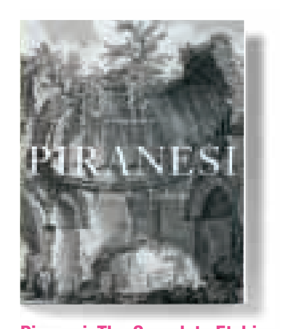
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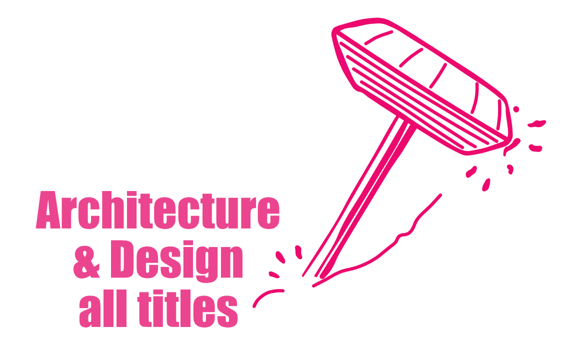


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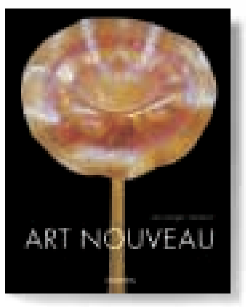
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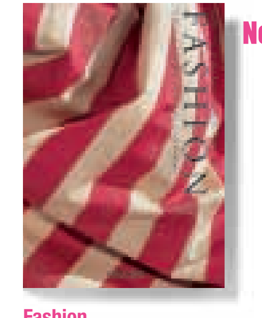
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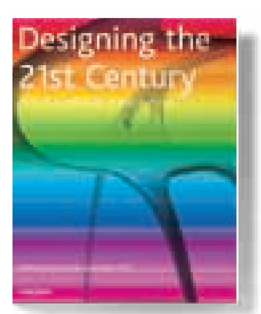
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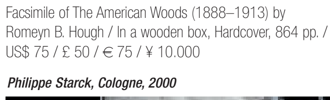
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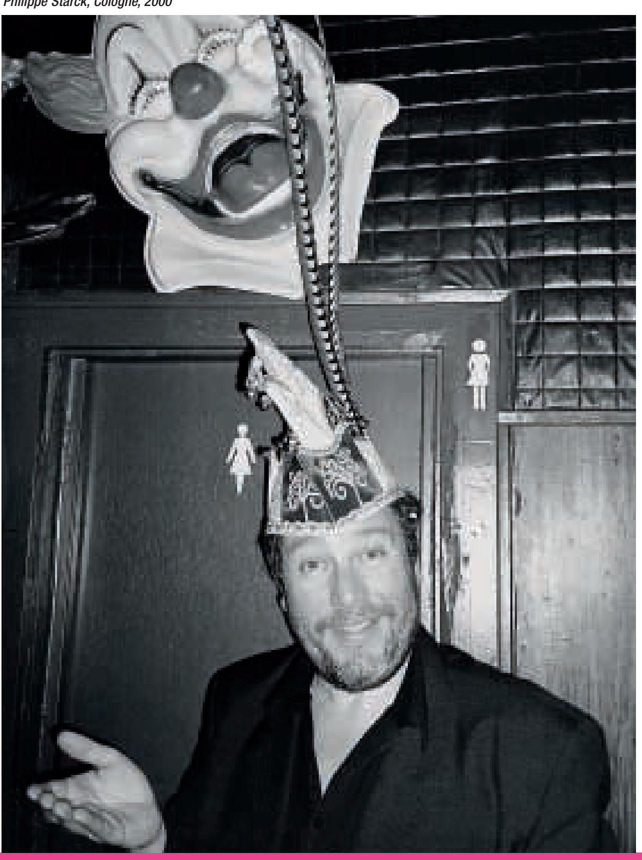


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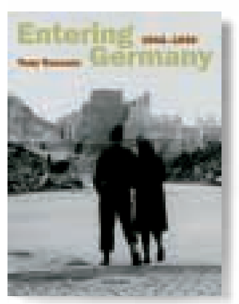
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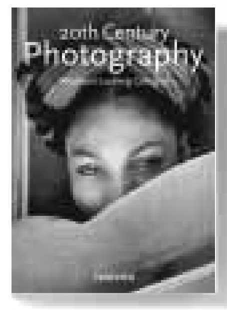


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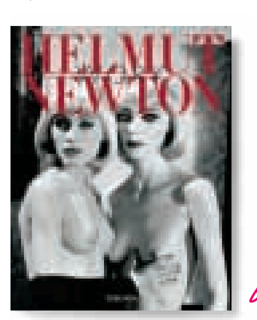


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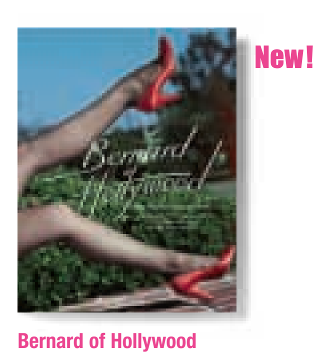


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Françoise Marquet, June Newton / Ed. Manfred Heiting /
Hardcover, 280 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000

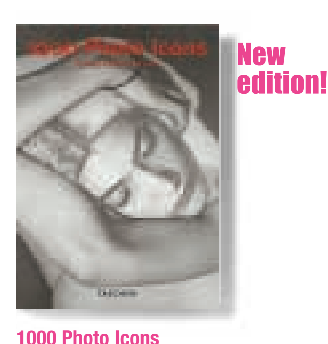

New!

Bernard of Hollywood
The Ultimate Pin-Up Book
Photo editorial and introduction by Susan Bernard /
Hardcover, 360 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000

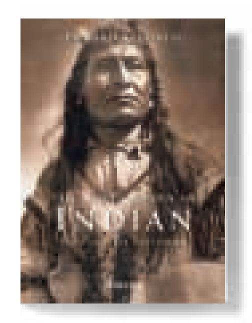


New edition!

1000 Dogs
Raymond Merritt, Miles Barth / Hardcover, Klotz, 576 pp. /
US$ 19.99 / £ 9.99 / € 12.99 / ¥ 2.500


New edition!

1000 Photo Icons
George Eastman House, Rochester, NY / Hardcover, Klotz,
768 pp. / US$ 19.99 / £ 9.99 / € 12.99 / ¥ 2.500



Edward S. Curtis. The North American Indian
Hans Christian Adam / Flexi-cover, Klotz, 768 pp. /
US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.800

"I love it when books from TASCHEN come through the post. Not only are they reassuringly big and weighty, they are always fantastic to look at."

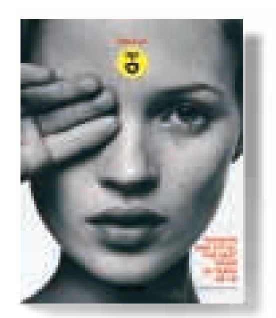
—*Theme Magazine*, Stockport


Uwe Ommer, Cologne, 2000

nana, Japan, April, 2002: I always buy TASCEN's book. low price and



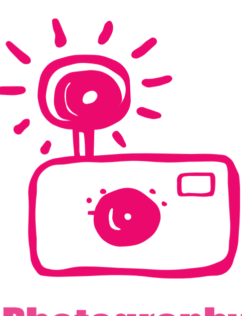
Pierre et Gilles
Dan Cameron, Bernard Marcadé / Hardcover, 356 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500



Smile i-D. Fashion and Style
Ed. Terry Jones / Introduction: Dylan Jones / Flexi-cover, 608 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.500

"This beautifully produced book is a must-have for anyone with an interest in fashion and modern culture, and doubles as an essential and absorbing guide to the last two decades."

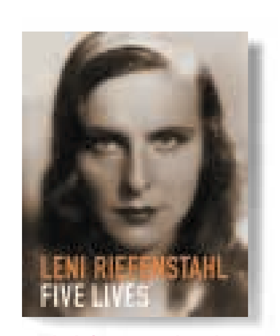
—*Vision Magazine*, Ireland



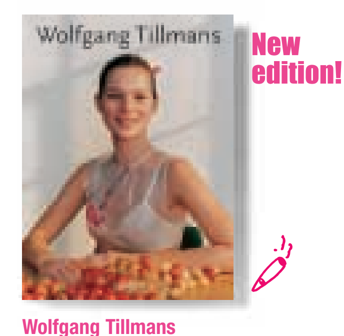
Photography —all titles



William Claxton and Benedikt Taschen, Chemosphere House, Hollywood, 1998
Photo: June Newton

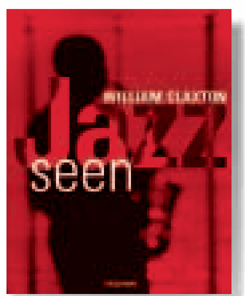


Leni Riefenstahl. Five Lives
Ed. Angelika Taschen / Text: Ines Walk / Hardcover, 336 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



New edition!

Wolfgang Tillmans
Reprint of the 1st and 2nd Tillmans book by TASCHEN in one volume / Flexi-cover, 336 pp. / US$ 20 / £ 13 / € 16 / ¥ 3.000



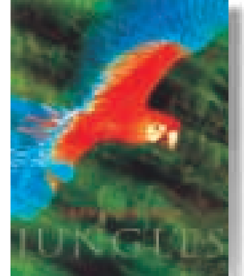


"Everything we think, know and think we know about the lives of jazz musicians we have learnt from the photographs of William Claxton." —*GQ Magazine*, London, on *Jazz seen*

Jazz seen. William Claxton
Don Heckman / Ed. Armando Chitolina / Hardcover, 288 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



Eye to Eye. Frans Lanting
Ed. Christine Eckstrom / Hardcover, 252 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



Jungles. Frans Lanting
Ed. Christine Eckstrom / Hardcover, 260 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



Frans Lanting, William Claxton and Julius Shulman, Chemosphere House, Hollywood, 1999



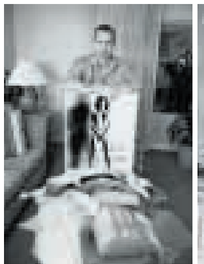
Uwe Ommer and Frans Lanting, Publishing House, Cologne, 2000

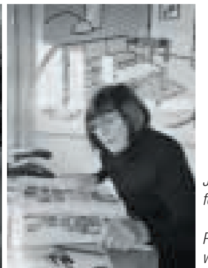
many pictures are very well. —*reader's comment*, **taschen.com**

Benedikt Taschen with the first dummy of Helmut Newton's Sumo, Los Angeles, Winter 1997, Photo: © Helmut Newton



Helmut Newton at the Frankfurt Bookfair, 1999





June Newton, editor of SUMO, selecting the final pictures for the layout, Monte Carlo, 1998

Philippe Starck, working on the design for the table which is supposed to carry SUMO, Paris, 1998



World record for the most expensive book published in the 20th century: SUMO copy #1, autographed by all living celebrities featured in it, went for US$ 304.000 at a benefit auction in Berlin in April 2001.



New price: January 1, 2003: US$ 3.000 / £ 2.000 / € 3.000 / ¥ 330.000



June and Helmut Newton with Horst Neuzner of TASCHEN's Production Department, Cologne, 1998

TASCHEN booth at the Frankfurt Bookfair, 1999





Helmut Newton signing SUMO, Monte Carlo, 1998

Helmut Newton's SUMO

Ed. June Newton / Limited edition of 10.000 copies worldwide, signed and numbered by Helmut Newton / Format: 50 x 70 cm cm (20 x 27.5 in.), 30 kg (66 lb.), 480 pp. / US$ 2.500 / £ 1.650 / € 2.500 / ¥ 275.000

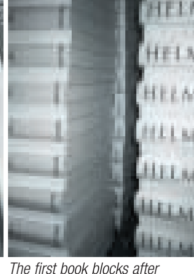
Helmut Newton at the Frankfurt Bookfair, 1999



Anybody who wants to get a new cover for the SUMO book can get it by contacting us at contact@taschen.com for US$ / € 25 including shipping via fedex.



A 300-ton press is needed for embossing the name of the artist in relief on the front and back bars of the table, Crespano del Grappa, Italy, 1999



The first book blocks after rounding the spine on a specially made machine, Milan, 1999



Printer checking sheets with a color proofer at EBS, Verona, 1999



June and Helmut Newton, surrounded by the TASCHEN team involved in the production of SUMO, Cologne, 1999

 Jer, Babylondon, UK, May, 2002: **Ah, Taschen. A shining beacon of honesty & sensuality in an otherwise**



Monroe

Ed. Steve Crist and Shirley T. Ellis de Dienes / Included in a presentation box: Hardcover, format: 31.2 x 39 cm (12.3 x 15.4 in.), 240 pp. / Softcover, format: 17.1 x 22 cm (6.7 x 8.7 in.), 608 pp. / US$ 200 / £ 135 / € 200 / ¥ 25.000

New!

* Worldwide limited edition of 20.000 individually numbered copies
* Tucked into an enlarged facsimile of de Dienes's Kodak film box are:
  —an extra-large format, 240-page hardcover book featuring a vast selection of sumptuous photographs and excerpts from de Dienes's memoirs, printed on 150g matte stock
  —a 608-page softcover facsimile of de Dienes's complete Marilyn memoirs and his Marilyn composite book (which includes the complete set of nearly 1000 Marilyn photos in contact-sized prints)
  —a brochure containing all 24 of Marilyn's magazine covers shot by de Dienes
* With some notable exceptions, the vast majority of these images—especially those in color—have never been seen before



Photography —all titles

* XXL-Format: 34.5 x 50 cm (13.4 x 19.7 in.)
* Limited edition of 2.500 copies worldwide, each numbered and signed by Leni Riefenstahl
* Interview by Kevin Brownlow
* Extensive bibliography and biography section
* All color illustrations are color-separated and reproduced in Aniva, the finest reproduction technique available today, which provides unequalled intensity and color range. The duotone illustrations are made with Novatone, a special treatment for black and white images that produces exquisite tonal range and density
* Subscription price until November 1, 2002:
  £ 850 / € 1.250
  Outside Europe until January 1, 2002:
  US$ 1.250 / ¥ 150.000

"TASCHEN, the publisher of those dreamy oversize picture books that are neatly stacked on all the best coffee tables..." —*Empire Magazine*, USA



Angelika Taschen and Leni Riefenstahl, Pöcking near Munich, 1999

New!

Africa. Leni Riefenstahl

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Hardcover in a box, format: 34.5 x 50 cm (13.4 x 19.7 in.), 580 pp. / US$ 1.750 / £ 1.200 / € 1.750 / ¥ 200.000

New!

* XXL-Format: 34.5 x 50 cm (13.4 x 19.7 in.)
* Limited edition of 2.500 copies worldwide, each numbered and signed by Araki
* Interview by Jérôme Sans
* Extensive bibliography and biography section
* All color illustrations are color-separated and reproduced in Aniva, the finest reproduction technique available today, which provides unequalled intensity and color range. The duotone illustrations are made with Novatone, a special treatment for black and white images that produces exquisite tonal range and density
* Subscription price until July 1, 2002:
  £ 850 / € 1.250
  Outside Europe until September 1, 2002:
  US$ 1.250 / ¥ 150.000

Araki

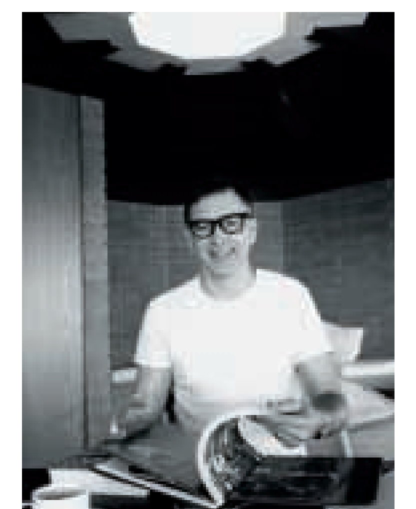
Interview by Jérôme Sans / Hardcover in a box, format: 34.5 x 50 cm (13.4 x 19.7 in.), 632 pp. / US$ 1.750 / £ 1.200 / € 1.750 / ¥ 200.000

dim world. Bless you, for all your representations of the human experience. —*reader's comment*, taschen.com

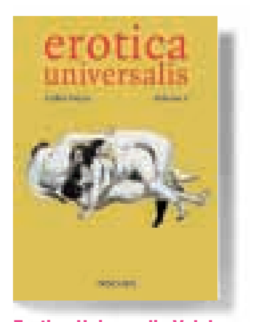
Busy hands are happy hands...

"Thanks to TASCHEN, arts publishing has never been so damned dirty." —*Attitude*, London

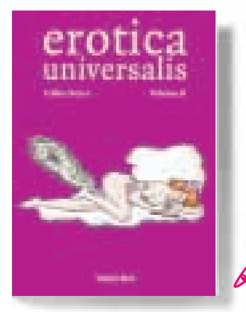
"There exists an ordinariness in Kern's images that is disconcerting and that ultimately undermines any masturbatory potential or intent."
—*Artforum*, New York



Richard Kern, Chemosphere House, Hollywood, 1999



Erotica Universalis Vol. I
Gilles Néret / Flexi-cover, Klotz, 756 pp., 719 ills. /
US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.800

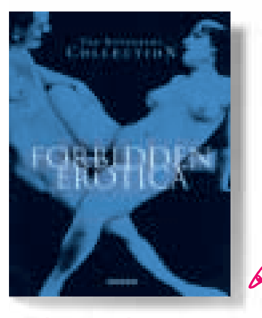


Erotica Universalis Vol. II
Gilles Néret / Flexi-cover, Klotz, 768 pp. /
US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.800

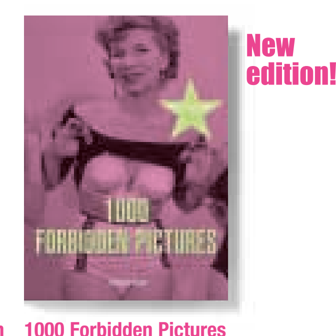


New edition!

Richard Kern. Model Release
Lucy McKenzie / Flexi-cover, 192 pp. /
US$ 20 / £ 13 / € 16 / ¥ 3.000

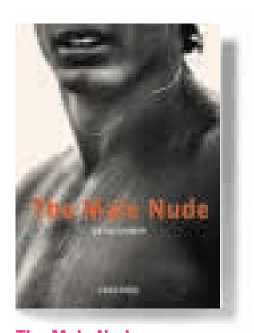


Forbidden Erotica. The Rotenberg Collection
Mark Lee Rotenberg, Laura Mirsky / Flexi-cover, 512 pp. /
US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32

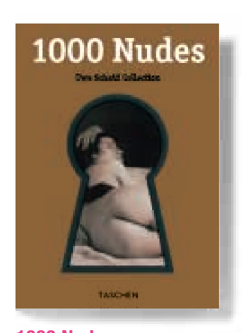


New edition!

1000 Forbidden Pictures
Mark Lee Rotenberg, Laura Mirsky / Hardcover, Klotz, 768 pp. /
US$ 19.99 / £ 9.99 / € 12.99 / ¥ 2.500



The Male Nude
David Leddick / Ed. Burkhard Riemschneider / Flexi-cover, Klotz,
768 pp. / US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.800



1000 Nudes
Uwe Scheid, Michael Koetzle / Flexi-cover, Klotz, 756 pp. /
US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.800



RESS TUESDAY MAY 15 2001

Sex tau

BY GREG SWIFT

A SECRETARY told a tribunal yesterday she thought she was going to learn something about computers when her boss showed her a book called Digital Diaries.

"I was shocked to see naked people engaged in oral sex," said blonde Catherine Guest, 29. "I was too embarrassed to speak. I found it difficult to work properly for the rest of the day."

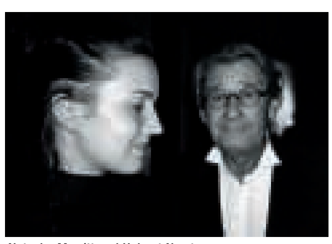
Mrs. Guest, who claims she



Natacha Merritt. Digital Diaries
Hardcover, 256 pp. / US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 20

"My photo needs and my sexual needs are one and the same."

"Nothing more to say that it's really the most exciting book I've met in the 21st century! Thanks to you Natacha."
—*Didier Borg*, Paris



Natacha Merritt and Helmut Newton, Chemosphere House, Hollywood, 1999

James Armstrong, Ireland, January, 2002: Your books are outstanding. Your prices make



New edition!

“Bulging biceps and crotches from Tom of Finland —the ultimate edition of the master.”

—*life-foundation*, Stockholm



Adults only —all titles

Tom of Finland

Hardcover, 352 pp. / US$ 30 / £ 17 / € 24 / ¥ 3.500

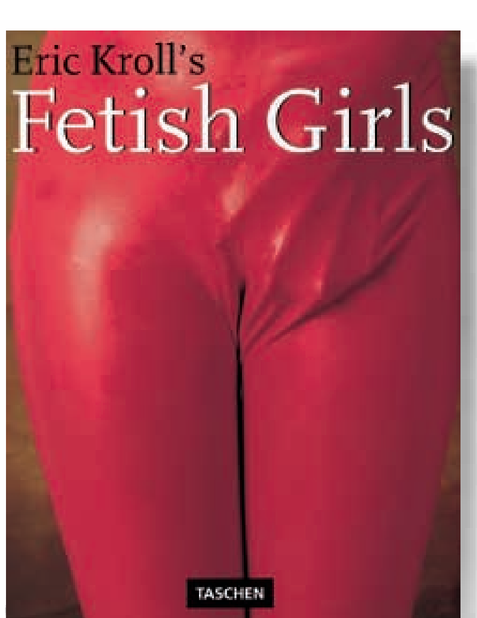




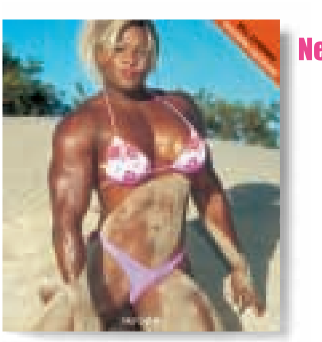


Come n’ get it

The classic Kroll title is back (to tease your pants off)



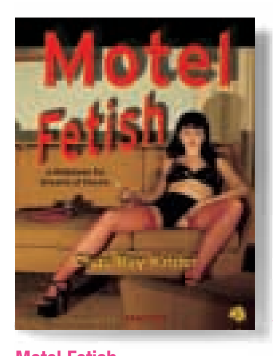
New edition!



New!

Modern Amazons

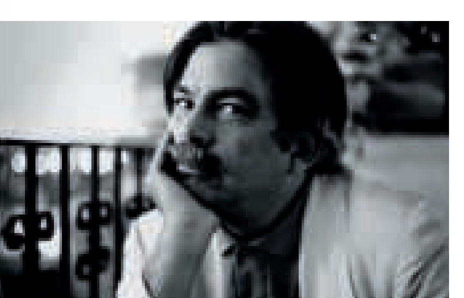
Bill Dobbins / Hardcover, 168 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.000



New!

Motel Fetish

Ed. Eric Kroll / Hardcover, 240 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.000



Eric Kroll, Mexico, 1997



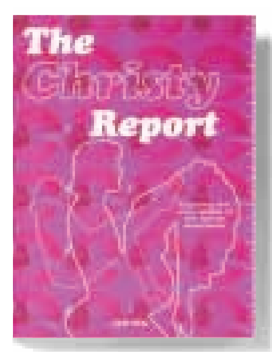
Eric Kroll’s Fetish Girls

Eric Kroll / Hardcover, 200 pp. / US$ 30 / £ 13 / € 20 / ¥ 3.000

culture affordable and collectable. Congradulations. —*reader’s comment*, taschen.com

Idle hands are the devil's workshop!





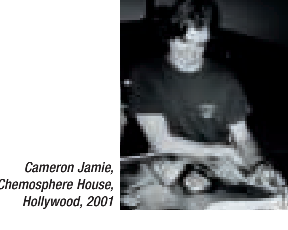
The ins and outs of XXX-rated culture. Everything you ever wanted to know about sex!

The Christy Report

Kim Christy / Texts: John Quinn, Dian Hanson / Hardcover, 608 pp. / US$ 50 / £ 30 / € 45



Vanessa del Rio, New York, 2002



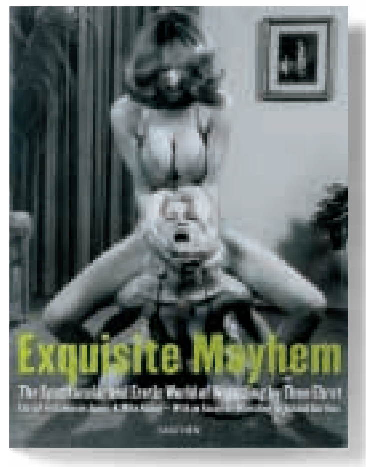
Cameron Jamie, Chemosphere House, Hollywood, 2001



Spectacular wrestlers, Theo Ehret



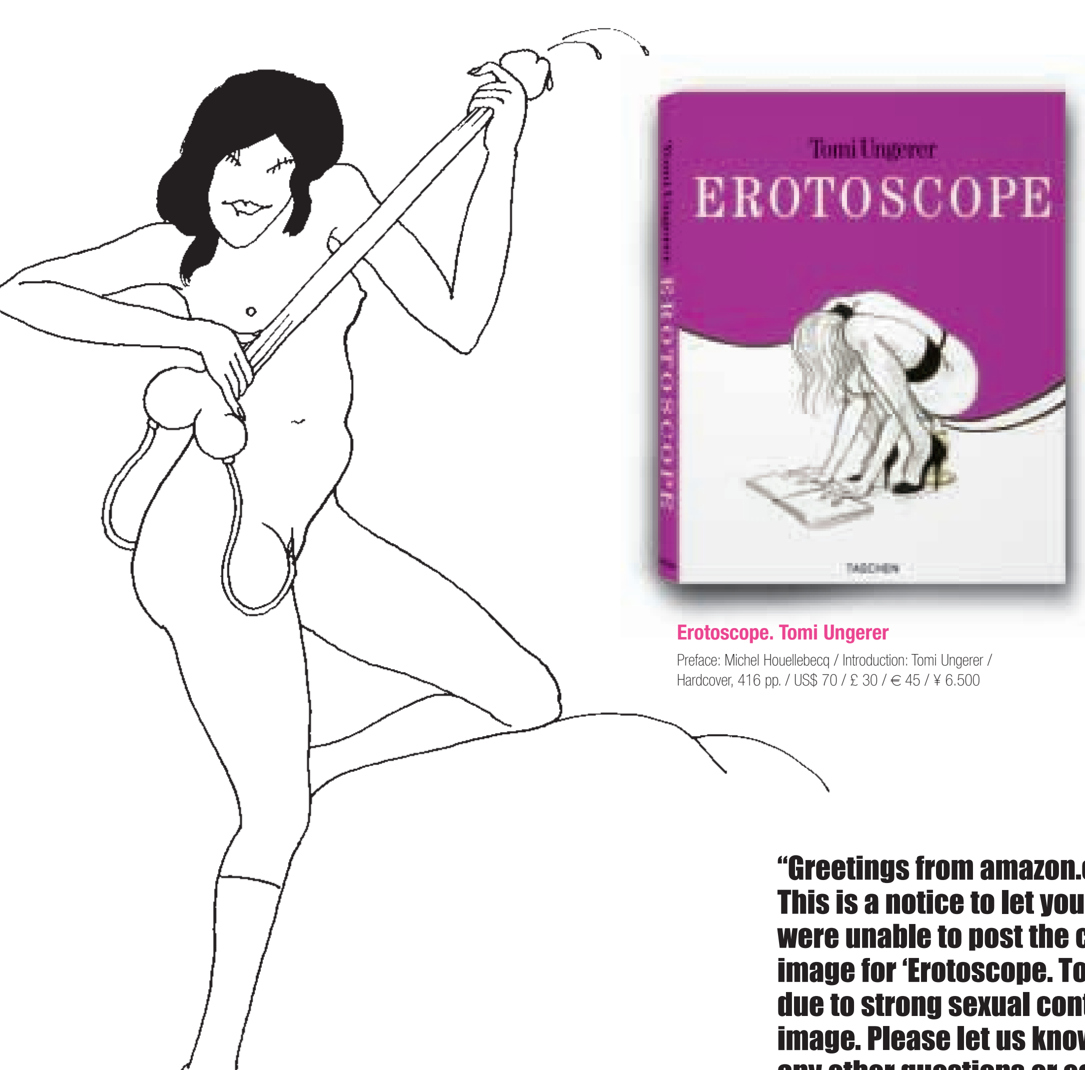
Angelika Taschen and Mike Kelley, Chemosphere House, Hollywood, 2001



Exquisite Mayhem

Theo Ehret / Roland Barthes / Ed. Cameron Jamie, Mike Kelley / Hardcover, 488 pp. / US$ 60 / £ 40 / € 45 / ¥ 7.500

saitta, USA, February, 2002: **Taschen is the best publishing house ever! The Encyclo-**



Erotoscope. Tomi Ungerer

Preface: Michel Houellebecq / Introduction: Tomi Ungerer /
Hardcover, 416 pp. / US$ 70 / £ 30 / € 45 / ¥ 6.500



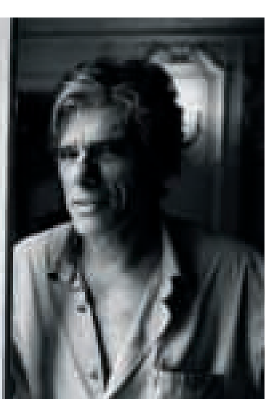
Adults only —all titles

"Greetings from amazon.com! This is a notice to let you know that we were unable to post the cover art image for 'Erotoscope. Tomi Ungerer' due to strong sexual content in the image. Please let us know if you have any other questions or concerns. Best regards."

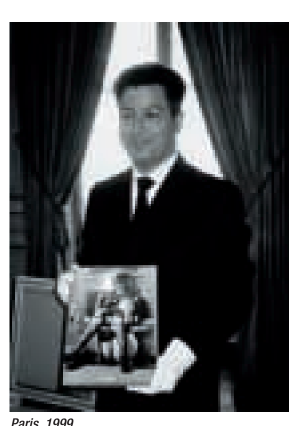
—Book Catalog Department, amazon.com




Tomi Ungerer, Ireland, 2000

Roy Stuart, Paris, 1999

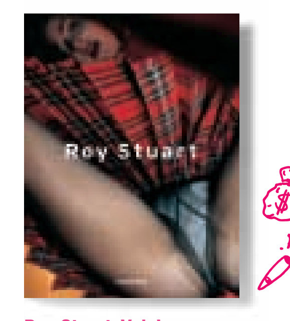


Paris, 1999

**"Sex is of great importance to the publishing house, and also to the publisher himself.
To the American magazine *Vanity Fair*, he said of Roy Stuart's 'hot' photos that a book over which he masturbated 10 times in one week should be shared with the public.
True?
'It wasn't ten times in one week, but in one weekend,' he replied."** *—Le Monde,* Paris

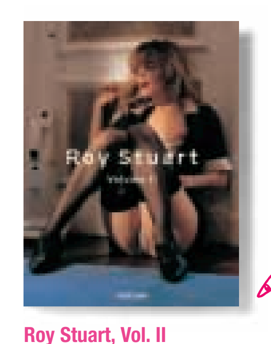
"This book is about sex, with no taboos … Perhaps it should be slipped into the desk drawer. It may well make the odd day easier to get through."

—Herlinde Koelbl, manager magazin, Hamburg, on *Roy Stuart, Volume II*



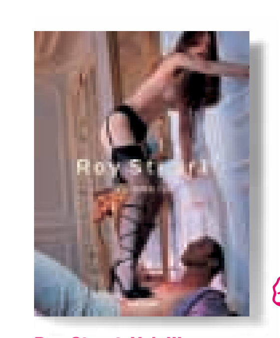
Roy Stuart, Vol. I

Jean-Claude Baboulin / Hardcover, 200 pp. /
US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 4.000



Roy Stuart, Vol. II

Dian Hanson / Hardcover, 240 pp. /
US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 3.500



Roy Stuart, Vol. III

Alison Castle / Hardcover, 240 pp. /
US$ 40 / £ 20 / € 32 / ¥ 3.500

“Luxury for less”

—*art,* Hamburg

“The TASCHEN empire, or the art of making beautiful books available to everyone.”

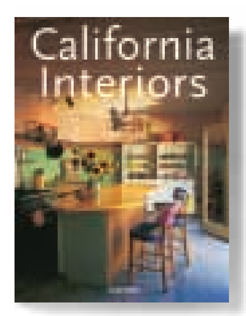
—*Numéro,* Paris



New!

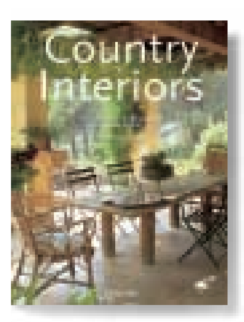
Berlin Interiors

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Diane Dorrans Saeks / Hardcover, 304 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



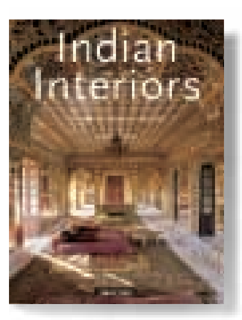
California Interiors

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Diane Dorrans Saeks / Hardcover, 304 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



Country Interiors

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Diane Dorrans Saeks / Hardcover, 304 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



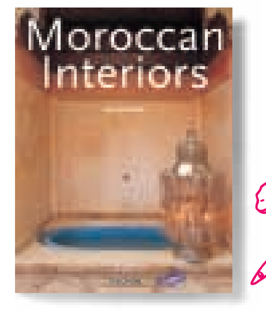
Indian Interiors

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Photos: Deidi von Schaewen / Texts: Sunil Sethi / Hardcover, 320 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



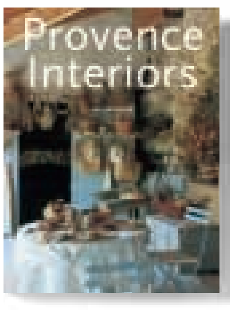
London Interiors

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Jane Edwards / Hardcover, 304 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



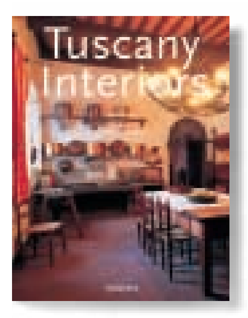
Moroccan Interiors

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Lisa Lovatt-Smith / Hardcover, 320 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



Provence Interiors

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Lisa Lovatt-Smith / Hardcover, 300 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



Tuscany Interiors

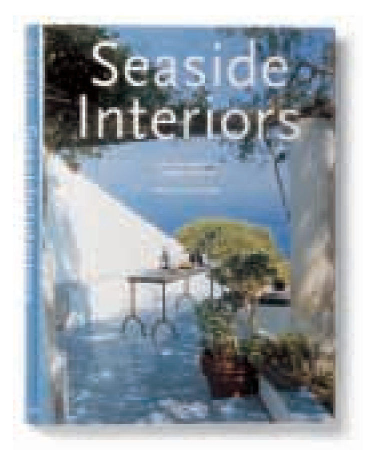
Ed. Angelika Taschen / Paolo Rinaldi / Hardcover, 300 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000



Angelika Taschen, Paris, 1999

“TASCHEN is the one to watch out for if you like your material presented succinctly and beautifully without gushing or extraneous filler.”

—*reader’s comment,* amazon.com

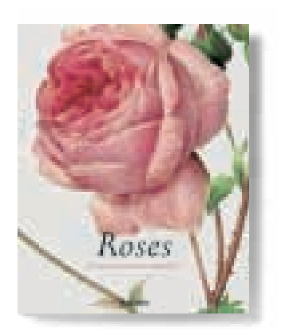




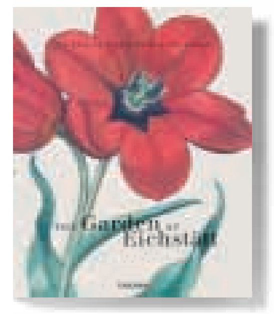
Seaside Interiors

Ed. Angelika Taschen / Diane Dorrans Saeks / Hardcover, 304 pp. / US$ 40 / £ 25 / € 32 / ¥ 5.000

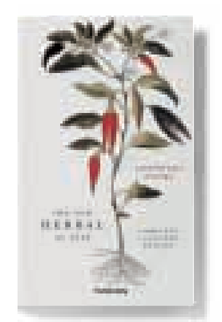
Natasha Kaczmar, Costa Rica, March, 2002: **Hi Taschen!!!!! I love you and what you have**



The Roses. Pierre-Joseph Redouté
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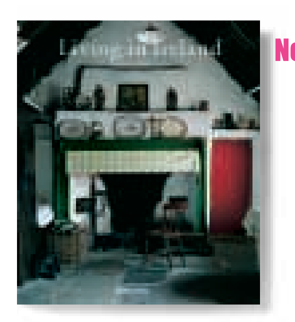
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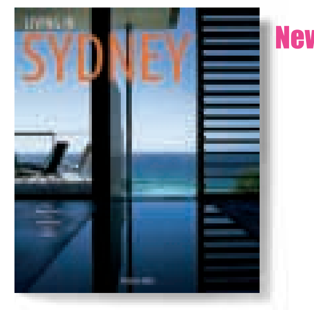
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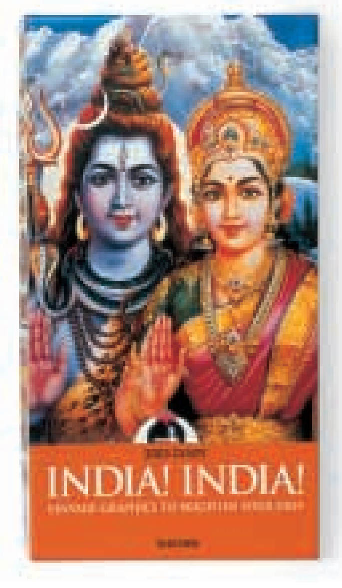


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country of Costa Rica... Thank you for enabling my imagination to


Cars of the 50's
2003 Diary
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run wild. —reader's comment, taschen.com

Reality can be stranger than fiction. Soon after I got installed myself in a bungalow at the Garden of Allah, in Hollywood, what the man have predicted came through with amazing accuracy. This is how it went:

I phoned Dorothy Preble, a than lady model-agent who had her office on the Sunset Strip, just 2 blocks away from the Garden of Allah. She sent me many beautiful models the year before. (in 1944) I told Dorothy I need models for nudes, and she promised she shall try to find some for me. But I said, Dorothy, I was in a hurry, something very Urgent, a fortune-teller predicted there was a girl in Hollwyood "waiting for me" to photograph her! Waiting as soon as I got to Hollwyood! Dorothy said no, she does not see any girl waiting for a job in the office. I hanged up the phone, I called another lady model agent I knew, Emiline Snively, who had the "Blue Book model Agency" at the Amassador Hotel, I explained to Emiline that I was back in Hollwyood, again, and I needed models for photos of nudes, artistic nudes for a new project I had in mind. And Miss Snively said, there was a very pretty girl in her office, waiting for her first modelling assignment, a model who just started in the profession, and perhaps she would pose for nudes. Miss Snively said she will send the young lady to see me right away, that her name was Norma Jeane Baker.

When Norma Jeane arrived to my bungalow, later in the afternoon, it was, as if a miracle had happened to me. From the instant I looked at her, and we began to talk, her voice, her smile, her beautiful blue eyes revived in my mind Krisztina, the maid in Transylvania whom I loved so much. Norma Jeane was like the splitting image of Krisztina, (except that N. Jeane was only 19) Her movements, her vitality, her enthusiasm, her entire countenance, reflecting purity of soul, and honesty, was exacly like Krisztina's, Even her outbursting loughter seemed the same! Norma Jeane seemed to be like an Angel into my memory ! I could hardly believe it for a few moments. And earthly, sexy-looking angel ! Sent expressly for me !

and reminded Dorothy how my photo brought success to many models the year before.

P.S. this became the first -- Urgent. Everything about Marilyn Monroe was forever after "Urgent". Always important, Something extraordinary ! (Fate!)